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1771–1784

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THE

LINLEYS OF BATH

By Clementina Black

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THE CUMBERLAND LETTERS

Being the Correspondence of RICHD DENNISON CUMBERLAND & GEORGE CUMBERLAND *between the Years* 1771 & 1784, *Edited by* CLEMENTINA BLACK, *and now Printed for the First Time*

> *"Not that I know of anything we say to one another which might not as well be published at Charing Cross, yet not perhaps at the moment they are said."*
>
> GEORGE CUMBERLAND TO RICHARD, August 1779.

LONDON: *Published by* MARTIN SECKER *at his Office No. Five John Street* ADELPHI *mcmxii*

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Preface

THIS volume owes its existence to Mr. R. S. Garnett, who introduced me to the many hundreds of manuscript letters, " to, from, by and about " the brothers Richard Dennison and George Cumberland, from which it has been compiled, and which are now in the British Museum. For further information I am indebted to the Rev. W. H. Careless, Rector of Harnhill and Driffield, and very particularly to Mr. R. D. Cumberland Jones, of Ewen, great-grandson of the elder of the brothers, who has kindly lent me not only most of the portraits here reproduced, but also a book of family records collected by his father and some other documents. Interesting information about earlier members of their family has been derived from the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which sent me to look up in the Record Office Captain John Balchen's delightful report to the Admiralty. Many details about George Cumberland, which must have been contained in the books of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, have disappeared for ever in the fire of 1838 by which, together with the Royal Exchange, the offices and earlier records of the company were destroyed.

The history of the brothers is by no means completed in these pages, and a further selection from their letters is now in preparation. Richard Cumberland lived some forty years beyond the date at which this volume closes, and George for more than sixty. The marriages of both of

them—to ladies who are mentioned in this book—occurred later ; and, indeed, the deepest experiences of their lives lay still ahead. Whether other readers will feel the same pleasure as I have done in retracing the intimate lives of this little group of English people, so like ourselves, yet so different in external trifles, I cannot tell ; but I hope that these two young men with their cares and fears and hopes and dreams, their simple pleasures and touching little absurdities, will win some degree of that friendly liking which I am sure they deserved in the days when they were writing these letters.

The Cumberland Letters

IT is probably to George Cumberland that the twentieth century owes the large collection of private letters from the earlier portion of which, covering the years between 1771 and 1784, the present volume is mainly compiled. The correspondence which circles round George and his elder brother, was the work chiefly of people belonging to the upper middle class of this country. The writers were ordinary men and women mostly unknown, even by name, to our generation and principally concerned, as we ourselves are to-day, with their own feelings and affairs. Nothing, we may be sure, was further from their thoughts than that the words which ran hastily from their quills would be carefully preserved and bound up, a hundred years later, into sixteen great volumes. It is, indeed, precisely this unconsciousness which gives these letters their value. In them we see pass before us the daily life of England as it presented itself to two youths left fatherless, and in somewhat straitened circumstances, just as they were approaching manhood. For one, London and an office formed the scene; for the other, college and a rural vicarage. Thus, between them, they show us the town and the country. Public events appear: elections, the American war, the Gordon riots, the loss of the *Royal George;* and private events: improvements of salary and

of position, changes of abode, family disagreements, marriages and deaths of cousins, love affairs, disappointments, inheritances and lawsuits. Gradually the characters of the two brothers unfold themselves: Richard, calm, sedate, somewhat cold and passive, but quietly tenacious, fond of the country, but fond, too, of pleasant company, happy in his little farm and among its domestic animals, a little touchy with superiors and perhaps with equals, but open, generous and considerate to the poor, and beloved by young people; George, impulsive, eager, full of artistic appreciations, half-developed talents and intellectual interests, energetic to excess and subject to fits of melancholy, the warmest of friends yet a lover of solitary rambles, always busy for others and coveting leisure for his own pursuits, more keenly happy and more deeply sad than his brother—the more interesting of the two and the more faulty. In the background stands the figure of their widowed mother, active, thrifty, devoted to her sons, but the torment of their daily lives, and on no friendly terms either with her sister (who, to do her justice, appears thoroughly disagreeable) or with her sisters-in-law. All the elderly ladies, indeed, on both sides of the family seem to have been tiresome and difficult persons. But for one circumstance, we might feel disposed to attribute their defects to a lack of education, which left them, as they advanced in age, without necessary occupation or intelligent mental interests, so that their energies sought an outlet in fretfulness and interference. But the same qualities are equally perceptible in their male contemporaries; Mr. Smith, who was a surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital; Mr. Cross, who was a Member of Parliament; Mr. Tapp, who was a merchant of some kind, were all fully as unreasonable and as prickly as Mrs. Cumberland, under

whose rule no servant " above the degree of an Ideot " would consent to remain, or Miss Sarah Cumberland, who, when troubled by the processes of a lawsuit, took to her bed and refused food. It seems clear that the way of juniors was hard in the eighteenth century and the yoke of seniors heavy. Perhaps in no other class of the community has the progress of civilisation and amenity been so marked as among parents and guardians.

Our young men had a wide circle of relatives and connections, mostly of a respectable and creditable character, and the allusions to them are so frequent that some account of the Cumberland and Balchen families, to the latter of which their mother belonged, may save time and confusion. Moreover, both families (like all others, indeed, could we but trace them fully) touch the history of this nation at various interesting points.

The earliest Cumberland of whom I have found any record was already settled in London, although his patronymic must be taken to indicate a northern origin. He was named George, and is described as a " money scrivener " of Fleet Street. As the younger of his sons was born in 1631, we may, perhaps, carry back the date of his own birth to the last year or years of Queen Elizabeth. He must, in any case, have been a contemporary of Shakespeare and of Milton, and may, quite probably, have been acquainted with the latter's father, who was, like himself, a London scrivener. That his second son, Richard, was an early friend of Samuel Pepys, we know from Samuel himself, and certain entries in the Diary suggest that he may have been a suitor of Pepys's sister " Pall." Her brother remarks that he would rather have given £100 with her to Cumberland than to any one else who would settle four times as much upon her. Their father, however, thinking otherwise, bestowed

her upon one Jackson, and Pepys complained that he could find " no pleasure nor content in him as if he had been a man of reading and parts like Cumberland " ; indeed, as a matter of fact, the lady would have risen to a higher place if the opinion of her brother had been followed.

Richard Cumberland continued for several years to occupy country livings and to be an excellent clergyman, reading and studying much. By and by he wrote a remarkable treatise : *De Legibus Naturæ* which seems to have been considerably in advance of the current thought of his day, and is described in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as basing morality upon " the public good " and virtue upon " universal benevolence." Unexpectedly, and without application on his part, he was made Bishop of Peterborough, and is said to have learned the fact of his appointment from a newspaper in a coffee-house. He would appear to have been a quiet, unostentatious man of remarkable intelligence and of an admirable, unselfish character ; one of his customs was to give away every year to the poor the surplus of his income, reserving only £25 for the possible expenses of his funeral. Like some of his relatives, he lived to a ripe age, and at eighty-three was energetic enough to learn Coptic. His portrait shows a fine dignified countenance, the forehead high, the nose long and aquiline, the eyes dark.

Of the bishop's two sons, the elder died unmarried, and the younger, Richard, became Archdeacon of Northampton. He married Elizabeth Denison, or Dennison. The name is always spelt by Richard Dennison Cumberland (who will appear frequently in the following pages) with the double letter, but the other form has prevailed and seems to be now invariably adopted.

The archdeacon, again, had two sons, of whom only the younger, Dennison, left offspring. He had also a daughter, who married Waring Ashby, High Sheriff, as his father had been before him, of Leicestershire, and left one son, George Ashby, who appears in these letters.

Dennison Cumberland, younger son of the archdeacon, became Bishop of Clonfert and afterwards of Kilmore, in Ireland. Like his grandfather, he was a man of amiable character and was much beloved in his dioceses. He married Joanna, daughter of the famous Richard Bentley, with whom all the Cambridge undergraduates of her day are declared to have been in love, and in whose honour John Byrom wrote those charming and whimsical verses, beginning :

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,

which may be found in the eighth volume of the *Spectator*.

The son of this marriage was Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, a man of great and varied abilities, with which, unfortunately, was somehow blended a streak of the ridiculous. His many plays, applauded and profitable in his own day, have not survived to ours, nor can it honestly be said that they deserve to do so, yet several of them have considerable merit, and his heroines are apt to be real and often superior women. Unluckily for him, he contrived to incur the dislike or mockery of contemporaries whose work has lasted better than his own, and his memory is enshrined in the rather bitter portrait of Fanny Burney's Diary and in the witty caricature of Sheridan's Sir Fretful Plagiary. It should be remembered to his credit, however, that he was among the first to recognise and encourage the talent of Romney, who painted him (at least three times),

and whose portrait of the eldest Miss Cumberland, in a hat and with a muff, is one of the simplest and most charming of his works. Cumberland married his mother's niece, Miss Elizabeth Ridge, so that his children were doubly the grandchildren of Bentley, but do not appear to have exhibited any such degree of talent, energy or originality as a modern Mendelian might expect from at least some of the seven.

The Bishop of Peterborough, it may be recollected, was not the elder, but the younger, son of his scrivener father. The elder brother, William, was a drysalter, and is noted in the pedigree as having been the parent of fourteen sons and two daughters. One son only, John, appears in that record; but it may fairly be surmised that from some one of the remaining dozen was descended that John Cumberland who was the publisher of *Cumberland's British Theatre* and of whom representatives are still living.

A certain William Cumberland, born in 1760, of whom a dull and pious little biography is to be found in the British Museum, may easily be another great-grandson. His father was a farmer at Bedford.

John Cumberland, son of the drysalter, invented a way of bending ship-timbers by steam, a matter of national importance in days when England depended for her defence upon her "wooden walls"; and his grandsons were justly proud of him as a man who had done valuable service to his country. Whether he made any money by his invention (which I am informed is still employed in the building of wooden boats) I cannot tell. He married a wife called Hills, was the father of two sons and two daughters, and was buried, the pedigree informs us, at Islington.

His elder son, John, was captain of the ship *Astorley*

which was blown up at sea, and he perished with her, at the age of forty, and, presumably, unmarried.

The younger son, George, married, in 1747, Elizabeth Balchen, and became the father of the brothers Richard Dennison and George.

John's daughter, Sarah, died, unmarried, an elderly woman, in the eighties of the century. About his daughter Martha the statements of the pedigree are puzzling; she is set down as having married a Mr. Weaver and as being the mother of one daughter, Mary, married to "Gouch of Boston." Now, the lady who married John Gooch, of Boston, U.S.A., was, unquestionably, Miss Sally Weaver. There was, however, a Mrs. Marriott, who was a relative or connection of Richard and George, and was in America with the Gooches; she may have been Mrs. Gooch's sister, and originally Mary Weaver.

It thus appears that Richard Dennison and George were in the same degree of descent—the fourth—as their dramatist cousin, Richard, from their common ancestor the scrivener. The dramatist, however, was twenty years the senior of his namesake, although of the younger branch, and was in a much more prosperous position.

It may, perhaps, be noted here that our young men —one of whom lived to be ninety-four—were Londoners, certainly of the fourth, and possibly of the fifth, generation.

On their mother's side also they were of creditable family. The great names among the Balchens were those of Admiral Sir John Balchen and of a certain Richard Cradoc, described as having been a consul in Persia under Charles II, and as having returned to London in the year of the Great Fire, that is, in 1666.

A sister or daughter of this Cradoc appears to have married a Balchen, "a relative of Sir John Balchen." Who this was is not at all certain, but there is a brother of Sir John's, just a year his junior, whose baptism, by the name of William, is registered at Godalming in 1770, a date that might easily be the birth year of a son-in-law of the ex-consul, but hardly of a brother-in-law. The fact that a son of the marriage was named William fits the theory that the husband was William of Godalming.

Sir John Balchen (baptised at Godalming in February, 1669, son of John and Ann Baltchin) must have been a man of remarkable energy and courage. Entering the Navy at fourteen or fifteen he obtained promotion rather slowly, but is known to have been in command, at different times, of at least thirteen ships, one of which was a fire-ship at the siege of Vigo, whence he brought home a prize. Twice he was taken by the French, and was therefore court-martialled, but the enquiry showed, on each occasion, that he and his officers had held out long against great odds, and in the second conflict that their ship had been shot almost to pieces before they were overpowered. In the year 1716, on his return in the *Diamond* from an expedition to suppress piracy in the West Indies, he had a difference with a Customs official, who complained to his superiors. Correspondence ensued, and Balchen's own account of the affair is so graphic and characteristic that I have not been able to refrain from giving it entire in an appendix. In the spring of 1744, when he had been sixty years in the Navy and had just become an Admiral of the White, he was knighted, appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and a pension of £600 per annum settled upon him for life. The position was one of honourable retirement, in which most men of seventy-five might have been glad to repose.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty

Admiral Sir John Balchen.

from the Painting by Kneller at Greenwich Hospital.

Within three months, however, Sir John had returned to active service, and in July of that year went out in the *Victory* to relieve a fleet of store-ships blockaded in the Tagus. His vessel was full of volunteers and cadets of good family, and is variously said to have contained 1100 or 1200 persons. The store-ships were duly set free, and afterwards convoyed safely through the Straits of Gibraltar, whence the relieving squadron started homeward. In the chops of the Channel, on October the 3rd, it was caught by a violent storm, and the ships were scattered. All of them except one got in, more or less damaged, to Plymouth or Spithead, but the *Victory* was never seen after the morning of the 4th. The people of Alderney thought they heard her guns on the night of the 4th, and several days later her main-top, presumably with the admiral's flag, was washed ashore on the coast of Guernsey.

He left a widow, Susan, daughter of Colonel Aprice; a son, George, who died in command of the *Pembroke* in the West Indies a year later, at the age of twenty-eight, and who is described by his cousin George Cumberland as "a brave and virtuous youth"; and a daughter, whose Christian name and subsequent history I have not been able to discover.

A statement appended to Sir John Balchen's portrait at Greenwich declares him to have been "born of very obscure Parentage"; but the fact appears to me doubtful. His letter to the Admiralty is that of a man who had enjoyed a school education, and is superior both in style and in handwriting to those of many well-born men of his day. Any reader who compares it, as it appears in the appendix, with the two letters of Thomas Cotton, on pp. 21–23, will see how extremely it differs from the compositions of a man who was really uneducated. He

married a woman of good family ; and so did his relative, the husband of Miss Cradoc ; moreover, parents of rank chose the ship in which to send their sons to sea. Even the circumstance that the baptisms of sons born to John and Ann "Baltchin," of Godalming, are registered, is a slight indication that the parents were not among the poorest of the congregation.

There is no indication of any calling followed by the Balchen who married Miss Cradoc. It is conceivable that he lived upon her fortune.

Two sons of theirs dwelt in the Minories, where one, William, was an apothecary and druggist, and Henry, the other, was a "hozier," who is said to have made a fortune by trade early in life ; he married twice and had one son, John, who left one daughter "with a good fortune."

William Balchen was the father of two sons and four daughters.

The elder son, William, was "an Indian captain," and must have been dead by the year 1772. He left a widow (whose maiden name was perhaps Tapp) and five children, Sarah, Eliza, Susan, Mary and John.

The younger son, James, died at the age of twenty-four, "of a decline." A curious letter from him to George Cumberland, who became his brother-in-law, occupies the first place in the correspondence and is given in an appendix.

The daughters of the apothecary were Mary, who married John Man (the name appears consistently in this form) and had two sons, named John and Henry, and two daughters, one of whom was named Fanny ; Susan, whose husband was a Mr. Thompson, and who had one son ; Ann, who did not marry ; and Elizabeth, who married George Cumberland and was the mother of Richard

Dennison and George Cumberland. A sister, Martha, older than these two, and a brother, John, younger than they, died young, so that Richard and George grew up with only each other's companionship. Their mother, it appears, lived, before her marriage, with a Mrs. Boulter, who appears from the pedigree to have been another daughter of Cradoc, the Persian consul, and is described as "a lady of large fortune, who resided in St. Mary Axe, London, was a widow and sister to Lady Blount of Stratford, both their husbands had been directors in the South Sea Company, and the chief of their property devolved to Rich[d] Cross, Esq[re], their nearest relation, a man of large fortune who lived in Grovenor S[t] London, & Richmond Hill and always considered my mother as a distant relation." "My mother" is Mrs. Cumberland, born Elizabeth Balchen.

Richard Dennison Cumberland was born on December the 10th, 1752, and George Cumberland on December the 3rd, 1754. The baptisms of both are registered at St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green.

The burial of their father is registered at St. Dunstan's, Stepney, on November the 21st, 1771; and a small-tithe book preserved at the same church shows that the house belonging to the family, in which he almost certainly died, was situated on the south side of Mile End Road, and about the middle of that thoroughfare, which at that time consisted of far fewer houses and was almost countrified.

A week after the funeral Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, wrote to the widow the following letter:

Dear Madam,

I read with much concern an Account of my poor Relations death; I have waited some time, thinking it not improbable that one of the young men

might have wrote, or came, to me, but I conclude the melancholy news is true, and I sincerely condole with you on the Occasion. If any thing in my power can be done to alleviate your sorrow I shall gladly contribute my best assistance: your eldest son is designed for Orders, & I understand has a Living under promise to him; shoud that hope fail, & my father live, I dare say he woud prefer him in Ireland. Pray desire him to dine with me, as soon as convent, & let me hear how you all are.

I am, Dear Madm,
Yr sincere friend
and Relation,
Richd Cumberland.

Queen Ann Street,
Nov. 27*th*.
To Mrs Cumberland
at Mile End near London.

Next appears a letter which shows a good many corrections and was doubtless fair copied by its writer, George Cumberland. It seems to be dated in the year 1770, but this date must be a slip, such as is often made in the early days of a new year. It was, almost certainly, written in January, 1772, since it refers to his father's death, which took place in the autumn of 1771.

Mrs. Marriot. *Jan.* 7, 1770 (72).

Madam,

It is impossible to express the uneasyness and supsense my self Mrs Cumberland and all your Friends in England have sufferd on account of not hearing from you or Mr Gooch and your present situation has not a little encreased our anxiety for your safety: the last time I heard from Boston was in Febv and from Mr Goochs never mentioning your name and always writing for his wife we have been induced to suspect that a misunderstg subsists between you the bare surmise of which has led us to intreat a line from you

to satisfy our doubts—in which we hope we are mistaken as we can hardly think it possible she should give you intentionally any offence Mrs Sarah Cumberland and my mother intreat if it is possible we may have a Line from your self :

And the favor will confer obligation on your Hunble Serv.,

G. Cumberland.

P.S.

direct to me.

You have heard of the Death of my Father and Mr Weaver.

Mrs. Gooch had been Miss Sally Weaver, and was probably a niece of George's father. Mrs. Marriot may have been a sister of hers. George would hardly have been writing in this manner to her if she were merely a relative of Mr. Gooch's. The lady mentioned under the name of " Mrs. Cumberland," " Mrs. Sarah Cumberland," was Sarah Cumberland, the writer's unmarried aunt.

As letters from private soldiers in the eighteenth century are not very plentiful, the two which were written from India by a young man called Thomas Cotton, who seems to have been a remote connection of the Balchens, may be of some interest. Their writing is very neat, but their composition that of an uneducated person. The elder George Cumberland, to whom they were addressed, probably did not receive either of them, and was certainly dead before the arrival of the second.

Ellore Garrison Circars (or Circass),

Jan. 22*d*, 1771.

Dear Sir,

Your Letter dated June 10th 1770, I did not receive Till June 21st 1771 you mention your sending it on board the dolpin Frigate of Warr, but it came to me by the Queen East Indiaman, For the future should

be much oblidg'd to you to put them in at the India House, & they come to me much safter, than by Private Hands, was I settled at the Presedency, it would do very well to send them that way but am Eight Hundred miles from it, when they are Thrown about in the offices, & seldom come to hand. I hope you to excuse the Liberty I take in desiring you to put them in the India House, as it will be the means of my allways receiving them safe & directly as there Landed. The Trouble you Take for my Dear mother, sister & self lays me under the greatest obligations to you, which I hope to God I never shall be Unmindful, at a Present all I have in my Power is to acknowledge them, which I hope you think sincere as I assure you they are. M^r^ Long & M^r^ Cross our kind Benefactors all we can do is to offer up our Prayers for there Healths & Happynesses, as it will be out of our Powers ever to return those numberless Obligations we lay under To them. It gives me great Pleasure to hear M^r^ Cross as concented To their going to France, for they'l not only live cheaper, but it will be the means of my Sister inproving of her Education, I enjoy my health hear, to the full as well as in England, India is made Twenty Times worse in England than it realy is, the heat is very Great, To be sure, but refrain from Excess of Drinking, & youl weather it very well, its drinking that kills Two thirds of our Gentlemen here, not the Climate, we have been at Peace ever since I been here, only a few skyrmishes, with th Poligars, & Cottires & they do not Trouble us much, we expect, To hear of a war, by every ship that comes in. Let it come as soon as it will we are prepaird for it here in this Part of the World, and only wate for another [order] to March to Manila, Pray my best Respects To Mrs. Cumberland & comp^ts^ To your sons.

And believe me,

Your much oblidged,
humble Serv^t^,
THOMAS COTTON.

To M^r^ Cumberland.

I forgott To mention to you that I gott some

friends at Madrass who has gott me removed into a Battlion of Seapoys which is Ten Pagodoes a month addition to my Pay, which makes it about Thirteen Pounds Sterling a month, this I send down to Madrass to go by the duke of Porland, if not too late, if it is am not certain what ship it will go by, shall Take the Liberty of sending you another Packett in a few weeks.

Ellore, *Sep.* 28, 1771.

Dr Sr,

I take the Liberty of Troubling you with another Packett, which comes to you by the Stag frigate Sr John Lindsy Commander. I still preserve my health very well. I have no news here to send you only that we have sent an army of Thirty Thousand men under the Command of General Smith against The King of Tanjore, they marched the 1st of this month To lay siege to his fort, the Particulars will acquaint you with in my next, I have never received a line from Mrs Redman or my Uncle Edward Purcell it gives me great concern, he should refuse to write to me as I am concious I never disoblidged him pray my best compts To Mrs Cumberland & family,

And am,

Sr,

Your oblidged humle Servt.

In the early part of 1772 Richard Dennison Cumberland went to Leeds, where I think he must have acted temporarily as a master in a school. He was then just nineteen and very susceptible—as, indeed, he long remained—to the attraction of pretty young ladies.

Dr Brother,

I have at length got safely to my Journeys end, in good Health & Spirits, & am now setting down to a Dish of Tea at the Old Kings Arms in Leeds, where I propose to clean myself a little before I visit Mr Brooks.

I promised when we parted to write You a circum-

stantial account of my Journey, but can only just give you the particulars of it which I am sure You will excuse, when you find how little time I have had on the road.

We did not stop the first night except to change Horses at 7 o clock, & immediately set out in another Coach for Northampton ; there we dined & I had just time to write those few lines to my Mother before Dinner, which I suppose you have received ; in less than an Hour we proceeded to Leicester arrived there, at ten o'clock, sup[d] at the three Cranes, out again the next morning by two, Breakfasted at Nottingham & reached Mansfield before two in the afternoon, dined at the Crown & that night got to Sheffield, about ten o clock, we lay there, & the next morning after Breakfast set out in another Coach for Barnsley, dined & arrived here about five o'clock : You see by this, I had no time for writing on the road, not being able to get a wink of sleep in the Coach, I was glad to go to Bed as soon as supper was done. upon the whole, I have had an agreable Journey enough as a variety of Scenes, all entirely new to me, joind to exceeding fine Weather, almost the whole Way, have made ample amends for the fatigue I must necessarily have undergone. pray make my best respects to M[r] Smith & M[r] Tapp & acquaint them, when I have seen M[r] Brooks & M[rs] Denison, I will do myself the Pleasure to write. please give my Duty to my Dear Mother, tell her the Yorkshire air agrees extremly well with me, & that I never was better in Health than at present. hope this will find you & all our friends well to whom I beg you will make my kind Love and Comp[ts].

I am,
D[r] George your affectionate
& loving Brother,
R. D. Cumberland.

Leeds, Six o clock, Wednesday night.

To M[r] Cumberland,
Royal Exchange
Assurance Office,
London.

Leeds, 21st *Jan*y., 1772.

Dr Brother,

I wrote to you on my arrival here last Wednesday, which I suppose you have recd, since which time I have scarce had a moment's Leisure, except to write a few Lines to Mr Tapp & Mr Smith, you will now expect a long detail of the many curiosities I have seen in Leeds, but will be much disappointed when I assure you, I have not yet met with anything which may be called curious ; the Cloth Hall is the most spatious Building I ever saw, but has nothing else to recommend except its plainest, it consists of five Streets, each about four Hundred feet long. near it stands the Infirmary ; the most elegant Building in Leeds, it is but just finished. There are a great many good Houses in & about Leeds belonging to the principal Merchants who are many of them said to be immensely rich ; the Town is situated in a valley surrounded on every side by Hills which form the most pleasing Prospect you can possibly imagine. on these Hills are several very pretty villages, some of which I have been to see. we have had a great fall of snow here attended with the severest Frost I ever felt.

It is now time I gave you some account of my situation here. I board with a Mrs Greenwell a good motherly kind of a Woman ; the family consists of Her Daughter an agreable Young Lady about one & twenty & a Mr Lupton, Clerk to a Merchant of this Place, with these I pass my Time very agreably, of an evening we generally divert ourselves with a Game at cards, except when I am engaged at Mr Brooks. I went last Saturday Night to the Assembly, & was lucky enough to get a partner, there were 20 couple danced & 4 Card Tables, about Ten o clock we all set down to Tea & Coffee & afterwards danced till twelve, when we were oblidg[d] to leave off. the next day I spent with Mr Brooks, who entertained me very genteelly, he is blest, like most others of his Proffesion which no less than 8 Bairns, as they call them Here, 3 Sons & 5 Daughters the eldest is married to a Clergyman in this Town, the

second is one of those employ'd by Mrs Wright in working the Queens Bed, she is the lovliest & at the same time, the most ingenious Girl I ever met with, as her Health will not permit Her to stay in Town in the Winter, she is during that Season at Home by which means I have frequently the Pleasure of seeing her perform that most curious piece of Needle Work. the Third is likewise very handsome, she is I hear, addressed by a young Officer who is quarterd here. I shall not trouble you with an account of the rest, suffice it to say, this is one of the most agreable Familys I was ever acquainted with. I went yesterday morning, for the first time to school, where I soon got acquainted with the Head Boys, among whom I was placed, there are in all about 60 Boys & it is recon'd the best School in Town. I am obliged to attend three Times a Day during this Week so that I have scarce any time to spare. pray give my Duty to my Dear Mother, tell Her, the cold Northern air agrees extremely well with me, & that I never enjoy'd my Health better than at present. with Compliments to all enquiring Friends, I remain, Dr Brother,

Your affectionate and loving Brother,

RichD Den. Cumberland.

To Mr Cumberland,
Royal Exchange
Assurance Office,
London.

By February the 16th Richard had gone to Cambridge, and his cousin, the dramatist, was writing to him the following friendly letter ; the Mr. Ashby mentioned in it was the writer's first cousin, being the son of his father's sister.

16 *Feb.* Q.A. Street.

Dear Sir,

I hope you find yourself plac'd to your entire satisfaction and that ye short experience you have had of a College Life & studies gives you no prospect, but

what is flattering & cheerfull. I find my friend & relation Mr Ashby has help'd to enliven your situation by his acquaintance, & I dare say you are very happy to cultivate it in ye manner most agreable to him. Your Mother & George dined at my house yesterday sennight & were both well & in spirits; much depends upon your success in Life for ye comfort and support of your good Mother in ye latter end of hers, and I hope & beleive that you will lose no effort, which assiduity, frugality & discretion can make, to attain ye means of being ye friend of your family. If there is any thing wanting, necessary to ye comforts of your Life; which your present establishment cannot readily accomplish, I insist upon your letting me know—or if your Finances fall short make me acquainted with it, and you shall on every laudable occasion find me,

Dear Cousin, yr most faithfull
friend & Servt,

Richd Cumberland.

To
Mr Richard Cumberland,
of Magdalen College.

The first letter from college of the young freshman bears no date; the second, probably on account of the day's rarity, is headed with great exactitude on the last day of a leap-year February. It may be noticed that they are addressed, like those from Yorkshire, to the office of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, where George was employed—an address which may possibly have been chosen so as to ensure that the first reading should pass under George's eye only. Nearly all the books and records of the company having unfortunately perished at the time of the burning of the Royal Exchange in 1837, it is impossible to trace the various steps of his progress during the years of his service, which must have begun when he was about fourteen.

Dear George,

I receivd your kind epistle (the date I coud not find) on Sunday night last, wherein you, very modestly, desire me to give you an exact Description of the College, the Town, etc ; but must beg leave to defer it to another oportunity, not having Time at Present to satisfy your unbounded curiosity.

I am very glad to hear Mr Cotton is so happily situated ; & if He goes on at the rate you mention, shall very soon expect to see Him a Nabob. You say Mr Cooper designs to make me a Present of something. Whatever it is, You may depend upon it, I shall have no objection. I am much oblig'd to you for your Friendly Hint about writing, but there must have been some mistake in the affair as I wrote to Mr Tapp the day after I had receiv'd his Letter acquainting Him I had taken a Place in the York Fly for the Thursday following, however I had wrote to Mr Tapp before I receiv'd yours. I also have wrote to my Mother for a Carpet & some other Things, which I want, & if you have not sent me the Books already, pray send them with the Carpet, I have enclosed a List, as you desired, of such as will be worth sending. am very glad You was so well entertaind with Mr Cumberlands new Play, which I bought the other Day & was not a little pleased with it, Mr Cumberland has been so kind as to recommend me to a Mr Ashby who is on a visit to His mother Law Mrs Sparks & I find He is related, to our Family being first Cousin to Mr Cumberland. Mr Ashby came Himself to my Rooms, & wanted me to dine with Him last Thursday, there were half a dozen Gownsmen besides myself & He gave us a very elegant Dinner ; & I yesterday receivd a Card from Mrs Ashby inviting Me to drink tea with Her that afternoon, I am extremely happy in this new acquaintance ; as it is a very desireable thing to have a Friend in the town.

I am very sorry to hear, of Miss Pettys Death, she was a most promissing Girl, & I think had she lived

woud have been as handsome as Her Mother, I feel no emotions of Joy or grief at the news of the Princess's Death, but am told it will cause a general mourning throughout the Kingdom.—I drank a Glass of wine yesterday with M^r^ William at Trinity & expect Him to sup with me to morrow night I like his company is well I am only sorry I must lose it so soon, as He is preparing to leave College. I have no time to add any more, as the Porter is waiting to carry this to the Postoffice. pray make my proper respects to all Friends & am

D^r^ George your
affectionate Brother,
R. D. CUMBERLAND.

P.S. burn this as soon
as you have read it.
the Books are
Ainsworth Dict:
Sully
Demosth:
Sallust
Lexicon
Horace
Homer
these aree all I shall want at Present.

The friendship thus begun with Mr. Ashby continued for several years, and Richard paid him at least one visit in the country.

29^th^ Feb. Sat. aft. COLL. MAG.

DEAR GEORGE,

Your very laconic epistle I this moment receivd, dated 28^th^ Feb. it is now almost 4 o clock but having an hour to spare, I have set down to answer it. You desire to know wether I can keep Jesse here because, you say you cannot keep Her in the Lodgings & if I dont send for Her, must give Her away. you know I have a great value for the Dog & woud not part with it on any account ; therefore, if it is so very incon-

venient to keep Her in Town, pray send Her to me directly; otherwise, as this Term ends in about a Month, & I shall then come to Town; I think it will be better to stay till then.

I have found that the large Box came by Burlys Waggon so shall send it some Day next week & likewise your Shirt which is of no use to me being too little; but if I have any more Linnen in Town, shoud be glad if you woud send it with the next Parcel, as it is very necessary here to have a good Stock.

So much for Business—you expect, by this Time I suppose that I shoud give you some account of a college Life. I will begin with a description of the College which is one of the least, if not the worst, in this University the Building consists of two Courts, the first almost forms a square on one side of which, is the Masters Lodge & Chapple which is an exceeding neat one; on another the Hall (which is the same as most of the Companys Halls in the City tho not quite so large) & the Kitchens, & the two remaining sides are divided into appartments for the under Graduates one of which is occupied by your Humble Servant, M^{r} Balchen has you say given you a description of it, therefore have no occasion to repeat it. The Second Court is behind the Hall & has only one side Built upon, which is that facing the Hall; in this Building is the Library, & a great many Keeping Rooms, which being the best in College are taken up by the Fellows, & Fellow Commoners, except the Garrets in which several Pensioners reside. Our Society is at present composd of a Master 5 resident Fellows 2 Fellow Commoners, 11 Pensioners & 1 Sizer. the College Servants are 6 Bedmakers a Cook a Butler a Barber & a Porter.

I will now endeavor to give you an Idea of our way of living in this Place, & the regulations here practised, to which end I shall acquaint you in what manner a Day is usually spent & then (as some author says) ab uno discas omnes.

About 7 o clock in the morning the Bedmaker comes in lights the Fires, puts on the Kettle, & sets the room to rights; at half past 7 the Bell begins to ring, when we immediately get up, dress ourselves & go to Chappel; the Prayers usually take up half an Hour; on our return we find every thing ready for Breakfast & we send to the Butler for whatever we chuse, at 9 oclock we go to Mr Deighton who gives us a Lecture on Euclid which lasts till Ten or sometimes longer; at eleven, Mr Purkis reads us a Lecture on Morality for about an Hour or an Hour & a half, & between that & Dinner we usually spend in dressing. the Dinner Bell rings at one oclock, when we all, except the Master, meet in the Hall where there are four Tables one, at the upper end, for the Fellows & Fellow Commoners; another for the Pensioners, a third for those who have taken their Degree, & a fourth for the Sizer; as soon as the Fellows have din'd, Grace is said, & they retire to a private room to drink wine; we seldom stay longer in the Hall, than Two o clock, when it is customary to invite one another to drink Wine in our Rooms; but as this is a Fashion not at all agreable to me, for several reason, I avoid it as much as I can, & for this reason, generally engage some one to walk after Dinner; the afternoon is at our own Disposal not having any particular business to do unless it is to prepare for Lectures the next day. at four o clock the Bedmaker comes to know if we Drink Tea at Home & what we chuse to eat, we generally form Parties for Tea either among ourselves, or from other Colleges—but stay it is just five oclock & I am engag'd this afternoon to Tea, so must defer this now to another opportunity—excuse all faults for I have not time to look it over. remember me to all Friends & I am, Dear George,

Your loving Brother,

R. D. Cumberland.

P.S. Shoud rather you woud keep the Dog till this term is over, as I have not yet settled [ ]

of my Household, & for fear of any [accident] in coming down.

To Mr Cumberland,
Exchange Assurance Office,
London.

On March the 21st Richard, who was somewhat inclined to make his brother a general agent in London for the needs of himself and his friends, acknowledged the safe arrival of some " Tea and Sugar " procured for a companion who had considered it " very good at the price " and had handed that price, whatever it may have been, to Richard. A redirected letter had also reached him, which contained a welcome introduction :

I am exceedingly obliged to Mr. Gipps for this recommendation, as there is no Person in this University whose Acquaintance I am more desirous of cultivating than Mr. Squires. . . . I must finish this Letter before Eight, being engag'd to supper with two or three of this College. we always Sup in our Rooms, there being no Supper provided in the Hall as is usual in most Colleges about Eight o Clock a list containing 10 or 12 trifling Dishes is brought in, & Every one chuses what He has a mind to, which is set down to His acc. so that when a Man invites half a dozen Friends to sup with Him, He need only provide a bottle or two of Wine, unless His Visitors are of another College.

The mention of wine brought to his mind the subject of drinking, which " as you know will neither agree with the weakness of my Purse or my Constitution." He had been " drawn in one night soon after I came to drink rather more than did me good," but had since " carefully avoided it," and now never drank " more than three or four Glasses at a Sitting."

An interval marks the occurrence of a vacation, during

which Richard was no doubt in London. In this gap appears his bill for the term, sent by the proctor, Mr. Purkis, to Mr. Tapp, and duly paid. It may be of some interest to know what were the expenses incurred by an economical young man at Cambridge in the year 1772.

MAGD: COLL: CAMB:

April 10, 1772.

SIR,

I send you a very large Bill. But great Part of it is only a Deposit. The Caution-Money will be all returned. The Joyner amounting to 24£. 6. 9 & the Income of the Room will be returned except one third. The gown etc are expenses which will not occur again.

The young man behaves very well & is very attentive & sober. You will pay the amount to Messrs Walpole, Clark & Bourne to my Credit. I shall shortly be in Town when I will give you the [ ].

I am, Sir,

Your obedt Servt,

WM PURKIS.

Cumberlands Bill for the Qr ending at Lady Dy. 1772

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Steward	4	—	—
Apothecary	—	—	—
Barber	—	11	6
Bedmaker	—	6	—
Brazier	2	—	8
Bookseller	1	14	10
Butler	—	15	—
Chandler	1	14	3
Coals	1	8	—
Cook	1	4	4
Draper	2	16	4½
Glazier	—	1	—
Surplice	—	15	—

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Smith	—	3	8
Hosier & Milliner . .	—	11	—
Joyner	24	6	9
Laundress	—	18	—
Letters	—	—	—
Taylor	1	3	11
Money	2	2	—
Painter	—	13	10
Shoemaker	—	12	—
Tutor	2	—	—
	49	18	1½
brot from X .	25	18	7
	75	16	8½

Cumberlands Bill to Xmas.

Coll : Admission . . .	1	0	0
Stew[d]	—	13	1
Tutor	2	—	—
	3	13	1
Caution Money . . .	17	0	—
Income of the Room . .	5	5	6
carr[d] forw[d] .	25	18	7

Recd April 29 1772 of M[r] W[m] Tapp the contents of this Bill

Wm. Purkis.

On Saturday, June the 18th, Richard, very stiff in the hand from rowing, wrote to his brother warmly about the summer joys of Cambridge, the walks so agreeable, the river so handy—" you know I always lov'd an Oar." Success had attended him in his work, and he felt elated, " having just past a good examination & Read & declaim'd in Chapple ; three very serious affairs."

A vacation once more intervenes, and we take up our

young gentleman again on the afternoon of Sunday, November the 8th, when we find him drinking wine with "three Trinitonians, my particular friends," and receiving from his brother "a long expected letter." I hope it was not the wine of the Trinitonians that led him to describe its date as "the 17th inst"—in an answer written on the 8th of the month!

George's pleasure in seeing Garrick act he envied, "but not so much as to ride up to Town to enjoy it, as some of my Acquaintance here have done, and will do, this winter."

In response to a request for a journal of his Cambridge life, he provided a record of the last three days—and a chronicle of small-beer it proved, made up largely of little calls, and eatings and drinkings, a supper here, fruit and a glass of wine there, tea in a third place—"Squire gives the best Dish of tea of any Man I know"—interspersed with a certain proportion of lectures. Mr. Ashby was about to lay particulars of Richard's position before the Bishop (the Dramatist's father), who had enquired "what Sum wou'd be necessary at this Time."

Within a few days he was replying to another letter from George and was "glad to hear that Mr. Tapp will be so kind as to wait on Mr. Cumberland, who is one that loves a little Ceremony in these Matters, of which Mr. Ashby gave me a hint, the other Day."

Three days later Mr. Cumberland, in Queen Anne Street, was inditing the following letter which, for the sake of the light it throws upon the situation of the Cumberland brothers and their mother, may be given entire. It was written, evidently, to Mr. Ashby, and how it ever came into the possession of the collector of this correspondence remains mysterious.

Queen Ann St. *Nov.* 16th.

My dear Cousin,

I hope I may congratulate you on your safe arrival at Cambridge & I have the pleasure to inform you of my having landed my charge in Health & Safety within Her own House & in Her childrens arms, who are very well both they at Home & those at Westminster. If I had met anything worth communicating to you I shoud before now have troubled you with a Letter, but London is for what I know of it as dull & vacant as the town of Leicester, may be, except indeed you ventured into the Company of Aldermen & Councilmen where you might meet with noise enough, tho in point of dulness you woud not mend your market. I hope you are getting thro' your Business, & should be happy to hear you had brought it to an agreable & profitable issue.

A Letter has arrived from D. Cumberland of Magdalen which has produced a conversation between his Friend Mr Balchen & me upon the subject of the young mans finances, which seem to stand in need of some little assistance, In what manner best to apply this assistance on the Part of my Father is a matter of some little debate in my mind: Mr Tapp a worthy trader here in town, pays His Tutors Bills, & by how much He exceeds His College Exhibitions etc supplies them from a small fund arising from the Amicable Society of Annuitents; the Bills come quarterly & I am of opinion the best method upon the whole will be to throw in the Bishops Blessing into the Hands of Mr Tapp in aid of the slender fund, by which means I shall see the particulars of His expences & can proportion my aid to the nature of the Demands & the situation of the fund, which if it holds out long enough to land Him in Holy Orders will have done all that we require of it: this being the case provided the youth is not in personal want, I think you need do no more on our behalf than signifie my design to Him; & as His Tutor supplies His pocket & other necessities I shoud

expect there woud be no call upon you of that sort.— We join in Love & good wishes to Mrs Ashby & you & desire you ever to believe me, Dear Sr,

Most affec. & truly yours.

Richard must have written a letter of thanks to Mr. Tapp, who in a fine clerkly hand replies :

London, 27th Novr 1772.

Dear Sr,

Both your Letters came duly to hand and it gives me great Pleasure to find my Endeavours have had the wishd for effect of contributing to Your Happiness, & exteemd my self indebted to You for the Estimation You Rate them at.

In consequence of Your last Letter Mr Balchen waited on Mr Cumberland & acquainted him fully with Your Mothers & Your Situation, & left it for him to Judge from thence of what was Proper for him to add to it, what the Bishop determind on, he told Mr Balchen, he would send to me, as I pay all Mr Purkis's Bills ; but I have not heard from him Yet, I expect to be at the Bear at Cambridge for half an Hour, about 9 o'clock on Monday Morning where shall be glad to take you by the [hand] if Your Studies will permit & remind with all [ ] kind Love & best Wishes,

Yrs Sincerely,

W. Tapp.

To Mr Richd Dennison Cumberland,
Magdalen College,
Cambridge.

Accordingly, on the Monday morning, "as soon as Chapel was over," Richard repaired to the "Bear," had a good fire lighted in one of the best rooms, and awaited Mr. Tapp's coming, but in vain. On December the 3rd he wrote anxiously to enquire whether Mr. Tapp had taken another route. The touch of uneasiness that

may be read between the lines suggests, what indeed subsequent letters amply confirm, that Mr. Tapp was a gentleman of somewhat thorny disposition.

The next letters are occupied by the possibility or impossibility of Richard's coming to London, the zealous Mr. Purkis having proposed to atone for a fortnight's absence from Cambridge by carrying on his lectures until Christmas. Apparently the youth did get home, for there is no such letter of good wishes for the season as would have been proper from a son at a distance. Some letters, it would seem, must have been lost, for there are none between January the 18th and March the 30th. On the latter date Richard thanked his brother for " the welcome news of our kind Relation's present, which pleased me not a little as I look on it to be an Earnest of His Future Favor." This " kind relation " was, in all probability, Bishop Cumberland. A new plan of adding to the scanty fund available for the expenses of his education had now presented itself to Richard's mind. He had been assured by " Some of my Friends here " that

> if I knew how to make Interest I might get some of the Companys Exhibitions, without any great Trouble & there are some Men here who have to the value of £50 pr. Ann. from them.

George was invited, therefore, to procure lists of leading members of " one or two of the most promising Companys (the Mercers, Drapers or Ironm^{rs})," and to endeavour, he being " always in the City & so much connected with Men in Business," to obtain introductions and ask for recommendations. Evidently Richard was, this spring, in a mood of improvement and reformation.

Since my last I have turned off my old Jade of a

Bedmaker, who was very slow & woud do nothing without being bid, and have got an exceeding good one that will do her Business without looking after. I hate jobing Servants of all things.

As the bedmaker is heard of no more, it may be inferred that the new broom continued to sweep clean. On April the 27th Richard wrote again :

Dear George,

Yours of the 18th inst: I duly reced. Am[I] greatly obligd to you for speaking to the Gentlem[n] you mention about the Exhibitions & as they have so much Interest in those Company, I flatter Myself if there be any Thing to be had they will procure it for Me.—I have tried every method but have not been able to get the least intelligence from the people here, as I am not acquainted with any of them they are very shy and backward at giving information on that Subject.—I beg you will continue to make Interest for Me—you cannot do Me a greater kindness—I am sorry My neglecting to write shoud give My dearest Mother a moment's Uneasiness; indeed My waiting for Your answer to My last was the true Cause, as usual I happend to write on the same Day as You—Pray give My Duty & say She may depend on my being more careful for the Future but wish when I am tardy She would think of the old proverb " No News &c."

The Success you have met with in collecting the Rents gives me much Satisfaction. I dare to say you begin to find the Convenience of being near the Spot.—Your Diligence at this Time will gain you great Credit with your Friends as well as ease & Leisure in the Summer Months.

I am sincerely glad to hear of the little pleasures you have taken & heartily wish you a great deal more. —Your account of the Puppet Show gave me great entertainment & as I have never heard a Tittle of it before, beg you will finish it in your next.

We have our Diversions here too but of a different kind. Ours are perfectly Domestic—Forming agreeable parties to Tea—a Walk after Chapple to the Neighbouring Villages—& spending the Evening in a sociable Manner are the only Diversions I at present am desirous of—& such as these are best adapted to one of My Disposition who have a kind of an antipathy to all active & Noisy Entertainments—In short if this retired Life has but few Enjoyments it has still fewer Cares.—There is Nothing talked of here but a War pray let Me kn[ ] if there be any Truth in the report. I don[ ] believe a Tittle of it—Can you conceive how it is possible to exist 6 weeks without seeing a News-paper ? This I have done, but intend to break My Fast to Night with 3d worth of News at the Coffee House to see how the World goes on—Tis brave warm weather & I sit without Fire all the Day & light one at Night—there's contrivance !

We are very busy—Lectures morn. & afternoon so can never stir out till evening which is the pleasantest time for walking at this Season of year.

My Bill last Easter amounted to such a triffle when the Exhibition was deducted from it that Purkis will not send it up till Midsummer.

Remember me to all Friends & if you hear any thing that concerns Me I entreat you let Me know as soon as possible. I have neither room nor time to add more but be assured I am

Your affectionate Brother
& sincere Friend,
R. D. Cumberland.

Mr. Cumberland,
Exchange Assurance Office,
London.

Apparently George's efforts in the matter of exhibitions had some measure of success, for upon May the 3rd his brother is found writing as follows :

Cambridge 3^{d} *May* 1773.

Dear George,

I duly rece'd yours dated 30th April & thank you for the agreable News it containd. How much am I indebted to M^{r} Ekins & M^{r} Sheldon for their readiness to serve me. I beg you will make my best respects to them & let them know how sensible I am of their kindness to me—D^{r} Mores has not [ans]werd the Letter I wrote Him nor did I ever expect He woud. I begin to think He is not a man of His word however I have still some expectations from M^{r} Martin who you told me in one of your Letters woud put the D^{r} in mind of His promise. If M^{r} Cross sends for me over I will contrive to be absent a Day or two from College but wish He had come along at any other Time as we are very busy with Lectures just now.

I am sorry I cannot give you the Information you desire about my coming up as I do not know when our Lectures will finish but will let you know Time enough beforehand & shall be very happy to have you here for as long a Time as you can get leave of absence & then return with you. It will be most likely about the latter end of June. I shoud be loth to have you come before I have Leisure to entertain you besides the weather will be more settled—an ingenious Friend of mine has just finished a painting of Oliver Cromwell from an original picture in Sidney Library & shall be glad to know if any of the Exhibitions are not yet open'd & wether they take Copys for I am sure it woud do Him great credit —I have puzzled myself a deal to know what you want with a suit of academicals & am as much in the dark as ever. However I have procured a Soph. Gown from Trinity. It is to be sure a little the worse for 3 years hard wear, but as we esteem [ ] the more honorable for being ragged I hope you will consider it in the same light. The [cap] I bought this morn of a Bedmaker for ½ a [crown] it belongd once to a Master of Arts who lately left College & is the broadest I have ever seen, pray take care of it & do not break the Board as

I intend to turn & make it as good as new. These with the largest Band I have will make you a perfect Academick & you will find them in a parcel at the Green Dragon near Bishopsgate Street any time on Thursday morning. As they come by the Waggon it will be only sixpence Carriage & you need not return them till you hear from me again.

With Duty Love & Comp^{ts} to all Friends respectively,

I am Dear George,
Your loving Brother & faithful Friend,
R. D. CUMBERLAND.

N.B. The Parcel is directed to be left till called for. So do not forget to send on Thursday morning.

To M^{r} Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Assurance Office,
3 *May* 1773. London.

For what purpose George wanted these " academicals " remains unknown. He explained the matter to his brother, who regretted that he had not known sooner, so that he might have sent a more suitable gown, but the letter in which he did so is not among those preserved. The scheme, whatever it may have been, was pronounced by Richard to be a very reasonable one, but, unless he had some occasion for appearing in fancy dress, it is not easy to guess why George Cumberland should desire to wear a cap, gown and band.

The missing letter must also have conveyed some information about the affairs of Ann Balchen, the sister of Mrs. Cumberland, whom, from the circumstance that her nephews always spoke of her as " Nancy," I surmise to have been considerably younger. She was evidently an ungovernable person, and had, I believe, been recently imprisoned for debt. She did not live many years longer, and may possibly have been suffering

from one of those obscure brain diseases which lead to violent and irresponsible conduct.

"I am shocked to hear what a miserable situation Nancy has reduced Herself to by Her Folly & Imprudence, tho it is no worse than what every Body who knew Her expected. I think however something shoud be done for Her at least to prevent Her being driven thro real Want to bring further Disgrace on Herself & Family."

Dr. Mores, of whose failure to reply to letters addressed to him Richard had written with some asperity, had now entirely disculpated himself by writing to enquire whether a communication from him, dated April the 27th, had ever been received.

"On the same day I wrote several Letters, to none of which have I receivd any answer, therefore I am suspicious they may have been conceald by the Person to whose care I entrusted them."

Experiences of this sort were common at a period when the official rates of postage were so high that persons who could not obtain a "frank" from a Member of Parliament snatched at every opportunity of forwarding their letters by a private hand. A few days later, on May the 11th, the missing letter was delivered and proved to be of a very satisfactory character. The exact nature of the assistance towards Richard Cumberland's college expenses which Dr. Mores had promised does not become clear; but it seems certain that it was given. Richard, indeed, was, to use an old phrase, "in luck's way" at this time. The letter which announces the arrival of that from Dr. Mores proceeds with the news that "Mr. Cross has made me a very handsome present of above

3 Score Volumes, out of His Study at Westow, most of them very useful Books."

On or about the 21st of this month (May, 1773) Richard received a letter from George, to which he replied thus :

How much am I obligd to my dear Brother for His Letter 19th which I reced last night—you cannot conceive how happy the News of this Exhibition has made me, as every thing of that kind will help to pay off my great but unavoidable Expences & lessen the Incumbrance I am to my Friends. Your sending me a Copy of a Letter I take very kind for the are very apt to make a difficulty of every Thing that is uncommon I shall be much obligd to you to deliver the inclosed as soon as convenient. I was at a loss how to direct to Mr Sheldon not knowing His Xtian Name or wether Esqre was necessary, be so good as to do this for me in a proper manner as like my Hand as you can—I have wrote a Letter of Thanks to Mr Ekins to whom I think myself infinitely obligd, but I have not wrote to Dr Mores ; for I think it quite unnecessary to put Him to the expence & Trouble of a Letter, since my last was to thank Him in the same manner as if I had reced the money—beside intend Him a visit soon.

Your account of the present state of Friends & relations gives me great Pleasure & is what I have wanted a long Time to hear. Upon the whole your News is as good as one can expect among so many. You forgot to send the little Band back, pray put into the next parcel. I was taken up with Lectures this whole morning & the post going out very early this aft: makes me send this by the Fly—& beleive it will go cheaper quicker & as safe & will cost me only a Groat the carriage & you may give the Porter the same for bringing it. No post goes out on Saturdays—I have been so much hurried with Business that I coud not get Time to sail on the meadows which have been

flooded these 3 Days There has been no rain to Day & the water goes off apace.

Is Waters in Town—I wrote to Him at Oxford some Time since but have reced no answer—What do you think of D^r^ Mores Behavior is He mad or in His Senses—a wise man or a Fool—I take Him to be an excellent Logician—one that can prove Black to be white better than any Lawyer whatever.

See if you can pick up a Caricature called the Venus de Medicis & buy it for me, it is designd for a worthy Friend of mine.

Remember me to my dear mother & all our Friends Excure Blunders thro haste & beleive me to be

Your sincere & loving
Friend & Brother,
R. D. Cumberland.

21^st^ *May* 1773.

A later communication countermands the order for the print, and adds :

To gratify any Curiosity You may have You can see it in Henrietta Str: it is a Caricature of Purkis in the attitude of a Venus receiving the Hamper of dead Game with several interesting anecdotes relating to Him.

A letter of a week later shows that it was to the Drapers' Company that Richard was indebted for the addition to his income. A bit of family and local news was imparted at the same time.

The long expected Picture came down on Mon: last in a very handsome Frame, the Bishop of Peterboro's Name on the Top and underneath wrote—the Gift of Dr. Cum: Bishop of Kilmore—it is fixt at the upper End of the Hall wh: sets it off very well being painted Green.

In August our young man, back at Cambridge after a vacation, was still dreaming of further exhibitions and

comporting himself with the greatest possible deference to all his elders and betters.

CAMBRIDGE 27 *August.*

I suppose, my dear Brother, you have by this Time seen Mr Tapp & that He has satisfied all your enquiries after me—you cannot conceive how much Pleasure His coming gave me after having spent ten Days in expectation & had just begun to give over all thoughts of seeing Him, but His kind & friendly Behavior to me whilst He staid Has made me extremely Happy. The only thing which vexed me, & that not a little, was my not seeing Mr Tapp before He set off; having parted from Him the Night before with a Promise to be with Him early next morning I sat up till near one o clock writing to you & J. Waters & after all by an unlucky mistake was suffer'd to sleep till the Bell rung for Chapple & it was too late to send them, the Fly being gone almost ½ an Hour. never was any one so angry with Himself as I was then, & the more so as the appointment was of my own making, all I cou'd do was to write an apology for my Behavior & that I fear was not sufficient. Mr Purkis came to College last Sunday & left it yesterday afternoon, during His stay He treated me with the greatest civility & before He went promised to recommend me in a Particular manner to the Bishops favor that He might provide for me as soon as possible. As I know it is in His power to do more for me in that Way than any one else, being perfectly acquainted with the Nature of those affairs I have great expectations of success from His recommendation. As He will not return before the 18th of next month I got the enclosed certificate signed & shall be obligd to you to deliver it to Mr Smith as soon as necessary & shall take it as a great favor if Mr Ekins will give you a few particulars proper to be mentiond in my Petition which you may write down & give the Clerk who will draw them up in Form.

I take the opportunity of sending these by a Gentn

who called on me to Night to take His leave, going to Town tomorrow. When you write next let me know when M^r^ & M^rs^ Smith will be in Town for good & when M^r^ Cross talks of coming down here. I look for my Parcel & a long Letter from you by the Waggon to-morrow morning—Duty to my dear mother, I write this to Her as well as you. Shall be very much obligd to Her to pay the Shoemaker as soon as possible that He may not trouble M^r^ Tapp again. He askd me about it & I told him my mother would pay it—I am very sure it will make no difference to Her or I woud not desire it, only M^r^ Tapp hates such small accounts.

Pray make my best respects to your worthy Governor & all our good Friends in town. And let me hear from you soon or I shall begin to be uneasy. Remember this is the second Letter unanswerd from

Your affect^e^ Brother,

R. D. Cumberland.

Mr. Smith was the patron who had given Richard reason to hope for a living as soon as he should be old enough to hold it, and I think that efforts were being made to admit our young man a little earlier than usual to ordination.

On September the 22nd he wrote, evidently with a new pen, and in what he himself might have called "a very superior style of calligraphy," the following letter :

Sept. 22, 1773.

Once more my dear Brother I am set down to answer your Letters & hope I shall make an end of it this Time.

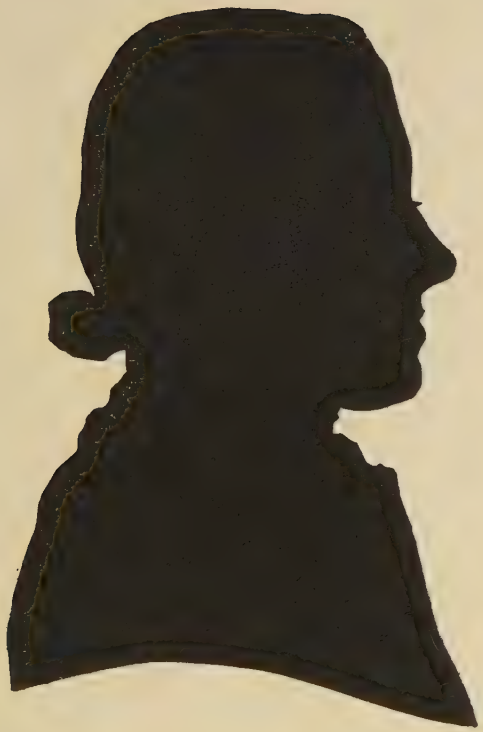
It pleases me not a little to hear the D^r^ continues to pay quarterly as I intend to make an attempt to get it renew'd. As to M^r^ Cross I dont expect to see Him again this Summer & beleive He had enough of Cambridgeshire in the Spring—His intended alliance with L^d^ Bellamont is likely enough to be true & I wish it may as I hear He bears a very good Character for a L^d^

tho His Estate is but small—I am very much pleased tho no way surprized at the remarkable instance of Friendship our cousin has met with: all the World must allow that No man can be more deserving of it.

I have discoverd a mistake in the first Bill you sent me for £1 4 6 for cloth which I had paid for. I told Purkis of it this morning at Breakfast & He will deduct it from this Q^rs^ Bill. The other Articles are right—you may mention it to M^r^ Tapp—I have been oddly situated since I left you sometime alone at another Time only Purkis & self who has taken me into commons with Him & shewn me a Thousand Civilities which no under Graduate ever reced from Him before, but the case is He is going to leave us very soon & begins to divest Himself of that reserve & Haughtiness He was oblig'd to assume or in His own words to unite the Scholar & the Gentleman—The Fair opend on Saturday & last Night I was at the Play Booth we had The Clandestine Marriage & the Citizen. The first tolerably acted, but the Farce equal to anything of the kind I ever saw in Town, the Characters of young Philpot & Maria inimitably well performed & upon the whole gave great satisfaction. Cambridge which for these 3 months past has been the dullest Place on earth begins to revive again, the Colleges fill apace & hope in another month to see every thing in statu quo.

The Bell rings for Dinner I must break off——

7 o clock. I had but just set down when a message was sent in that a Gent^n^ at the Crown woud be glad to see me, as soon as Dinner was over away I posted & who shoud it be but Brown the Attorney—We walked to the Fair & afterwards drank Tea in my rooms. He is just gone and left Me at leisure to finish my Letter & make up the Parcel which I am sure is a better Way of spending my evening than going to the Play. at least a Cheaper.—Whilst My eyes will permit I can read till Ten or Eleven o clock with great satisfaction to myself otherwise shoud be in a dreadful situation now I am so much alone—I shoud have been happy to seen you here



Richard Denison Cumberland

Aged 21

this Summer had it been consistent with prudence to have come down, but next Summer will do as well & I begin to perceive neither your Finances nor mine will permit us to put in execution any expensive Schemes. At present it is very well if we can contrive to appear genteel and avoid doing any thing mean. For my part I have only schemed away 4^{s} since I came down & find myself not a little the better for it (I mean in pocket) A year or two more may make a considerable alteration in my circumstances till when I coud not possibly be more happily situated than at present. you, my dear Brother, have as pleasing a prospect before you; Your natural Ingenuity will always make you Friends & dependance on such Friends as ours are no doubt far preferable to the possession of a small Fortune, the Idea of which very often fills a man with strange Notions of Independance & is the greatest obstacle to His rising in the World—But I am beginning to moralize & of course to be very dull. I much question if you had patience to read thus far—But before I conclude I must beg you to thank my dearest Mother, in my Name for Her intended Present, tho I have not yet receiv'd it, nothing coud be more acceptable & I hope it will serve me till Xmas.

I expect a Letter at the same Time but you must not look for an answer immediately as I am often ashamed to put you to the expence of 3^{d} for what can never be worth a penny—present my Duty Love and Comp^{ts} where due.

With the best Wishes to you & my dear Mother that a sincere affection can inspire beleive me to be ever your unfeigned Friend & loving Brother,

R. D. Cumberland.

M^{r} Geo: Cumberland.

This well-written and moral composition did not obtain the prompt reply which its writer may have felt to be deserved; on October the 17th we find him complaining that he gets no letters from his brother.

I really beleive 'tis a full Month since I reced one. . . . I expect to receive a very long Epistle from you next Teusday beginning with that old threadbare apology of want of Time which a favourite Author of mine says is only fit to be made by a Cobbler who has a Wife and Six Children to maintain with a Waxed Thread.

This "favourite Author" I have not been able to identify; his dictum comes a little ungracefully from a brother enjoying the leisure of Magdalen to one who added all sorts of supplementary work to his daily labours in a London office. The silence of George had been caused mainly by a prolonged fit of depression, for which Richard, in his next letter, begs leave

to prescribe as the only specific I know of a constant exercise & Imployment both of Mind & Body, which never fails to cure;

—an observation from which it may fairly be inferred that Richard was not personally acquainted with those horrible intervals of gloom that oppress the spirits of some energetic and generally cheerful persons. The incessant activity and almost feverish perseverance in employment which he advises may actually be the very symptoms of a temperament for whose solitary hours melancholy lies in wait. George Cumberland, the more vivacious and versatile of the brothers, was also the sadder.

Richard heard with grief of the continued dangerous illness of Mr. Petty (the family of Petty appears often in the correspondence), and reflected:

how much more sensibly the loss of such a man must be felt than that of such a useless Member of Society as myself who instead of maintaining a Family am idly spending as much as woud maintain one.

On the last day of the same month he was once more complaining of a lack of letters. "Pray," he enquires, "did you fast Yesterday?"

I assure You we fasted & prayed too until 4 o Clock by which Time being half dead with Cold & Hunger we retird from Chapple into the Hall & sat down with an excellent Appetite to what is here called a Feast which is only three Times our ususal Commons, observe how ingenious we are to fast & feast too in the Space of one Day.

He had been drinking tea with

a Mrs Green a maiden Lady about five & Thirty—Mrs. Ashby introduced me—she was so obliging as to give me a general Invitation to Visit Her whenever she was in Cambridge where she resides every Winter. As this Acquaintance is a little out of the common Way here, it is the more agreeable.

Among many small requests contained in this letter is one for a "piece of Elastic Gum to rub out pencil." If we may judge from this and some other passages of Richard's letters, india-rubber was a commodity not procurable in Cambridge in the year 1773.

Towards the end of November the collegiate tranquillity that pervades several of these letters had undergone some disturbance, and the sober Richard reports what in modern slang would be called a "rag," but in 1773 was called, for reasons which the letter itself suggests, "a scrape." The

severe Procter (i.e. Mr. Purkis) last week find a Trinity Man 20s for walking without a Gown and it was agreed to scrape him on the Sunday following when He was to preach at St Mary's in the afternoon—accordingly about the middle of His Discourse the Trinitonians began the Scrape & it was continued to such a Degree

that he was obligd to break off several Times being unable to make Himself heard, but no sooner did he begin again but the Scrape was resum'd in this Manner He finished His Sermon. The Vice Chancellor then got up, orderd the Door of that Gallery where the Noise was most observable to be lockd & desired the Porter to take all the Scholars names who were in it one by one as they came out. We all crouded towards the Door & whilst He was waiting for Pen & Ink a violent Hiss ensued & those behind pressing forwards, the Door was forced open about 30 amongst whom was Your humble Servt. were forced out the rest being stopped by those who fell in the Passage had their Names inserted in the black List to the Number of about 300. It was expected that since it was impossible to distinguish the Innocent from the Guilty they woud have been decimated that is every tenth Man expell'd—nay one Man went so far as to assert that every *fifth* woud be *decimated*—but it ended less tragically for at a Meeting of the Heads of Colleges about it next Day, it was agreed that each shoud send for the Men of His College who were in the List & give them only—a private reprimand.

To-day I become Jun^{r} Soph or in other Words enter into My second Year—the Freshmen used to give an Entertainment in the Hall on such days—but alas poor Maudlin has not produced any this Year & so we must even be contented to go without our Supper.

He concluded his letter by a list of things which he desired sent to him, to wit : " 1 pr. of raw Silk Stockings —white, 2 red & white spotted Handk^{s} 2s 6d each, the old Hat, a piece of pencil rubber," and—a request which suggests that the new bedmaker was not entirely irreproachable—" the best new invented Lock or padlock for a Box, that cannot be opened by a common Key or picker, to keep Tea & Suger in if it does not cost too much." It must be recollected that these commodities were of a price very different from their modern

ones; in a previous letter he had asked for "2½ lbs of 10/ Souchong (let it be packed in Lead)," and perhaps this store was disappearing more quickly than his personal dispensing of it could explain.

On November the 12th, according to the written date, but really I feel pretty sure a month later, Richard acknowledged the receipt of all these objects: "the Eraser was as large as I wanted," and "all the things please Me better than if I had chose them myself," while the padlock "is inexpicable and has already puzzled the best Math[cians] in College." It had now occurred to him that he would like to learn to draw, and that his brother might be able to instruct him by correspondence, "at least for those parts of Drawing which require only a Mechanical Genius for that is all I have to boast of. I think however it is an Art and perhaps the only one which may be communicated by Letter, as you may set me a few Copies every week with Direction's on the same Sheet how to use My pencil &c—please to begin with the rudiments of portrait painting. I mean the human Face & then proceed to the Limbs &c."

With this request the ever obliging George complied, and two or three letters exhibit various carefully pencilled eyes and mouths of the classic type, such as used to appear in very old-fashioned drawing-books.

The account of "the Scrape" had evidently rather shocked the younger brother, and the elder now offered his justification:

I can only assure You that it was impossible for Me to behave otherwise than I did without drawing upon Myself the Odium & Contempt of all the Undergraduates in this University, which I shoud have esteemd worse than any punishment that coud be inflicted on Me, even worse than Expulsion itself, which woud then have

been desireable—I know of nothing so shocking to a Man of any Feeling's as the Scorn & Dislike of Men of His own Class.

Richard's Christmas was passed this year at college, whence, on December the 22nd, he wrote :

We pay little regard to Times & Season's except being allow'd to play at Cards & drink Ale in the Hall for three Days after Xmas a Favor We shant accept of.

The New Year 1774 opens with a letter, dated January the 2nd, in which Richard mentions having heard from " Mr. Cumberland "—i.e. the dramatist—who had hinted that, on account of another family claim, outside his own immediate circle,

it woud not be convenient to give Me any assistance towards defraying this Year's Expences, but desired Me to let Him know the Situation of My affairs & He hoped to be able to do Something for Me another Time. Before I answer this I shall be glad to have the opinion of My Friends in town whether it woud not be better to acquaint Him with the real State of My Finances as to Exhibitions &c which I have lately got or expect to get & that at present I have no immediate Need of Assistance—for I perceive there is but little Prospect of ever deriving any pecuniary Favors from the Bishop or His Son, nor all things consider'd, have I any reason to expect such. All I have to hope for from that Quarter is the Gift of some small Benefice in Ireland at the Intercession of Friends if the Bishop lives a few Years longer & I think it will be best not to trouble them in any other Way.

Among " all the things " to be " consider'd " were the facts that Richard Cumberland was the father of a large and expensive family, and that his relationship to the heroes of this correspondence was no nearer than the fourth degree. He seems to have been resolved

to step in, if necessary, to save his young kinsman from absolute hardship, but to have felt, not unnaturally, that it was not his province to furnish any superfluities whatever. He kept a kindly eye upon both brothers, but seems, as far as I can judge, to have preferred the society of George, whom he asked to dine with him pretty frequently. George was undoubtedly good company, keenly interested as he certainly was in various branches of art and science, and quick-witted as he probably was in conversation. There is plenty of evidence in his accounts of his free time that, wherever he went, he was pressed to stay and that he fell naturally into sympathy with his companions for the time being. He goes to see his Balchen cousins at Newington, falls into a romp with them and helps to " turn the house out of window." He writes letters for Mrs. Mole and performs commissions for her ; he draws " shades," or, as we now call them, " silhouettes," of the ladies of his acquaintance, and gives them hints about their drawing and painting ; suburban matrons ask him to call upon seedsmen in town for them—any unoccupied persons, in short, found it the easiest thing in the world to put upon the shoulders of young Mr. Cumberland, whose hours of leisure were always few, any bit of trifling business to which they might feel themselves disinclined.

Richard was now looking forward to obtaining, while still at college, and presumably while still in deacon's orders, a curacy with which and his exhibitions he would be able " to maintain myself comfortably in College for a few Years till something better offers." His annual expenses, he mentioned, amounted to about eighty-six pounds.

On February the 26th, 1774, George wrote the first letter to his brother that appears in this collection, which

becomes thenceforward distinctly the more interesting on account of his share in it. His principal theme on this occasion was the death of a Miss Betsy Small, who seems to have been a relative of that Mr. Smith who played an important part in Richard's affairs, and to have been staying in Mr. Smith's house when she died. Both brothers had known her—Richard wrote of her as " that amiable Girl I was once permitted to call by the endearing Name of Sister "—and both appear to have been sincerely grieved by her death. The form of memento desired by Richard, although perhaps trivial in modern eyes, was common enough at the time.

If you can fancy any Emblem in memory of that sweet Girl whose grateful Idea is all that remains of Her in this World You cannot oblige me more than by executing it either as a Watch Case or otherwise with room for an Inscription which I will think of in the mean Time.

Few readers, I imagine, have ever seen those circles of silk, satin or paper that were drawn, embroidered or engraved with a design—apt to include a classic female figure like those on Wedgwood china—and were placed between the inner and outer cases of a watch. The one that is especially present to my own remembrance was of white satin, and upon it was depicted a lady, resting one elbow upon a pedestal or short column beneath the branches of a weeping willow. Whom it was intended to commemorate, and whose was the watch in which it was carried I have long since forgotten, but I well remember gazing at it as a child and having its purpose explained to me by my grandmother.

The letter which asks for the watch-case reports an exciting incident in Cambridge. " A Fellow of St John's," whose name suggests a foreign origin,

was last Sunday committed to the castle for Murder. The Story is this : about 4 Years since being in a passion with his Bedmaker He beat Him with the Butt End of his Whip—the poor Lad died in 3 Days after,

and the assailant " absconded, but has now surrendered to take his Tryal."

A further testimony appears to the rarity of india-rubber in University circles. " Some one has stole my rubber-out," says Richard, and begs to have another piece sent to him. In the matter of those drawing lessons, for which he had been so eager, the zeal of the learner proved to be less than the energy of the teacher. A letter of March the 30th observes :

I received your last kind Letter containing a Lesson of Faces & wish it was in my Power to say I have profited by your Instructions as I ought & to send a Specimen which I cannot venture to do just now : but indeed have been so much employ'd with Business for these three Weeks past that I have scarce been able to take a pencil in Hand. However, when I shall be under your immediate Direction & attend to Your friendly Lectures, I do not despair of making some Progress in that elegant Study in which I cannot but envy Your Skill at the same time that I admire it.

A letter from Mr. Gooch, in America, is peculiarly interesting as being written by an Englishman established in Boston during the War of Independence.

Boston *April* 8*th* 1774.

Mr George Cumberland.

Sir,

I had flatter'd myself of having the satisfaction of Procuring a Correspondence which I have indeaverd to Cultivate by omitting no opportunity of writing but it seem's to be declin'd on your part, as I have not been favourd with a Letter since Aug*t*

Last, it would ever afford me the greatest satisfaction to hear of the Wellfare of Mrs Gooch's Friends, and their silence gives her Great uneasiness.

All is Tumult and Confusion here and the Mob seem to have taken the Reins of Government, a most miserable Chariotteer, and I fear Order will not be Restor'd, without Bloodshed, they are in General both gentle, & simple, Learning the Art Military, that it is now grown unpolite, not to have that Soldierly accomplishment that in all probability, we shall soon be stild the Nation of Soldiers.

Mrs Gooch joins with me in Dutifull Regards to your Mother & Love to self & Brother Mrs Gooch intends writing by Next opportunity in the meantime I am with Respect yr most obdt

& most hble Servant,

Jno Gooch.

To

Mr George Cumberland,

London.

The chronological successor to this letter from Mr. Gooch is one from Richard that has been misplaced in the collection and that narrates the details of his return to Cambridge after the Easter vacation, in which he had no doubt enjoyed the opportunity of drawing under George's "immediate Direction."

Eastwick 12 *o clock.*

Dear George,

Youll be surprized to hear I am got no further yet than 22 miles & have been out 4 Hours & a half. but to tell you the truth I have not began to Travel & have hitherto had the pleasantest ride I ever took—Ill tell you particulars if I have Time—was on Horseback by ½ past 7 just as the Sun began to warm the Air—canterd on to Kingsland & overtook an elderly Gent: the very picture of avarice in His dress but extremely well mounted. we joined Comp: & He entertained

Me as far as Stamford Hill with Storys of Highwaymen, so well that I was sorry to part—reached Enfield by nine, gave my Horse a Bait in the mean Time I walked into the Feilds—set out gently to Waltham where I fell into Conversation with a Gent travelling on a Blood Horse were agreably entertaind with observing the Number of Quakers on the Road going to Cheshunt meeting. Chaises, Carts, Horse & Foot & all most neatly, some elegantly Dress'd—ran a Race dropt My Hat and parted —When I came to Hodson a thought struck Me to turn off By the Rye to Hockrill a Way I once came with Mr Cross & it has already made ample amends for going a few Miles about I think in all My Life I never travelld a more pleasant road or through a finer Country. Hills —Meadows & Woods most delightv interspirssed the Banks coverd with Vilets & primroses & the Trees filled with the sweetest Warblers I ever heard on either side the Road—indeed it was quite enchanting & I coud not forbear frequently stopping to enjoy the Scene—past by Mr Blackmores elegant Seat & park & am now at the Green Man in this Village drinking a Gill of Wine & water whilst My Horse eats his Beans—more anon——

6 o clock CHESTERFORD,
45 m. from London.

From Eastwick I rode thro' Hockrill to Stansted on the Way met whole Legions of Turfmen from the Races of all Ranks & Degrees & such a scarcity of Post Horses they are obligd to borrow from the Plough tackle & all, so that many of them put me in Mind of the Disobligeance Francois—Did not much like the House at Stansted so just baited Hobby; drank a Glass of Wine & away tho I was kindly invited to Dine on Bacon & Veal by thre Gentlemen Turfmen & committed an unlucky mistake by asking the Landlady if they were not Graziers, but she assured me they were Gent of London coming from the Races—Set off at four o clock & got to this Place without meeting with any thing remarkable except a Sporting Lady who complaind she Had been robbed of 4 guineas by a pickpocket—Newmarket

Gleanings—Have just drank a Dish of Tea at my Lord Gardners for so the man of the House is called from the freedom he takes with Titles—There are some excellent Storys told of this Man ; as You will Hear one Day or other—Hobby holds out surprizingly & the Weather is excessive fine without being too Hot—so hope to sup in College tho by the bye this Road is 6 miles about never was less fatigued with travelling or in better Spirits—shall not have time to write when I get to Camb: so you will take the rest for granted—adieu (Dear George) You & My dear Mother share My best Wishes—have time for no more.

Camb: ½ past 8 o clock.

Arrived in Port safe & well.

Good night.

George, on May the 5th, replied that he would "have liked to have rode with you . . . but should not have approved of your method of going without a dinner." Were no fasting involved,

Methinks I could travel over the world on foot—the sweetest part of Don Quixote is ; when tired with the fatigues of the day's Journey they seat themselves under the shade of some spreading Cork Tree and Sancho produces from his capacious Wallet some homely fare.

Another of Mr. Gooch's communications was indited upon May the 13th and appears at that date, although it cannot have been received in England till considerably later in the year.

Boston *May* 13*th* 1774.

Mr Geo: Cumberland.

Sir,

My last by Capt Brown inclosed you a Bill of Exchange being the first I now Inclose the Second, for your proceeding I refer you to my former letter Inclosing the first Bill, all our Vessells are arrived but

Mrs Gooch has no Letters from her friends; The measures taken by the Ministry has thrown all into Confusion the shutting up of the Ports is a proceedure equally Pernistious to both Parties as the Colonies are united in the Common Cause every Port will be shut up on the Continent so that fleets and armies can produce no other effect than the accumulating Charges the Spirit of Resenment Rises so high thro' all denominations that they ridicule the measures adopted to reduce them and spurn at the threatened storm, and tho' the measurs adopted are Big with the ruin of thousands yet the Gloomy Prospect serves but to sharpen their resentment they never will submit to Termes they think unjust unless Reduced by Conquest, the Consequence of which must be mutual ruin, Great Britain knows but Little of America & should they proceed to hostillities I'm very doubtfull wether they would be able to say with the Roman Tyrant *Veni Vidi Vici* the Americans are a resolute hardy & I may ad an obstinate people that are not to be Dragoond into Compliance with arbitrary measurs, most of the Inhabitants will quit the Town and retire to the Country leaving behind a subsistance for the Poor mecanicks a Large fund being raised for that purpose, as they are already turnd out of imploy for immediately on the arrival of the news the ship Carpenters etc dismissed all their hands The present situation is very melancholy and alarming but I make no doubt of a happy Conclusion as I'm firmly perswaded their will be no Concessions on the part of America for the provinces are determind strictly to adhere to the Union, which will Infallibilly work out our political salvation and save us from a Slavery more abject and scandaleous than the Egyptian Bondage.

Mrs Gooch is in the Country with her Aunt to spend some time and as soon as the Troops arrive I intend to remove into the Country & their remain till peace, or the Clangor of War shall urge my return to either of which I'm sincerely disposed but with the former if Consistent with the Liberties and interest of

America. My best Recpects to your Mother, Mrs Sarah Cumberland and all Mrs Goochs Friends.

I am with all Sincerity,
Your most obedient
& most huble Servant,
JOHN (GOOCH erased).

P.S. You'l Excuse this Blotted Letter as I have not time to copy.

To Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Royal Exchange Assurance Office,
London.

A visit from George to his brother at Cambridge had long been planned and Richard's next letter is full of arrangements for it. This time it evidently took place, for on June the 19th Mrs. Cumberland, in the hand of a person to whom writing is not easy, wrote :

Monday June 19 1774.

MY DEAR,

After being under the greatest uneseness about your health ever sene satterday Last : I was releved by the arrival of the Post man this afternoon I was afraid you was ill as you had a cold upon you when you set out. I could not think of going out till I heard from you but intend to take your kind advice and set of for Camberwell tomorrow & jint about as much as I can, for I am very dul without you, and long for your return I spent the day yesterday at Mr Tapp heard of the Death of Mr Abm Hankel who died on Satterday, but I amageng you have heard of it before now I hope you will meet your Dear Brother well & that you will have a great deal of pleasure with him pray my Love you must excuse this bit of cool as it is Late and as I intend to gad about thought I wold let you know I had receavd yours and was well, shall conclude with my Blessing to my Dear Boys and prayers for thear health & happyness and am your affectinate Mother,

ELIZ CUMBERLAND.

P.S. my Compliments
to all friends.

On July the 18th George wrote apologising for a long silence :

Yet it has not been for want of inclination on my part—but from an Inatention which has already brought me into many disagreeable situations, and which I fear will accompany me thro life—in short I am Idle : I have never told any body this but yourself, for in you I can place an intire Confidence. . . . Your Mother is better in health than she has been for some time, owing I believe to her having been cupped the other day it has removed that swimming in her head which had troubled her some time attended with a Numbness which I imagine to be a little Paralitick.

" Our Aunt Cumberland " was well, was staying at Abingdon, and desired a letter from Richard before she came to town.

our Aunt Man I know nothing of she never calling on us. I am sorry she does not know her friends, there is nothing but what I would do to serve her in my power but her unhappy pride, and tenatiousness will never let her make a friend but perhaps she is prevented by a certain person of whom the only good news I coud send you would be that he has ceased to plague Mankind. [Whether this uncomplimentary description applies to one of Mrs. Cumberland's brothers, for one, at least, of whom George had neither esteem nor affection, or whether it is a periphrasis for Satan, I am unable to determine.] Nancy (I should have said Miss) has paid Mr. Tapp another visit lately, she asserted so many lies before his Customers and vented so much abuse, because he would not pay her beforehand, that he was obliged to turn her out of doors. Our Cousins at Newington are all well and Sally is going to be married.

The Newington relatives were the widow and children of Mrs. Cumberland's brother, Captain William Balchen ;

and an affectionate intimacy existed between the juniors and their Cumberland cousins. Miss Sally's bridegroom was

the son of a Mr. Read—a Baker in the Burrough, he has no Fortune but he is going into partnership with his Uncle who is an eminent Attorney, and who 'tis said will leave him the business very soon, having acquired a tolerable fortune.

This young gentleman was

about 19, excessively thin, and pitted with the Small pox, a Man of few words and what is remarkable in a young Attorney or indeed in any profession *A Modest Man.*

So deceptive, however, is youthful promise that this modest man lived to send in to the Cumberlands a bill for professional services which George stigmatised as exorbitant.

I went with them all the other night to Vauxhall for the first time this Season we staid till Eleven o Clock and the lover proposed a Supper but a Young lady in company an Acquaintance of Cousins insisted on going home ; it cost me 3/.

Mr. Smith having requested George to " lay in his house " during the family's absence, the latter reports that " that worthy man has always been imposed on by his servants." The first three nights of George's guardianship were marked by the sojourn of three different strangers. " This I took notice of and have not seen any one since."

From a marriage the letter diverges to a death ; Mr. Ekins had lost his mother, who was

near 90 years of age and retained her faculties to the last. . . . I believe her Joynter is a pretty good one : I must not omit to tell you that I have got a new Master, a Mr. Lucas, a young Clergyman of Lincoln Coll:

Oxford, who is going abroad for 6 or 7 Years he called on me to pay some ground Rent and asked if I could recommend him to any one to take care of his Estate wile he is gone (the rest of course) : it is three houses One of £105 p ann. and 2 others of £30 so that my profits will be about £6 which will buy me a Suit of Cloths.

In walking over Blackfriars Bridge the other day, I saw the machine to go without horses and worked it round the garden several times Myself, it is really an ingenious contrivance and much simpler than I conceived it to be, I wish I had time to sketch you the plan of it.

This wish George's readers may well echo, since this "machine" was probably a direct ancestor of the bicycle. Instead of its portrait he sent that of

a great curiosity shewn me by a Mr. Serocold one of our Directors & a West India Mercht. tis the Vegetable fly he had two of them in a Box, and desired me to make him a drawing of one that he might shew what the Insect was without opening the Box.—This fly is found in the West Indies only at a certain age it burys (or sets itself if I may use the Expression) in the Ground and there grows out of its Breast a little blue Flower, what this flower turns to is not I believe known as when they are found they been generally taken up immediately being great rarities, there is one of them in the Museum.

George's sketch of this remarkable creature fails to inspire confidence, since he plainly represents it as a biped. From beneath what, in a human being, would be the chin grows a curved proboscis ending in a sort of knob, and a note explains that this knob is "the pod of the flower." I commend these surprising statements to enquiring naturalists.

Mr. Lucas did not go abroad, and probably never intended to do so; he remained for at least a year in a remote part of Cornwall, and did not give his exact

address even to George, his agent, whom he constantly requested to conceal his whereabouts. Not impossibly he had creditors. At a later period he was a Navy chaplain, and apparently prosperous. He retained a grateful sense of George's business-like and friendly dealings, and continued to write to him for many years. The rather mysterious reference to ground rents is to be explained, most likely, by the fact that George was employed both by Mr. Cross and Mr. Long—whom I believe to have been Mr. Cross's brother-in-law—to collect ground rents for them.

In a large, sprawling, but perfectly legible hand Mr. Thomas Smith, at whose London house, it may be remembered, George was spending his nights, wrote, on "August ye 3rd," from Buscot to "Mr. George Cumberland, at Mr. Thos Smith's, No 1 Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, London." He had "this Instant received Your Brother's Letter."

It will give both me & my Wife great Pleasure [ ] Him at ye Hill, as my Mother has often expressd a desire of seeing You all at Oxford. . . . You may let Him know I shall take no Denial.

The house numbered 1 Suffolk Lane is probably that of which George took charge, but seems to have undergone alterations; it still possesses an attractive curved flight of steps to its door.

Once more an interval, corresponding to a vacation, breaks the thread of the letters. On October the 2nd Richard was back at College.

Dear George, Cambridge 2 *Oct*^{r} 1774.

Notwithstanding the little prospect of it when I set out I have had an exceeding pleasant Journey hither. The morning proved wonderfully fine & the bad Weather wh. has predominated these three weeks

seemed to be at an end. I walked as far as Kingsland the Coach being full & then rode outside to Ware when a storm of Rain falling I jumped into a returnd Chaise wh. very luckily overtook me at that moment & was conveyd to Barkway like an Emperor — The Weather still continuing show'ry I was considering wether I had better stay all night or proceed on the Top at the hazard of getting Cold when my good Genius appear'd in the form of Mr Smith a fellow of Mag: returning to College after a Western Tour. He shook me by the Hand & kindly offerd me a seat in His Wiskey to wh. he was endeavoring to add another Horse to spare His own with much difficulty. *at length* we made a Tandem (for the Horses were all taken up in carrying expresses & the Hostler gave himself airs of consequence on acct. of having a vote for the County) & were in College before 7 o clock—so much for my peregrination—

Have had so many people calling on me this morn & have so deeply engaged my self this afternoon that I coud only spare half an hour to write to you & half sheet of paper you'll say—but indeed I did not think to have half filled it when I began—cannot send any other news than that I am much as I was when I left you I hope you are a great deal better—remember me to mother & all Friends &

beleive me ever yours,
R. D. Cumberland.

N.B. The Pocket Book was among
my cloaths.

To Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Assurance,
London.

On the 10th Richard wrote to describe the hubbub of the Cambridge election. Among the throng that filled the Senate House on this occasion was Omiah—a prince, if I remember right, from the Sandwich Islands—of whom our young gentleman evidently took careful note :

He is a stout well made Fellow; in Features & Complection something betwixt the Negro & Indian; was dress'd in a plain Suit with His Hair in the modern Style seemd to talk & laugh much tho I was not near enough to hear Him & in short gave great Satisfaction to all about Him. A re[ply he] made to one who offer'd Snuff was very good—"No tank You, Sir, Me Nose be no Hungry."

Richard announced the despatch of "a Barrel of Oysters for You & My Mother," and begged that they would

not send them any further for a particular Reason. Have sent likewise some Volumes of Humes Hist of Eng: wh. beg You will convey directly to the Ladies at Newington (with my kind Love & Compts) for their perusal and afterwards read them Yourself, when You have nearly finished these will send the others.

George, replying on the 18th of the same month, remarked succinctly of the elections in London, that "Riot disorder & confusion prevailed," that he had "sent two or three Squibbs to the papers," and that "on Friday H.M." (probably his cousin, Harry Man) "and my self where busily employd at the hazard of a broken head, in sticking up Bills which we had printed again's the King of the City."

Ten days later the elder brother congratulated the younger upon his appearance in print.

What tho' by your own Confession it was but in the form of a Squib; yet, Couràge mon Frere, who knows to what a height Your literary Fame may one day be exalted! Who can tell but with a little practise You may be able to write Treason with the Pen of a Junius, or what is a greater Degree of Glory be wispered for Junius Himself?

"To be serious," however, Richard had

too great a value for You, My dear Brother, to wish to see You attempt shining in the laborious and unprofitable Sphere of an Author.

Not, of course, that the ability of George was doubtful,

but Nature has kindly pointed out to Your pursuit a Study far more pleasing and genteel than that of a Writer—has taught You to copy (and convey to the Mind a Description of Her) Beauties ; not by the vague and uncertain Medium of Words wh. are liable to have a false or doubtful Construction put on them, and besides do not always convey the Idea they are put for, but by a much more sure and likely Method, which is not like a Language confined to the Use of one Nation, but readily and with Ease understood by all Mankind. Both the Learned and the Vulgar are struck with astonishment and delight upon Viewing the Works of a good Painter, while a Poem, the more sublime and excellent it is, the less universally it is admired and understood I wish when you have any Leisure You would oblige me with a neat Etching of our Coat of Arms and Name below it. The same Plate might serve both of us by only changing the Christian Name or initial Letters & I woud have a hundred or two Struck of to put in my Books.

This commission George executed, and his sketch—less "neat" than an engraver might desire—still exists in a scrap-book belonging to Richard's descendants.

A piece of a letter, the rest of which has been cut off, requests George to send

a few good Quills about ½ a Hundred or so no matter of what sort, they will be very acceptable for I can meet with none here worth the cutting.

In spite of this complaint, however, Richard's writing was at this time far better than it had been two or three years earlier, or than it became at a later period. Cambridge would appear to have been ill-supplied with good

shops of any kind. Richard, who, as a young man, was not strong, and who was always extremely careful of his health, asked, in the same letter, for a supply of various "medecines." "I hope there is no immediate occasion for them," but he did not "chuse to trouble the Apothecary" at every trifling ailment,

and as for sending to the Chemist. We have but one, and He always charges exactly double the London price for the most infamous Medicines that were ever vended on a Mountebank's Stage so You may observe it is only a little frugal Scheme of mine.

The "Steward of Magdalen" was almost as exorbitant in his charges as the sole chemist of Cambridge, and Richard waxed righteously indignant:

He has charged Me no less than two pounds more in my last Bill, tho I resided but one Month than in that for the Quarter before when I resided there. . . . The Steward's Bill is a Mystery here as great as that of free Masonry—no one except Himself knowing of what Articles it is made up except the Sum total.

Richard made an appeal to his tutor in regard to this supposed error of calculation, but its result does not appear.

On November the 11th or 12th the heart of the Magdalen student must have been rejoiced by the receipt of the following communication:

Friday night Nov 10 : 1774.

By the immortal Soul of my Grandfather I am more than happy!—I have such news for you my dear boy as you have not heard this many a day! news that I wish I was able to deliver in person, nay, I have a great mind to take a ride to see you to Night—however I have the happiness of being the first to inform you of it, let that suffice. Now to the news it self.—M[r] Smith sent for me to day to dine with him, after dinner I was

shewn a Letter from the Vicar *Bray*, in which he says he is presented to a Living worth £200 p. ann; and is ready to resign his when ever Mr Smith thinks proper, *in your favor*, that if Mr Smith pleases he will retain it till you take orders, as he has the Tutorship of two Young Noblemen who live in the neighborhood of the Parsonage,—the account of the living is this.—Mr Smiths Father gave him the living to hold for his Son,—he died, and Doctor Bray succeeded to the Livings, and could now hold them with this other but that he thinks it a point of honor to resign,—he says in his Letter, 'if the young man will remove to this University I will give him every assistance in my power'—the short of the matter is this,—*Mr Smith desired me to tell you that the two Livings are ready for you as soon as you can take them*—the parsonage house is in compleat order, and the Livings produce about £135 p. ann;—after dinner we drank success to you, and wished it I make no doubt; adieu ma chere Frere.

all the good wishes of my Heart
attend this epistle,
G. Cumberland.

P.S. Mother is at Mr Longs but shall be informed of this presently; I have sent the Rum by Salmon's Wag. of Wednesday—it comes to 19/- the cash 1/2 if you have a mind to send it back they will return the money the coat of arms is in hand,—I hardly have time to read what I have writ but would not delay a moment to inform you of it after . . .

George's pen, misled, no doubt, by habit, has in this postscript substituted "cash" for "cask."

The next two letters need no preamble.

I give you a thousand Thanks (My dear Brother) for your kind Letter, containing News of the most happy Evant, that has ever yet befallen Me; and for the generous and (I am very sure) sincere Satisfaction that you express upon this, and have done upon every other occasion in which my Happiness has been concernd.

You may in some Measure Judge of the pleasure your Information gave me from that you yourself conceivd at hearing it. I was indeed so sensibly affected with the Sense of Mr Smiths Kindness to Me, and my own good Fortune, which was quite unexpected that upon reading your Letter (to you I may venture to confess My Weakness) for the first Time in my Life I shed Tears of Joy : but perhaps that was owing to the want of such a Friend as yourself, to whom I might communicate My Satisfaction and unburthen My Mind. But these sensations are much easier felt than described, therefore laying aside the attempt I will acquaint you with my present Situation as to taking a Degree or going into Orders, that you may be able to inform my Friends who may give themselves the trouble to inquire about it—

Out of 12 Terms requisite for a Degree in arts I have resided 10, and may take my Bachelors Degree, the latter end of April or beginning of May next, and three years after that a Master of Arts Degree, without any Residence. In June next I may get into Deacons Orders and serve a Curacy, but cannot be ordain'd Priest till four and twenty of which, you know I want above two years, and then and not before may hold two Livings, if they are consolidated ; otherwise must be Master of Arts and have a Chaplains Scarf besides tho I imagine the Livings in question are consolidated or the Doctor could not hold them together with a third as it seems He may. But tho it must be at least two years before I can begin to enjoy any Emoluments from them, yet their being held for me in commendum, the mean while, will be of no trifling advantage, as it gives Me a kind of nominal Independency, oftentimes of great use in the World, for with some People the man who wants nothing may have anything ; and makes me easy with regard to my Expectations in Ireland, about which I began to be very anxious ; for, not to mention that one ought not to lay too much stress on a Great Mans Promise, a Gentleman was here the other Day from Kilmore, who mentiond that the Bishop was ill

of a Dropsy I told this to Mr Purkis, and he advised me to proceed to a Degree as soon as possible, and promised, when it was proper, He woud write to the Bishop in my Favor. Shoud I be sent for to Ireland next Summer, I shall go over on a much more eligible footing than I cou'd before, But am very easy about it at present.

Dr Bray has behaved so very genteelly in this affair by offering to resign, when He might still retain the Living, that I imagine Mr Smith will accept His proposal of holding it for me, since it will save the Expence of an Institution and after what He has done it woud be impossible to doubt His Honor, I did not mention any thing of this to Mr Smith in My Letter, because nobody can know better than himself what is proper to be done in this case, and it woud have appeard too presuming in one so highly obliged as myself to attempt to bias His Inclination by any means whatever, but wish to know how it is determined—This Event, tho it has highly improved My prospect in Life, will not, I take it, alter the Plan laid down for me to pursue as to taking a Degree or Orders for tho' the Drs offer of assisting me, if I will remove to Oxford is a very kind one, yet I fear it is too late for Me to think of leaving this University, when so near taking a Degree in it. But of this may consider more—I have my Hands full of Business at present, having to dispute in the Hall and Declaim in Chapple this Week, but am in such [ ] that nothing can come amiss to me just now. I shall get a Letter from you by to morrows post. Pray make My Duty to my dear Mother to whom I will write at the first Leisure I am obligd to conclude being interrupted. and can only assure you of the Sincere Love and affection of (Dear Broth),

Your ever faithful Friend,

R. D. Cumberland.

11*th Novr* 1774.

By the carelessness of the Bedmaker the above was not sent last Night, as intended. I have therefore broke it open to acquaint you I have reced yours and

thank you for it. The little Box came safe and all the articles were right—Send to Salmons Waggon on Thursday next for a Barrel. Excuse my saying more for want of room.

To Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Assurance,
London.

Monday 14 *Nov:* 1774.

What a lucky fellow are you!—I dont mean in getting your Livings so soon; but in being so well able to express your sentiments of gratitude upon the occasion; I profess to you I hold it a most singular happiness, to be able to acquit ones self in these situations with so much propriety.—I declare it requires a presence of mind—but I am drawing conclusions from my stupidity—I have this moment come from Suffolk Lane; your letter arrived after dinner, it was handed to me to read, I need not say it was universally approved when I tell you, you had so feelingly expressed your thanks, that it was with some difficulty I got through it, I have just left them full of your praises, and will now answer your letter which I have just received. you say you expected a Letter by Sundays post, you would have had one, had I gained any new intelligence, there are some questions which we might be glad to know, but which are not so proper to ask Mr Smith, and Mr Tapp is sent for express to Mr. Clavey, who is by this time in all probability Dead: however, he told me after dinner to day that he had wrote to Dr Bray, to desire him to keep the Livings for you, and hinted as the house is well Furnished if he can spare the Furniture, or any part of it, he should be glad to have it left behind him, what you mention about serving the curacy I shall hint at if convenient but imagine the Doctor means to hold it, till you can take the whole into your hands.—all your Friends here think you can take Priests Orders as soon as turnd of Three & Twenty: when you come to Town at Christmas, these affairs may be talked over, and

perhaps it will be better then to pay a visit to the Rector yourself, but would not have you, think of coming to Town before your usual time, as it is by no means necessary. Well, this affair settled, let me wish you much joy, you are now set above want, so long as you live, will be a respectable caracter in Life, and are under no restraint if you should choose to marry; I doubt wether there is a Fellow in cambridge who would not wish . . .

Certain financial statements in George's postscript of November the 10th refer to a consignment of rum, which Richard had ordered, and to the price of the barrel, which would be refunded upon its return. The rum, I hasten to add, was to be shared with a friend. Apparently spirits, like drugs, were inferior in Cambridge. The history of this transaction was not yet concluded, for on November the 24th (he dates the 25th, but the postmark remains to confute him) Richard wrote a letter containing this melancholy paragraph:

As to the Barrel or Rum Cag just as You please to call it. I sent it by Salmons Teusdays Waggon directed to You to be left till called for. And by way of Ballast threw in a few Oysters, a Musick Book and a Line for my Mother. it is certainly at the Inn, and as surely the Oysters are spoil'd by this Time—so pray throw them all in the Kennel and return the Cag. However, by the by, You may first try an Experiment with them. open one of them in a dark place and it will, most probably, seem all on Fire—this you may easily account for, if you have read Chesterfield's Letters.

The next letter or two made arrangements for one of those meetings between London and Cambridge, of which the brothers were fond. On Saturday, December the 3rd, Richard was to ride and George was to "coach it" to Hertford, where they were to sleep and remain together until after an early dinner on Sunday. That

the scheme was carried out is shown by George's account of his return journey and of the prosings of his fellow-passengers.

An undated and extremely agitated letter from George is placed at this point in the collection, but belongs, I believe, later. It reveals him very much dissatisfied with himself and very desirous of "being blessed with the regard of an amiable female." What lady was in his mind is not revealed, but it is plain that he was at the time of writing warmly in love.

Upon George's daily occupations some light is thrown by a statement in a letter to Mr. Gooch, that he was

> employ'd at a public Office from 9 in the morn. till 7 at night, and after that in the collection of ground rents from about 200 different people.

Yet, with the remarkable energy that distinguished him, he contrived to read much, to draw and paint, to make experiments—optical and chemical—and to write "squibbs" and paragraphs for the newspapers—to say nothing of the commissions which he was always undertaking for his brother and for other people. It is not strange that at times he was overwrought, irritable, or weighed down by depression of spirits.

It seems, however, to have been his characteristically English habit to reserve his melancholy for private consumption, and it shows itself in his letters chiefly as a reason assigned for having kept silence. He was at all times rather an impulsive than a regular correspondent, and defends his practice on various occasions, for example in the following letter :

Mar. 7th 1775.

Dear Richard,

I think it is a prodigious wile since you have received a decent Line from me, the last was put up in

such a Hurry that if you read it as fast as I wrote it, you did me but Justice; but I have a better opinion of you than to believe you are actuated with the fury of that Virtue unalayed with mercy. I am the better sattisfied you are possessed of a true Christian spirit from having received two letters since without a word of Reproach—there is more Friendship perhaps in this circumstamce than you are aware of:—I assure you I feel a sort of [sort of] satisfaction when my friend is guilty of inattention to me, because if he is my friend, he must be employed about something very pleasing to him, & friendship cannot bear the thoughts of constraint, which is the reason so few kindred are real friends;—but I hope we are and ever shall be an exception to that received opinion; I could run on to the end of the Chapter; now this is my fault I can hardly write a letter without making a preface—but I shall not make an excuse for it to you, for sooner then not write as my mind dictates I will not write at all; every man is not alike happy in a mode of expressing his thoughts, if I was to attempt to form a Style, I should always be dry;—now sometimes it so happens a man writes well by taking no pains at all:—If I am a Hottentot, let me appear like One. It would be a weak attempt to think of keeping off the Rain with Brown Paper it is equally weak to conceal ones defects from a friend by shallow contrivances such, would be My attempting a Style in writing to you I should run into Verbosity—but why so much of my self?—for the same reason I would tell a Physician my Constitution:—I hope one day to know by your assistance what I am. One thing I must mention wile I think of it, in your late Epistles you continue thanking me as you have always done, for every trifling Commission I execute; now I insist in future on having no more of them; if you do I shall suppose you give them in payment & shall think I have no claim to reciprocal Services; wile I write this I expect every moment to be called to see an Execution, which is to be performed before the Exchange gate—viz. the Burning

of the two Crisis's by an Order of Both Houses, one of these, the Periodical Paper published in the Strand, I have read; it is a Composition of the *most* illiberal & scandalous, abuse on the Person of his Majesty & Ministers, tho you have in all Probability seen it at Cambridge, as these sort of papers are generally pretty well difused; I am really sorry to say I know some people (for nobody attempts to defend it) who betray a disapointment at its fate & who I believe wish it might have been Circulated every were. I have always taken our modern patriots (except a few) for men only imposed upon—but now I have conceived a much worse opinion of their Patriotism as they term it.——

I have just returned from viewing this Ceremony of burning—About 12 o Clock a number of people to the amount I s[ ]ose of 5000 assembled in Cornhill in about half an [ ] a body of about 50 Constables placed themselves [ ]fore the Exchange Gate and soon after a man was [ ] into the Croud with a bundle of faggots on his head, as Soon as he arrived at the destined place the Mob set on him & by dint of blows obliged him to relinquish his load, they now carried them into the Exchange were they flew in a Variety of directions, to the great amusement of this *respectable* Society, at last about 4 or 5 were collected by the Assistance of the City Marischal Mr Gates who arrived on horseback, and by whose Dexterity & Resolution, a Ring was at last formed they now produced their dead dogs & Cats, and among the rest an old pair of leather Breeches, which after having been well soaked in Channel water stuck pretty close to many of their Chops; this divertion lasted for about a Quarter of an hour longer when the Sherrifs made their apearance preceeded by the Common hangman with a lighted Torch & a reinforcement of faggots they were on foot, which I think was very prudent, and passed through the Croud without insult but now a fresh uproar began the ring lined with a treble row of Peace Officers was once more broken & all mingled indiscriminately the Head Constable rode

among them and by dint of blows which he dealt pretty thick about him formed the lines again, but so contracted, it was utterly unsafe to set fire to the Bavins lest the Sherrif should be consumed with the papers; however repeated blows which will in time make the hardest sculls give way opened a small passage, when they received the reward all Traytors ought to receive. —The Mob diverted themselves with the remains of the fuel for near half an hour & many were the good Coats & Waistcoats Spoiled—but this minute I hear a man has had the daring effrontery to read the paper aloud on Change but the City Marshall is after him & I hope he will be made an example of.—we do not want in this office [i.e. are not without] men who call this Spirit. I would not have you think I rank Mr. E [ ] among them—who detests all Licentiousness.

I have filled a sheet of paper without mentioning one word I intended when I set out therefore you may expect another soon. I have only time to say all your Friends here approve intirely of your conduct with regard to the Curacy [the correspondence does not supply information as to what Richard's conduct had been] & that our mother is well. Adieu, Dieu vous Benir.

G. Cumberland.

P.S. You want Osterwald not Scougal as you mentioned in your last in a mistake I take it.

Mr. Cumberland,
Magdalen College,
Cambridge.

Time has stolen most of the interest from the communications that went this spring between Cambridge and London, and that dealt mainly with the securing of a curacy for Richard and the purchase of clerical garments for his use. Early in April George wrote a long letter of gossip, one paragraph of which runs thus :

Our Tenant at Mile End has thought proper to decamp without beat of Drum, however he has paid his Rent, & it is Lett again to a Neighbour for Four Years certain ; we had very near Lett it to a Swindler, but for Captain Kent who knew him.

Proceeding with the general news of Mile End, he mentioned that a lady whom we will call Mrs. B.,

who lived next door but one, is now in Newgate ; after having for some years kept 3 Servants at the expence of the Credulous part of Mankind.

Whether Mrs. B. practised fortune-telling, or whether the credulous persons were those who lent her money, I cannot tell. Another neighbour, " Miss G *that was*, keeps a Brandy shop in some part of the road." George has spent an evening at Newington with the Balchens, " they were never better in their lives, & we turned the house out at Window."

Richard, who had reached the age of twenty-three in the previous December, was, towards the end of April, hoping to be ordained in about six weeks' time, and at Cambridge, " which will be very convenient to me if I can get a Title & Test[ls] " (i.e. testimonials). Mr. Ekins, frequently mentioned as the official superior of George, had a brother who was incumbent of Pebsmarsh and was disposed to receive Richard as a curate. The young man set out one Sunday in May to pay this gentleman a visit, but lingered so much upon the way that he did not arrive until the evening. Passing through Linton, he was " detain'd " to breakfast by a friend, whose name, as far as it can be deciphered, seems to have been Longmire. At Haverhill he happened to recollect that " Ch. Brown " lived at that place.

I called (while my Horse baited) to know if He was down & When I found He was He was not there. woud

George Cumberland
Aged 19

have returnd to the Inn, but His Father & Mother gave Me so warm an Invitation to stay Dinner with them, and then there was a Sister of His, a Fine Girl about Eighteen, came in and determined me to accept it so that it was late in the Afternoon before I got away. . . . I found Mr. Ekins at Home, and met with the most genteel and friendly Reception that You can possibly conceive.

After breakfast the next morning, for the visitor stayed all night, Mr. Ekins

signed an Instrument appointing Me His Curate, which is a Favor of such a Nature that had I known the full Extent of it sooner I shoud never have had the confidence to have asked. . . . I have not Time to give You a Description of Mr. Ekins Situation any Further than that He Lives in the most pleasant and elegant Parsonage I anywhere remember to have seen, and in a Country so much superior to that I came out of that I began to think Myself in Paradise."

On his return, late on Monday evening, to Cambridge Richard found " the Parcel on My Table," which parcel contained, if I rightly interpret the recipient's comments, a tragedy in manuscript and some copies of a printed satire, both being the work of George. " I will try," wrote Richard,

to get them off among my Friends here who unluckily have but little Taste for things of the kind and will subscribe to it at the coffee Room. Without Flattery (My dear Brother) I shall be proud of shewing Your first Publications to every body I know.

A certificate of age being required, George was requested to obtain this at the cost of a shilling, " from the Minister at Bethnal Green," and no doubt made the little pilgrimage, in which I have followed him, to Bethnal Green Church, and saw there the entry of his

brother's baptism and the marginal record in which is noted each infant's tale of days. Richard Dennison Cumberland, as his junior remarked, was not christened until he was thirty days old.

The next letter preserved is one from Mr. Lucas, whose ground rents George collected, and who desired his agent to enquire at a certain coffee-house for a letter for him said to be lying there, and to forward it to him in his Cornish retreat.

I will conclude with reminding you of the Promise which you were kind enough to make me, viz: that, *whatever were the Pretence*, you would carefully conceal *from every Inquirer* the Place of my Residence.

Richard's affairs were now progressing very much to his satisfaction. The necessary preliminaries were all happily adjusted, and he was to be ordained, as he had hoped, at Cambridge on Trinity Sunday. Meanwhile,

Make my Compliments to Mr. Ekins and tell Him I have begun to follow His advice as to practising in My Room, which is happily situated for that purpose, being not unlike a Church, and out of Reach of hearing.

On June the 11th, however, he was feeling disturbed at not hearing from home, and was moved to

lay by my Concordance and beg the favor of a Line from You just to satisfy Me You are all well. I wrote to My Mother on Sunday Night to acquaint Her the Business of ordination was over.

He had been having one of those bad colds of which in his younger days he so often makes mention :

but thank God it is going off, and I hope by Sunday to be well enough to do duty at Pebsmarsh.

He sent his " best Respects " to various friends, and begged George to tell Mr. Smith that

I hope soon to have the honor of sitting at the Bottom of His Table In quality of Chaplain.

George, replying on the 15th, after explaining the reasons that had kept him from writing, announced that the contents of Richard's letter to Mrs. Cumberland had remained unknown to him, she being away on a visit and not expected home until the coming Wednesday.

You may call me an odd fellow, but tho I knew she could have no objections, tho I knew it came from you —supposed it containe[d] welcome news—whished to hear that news—and to have a line—yet I would not have opened it for the Indies ; so inviolable do I hold a sealed correspondence—if a Letter fell into my hands which I supposed was meant to injure me—I would not hold it up to a Candle.

He mentions in the same letter that John Man is " at last " married, and that his " father has given him half his school," a statement that is somewhat confusing, in view of the fact that not many years later George was applying to this same John for a legal declaration that he had not seen or heard from his father for seven years. The explanation probably is that George, like most of his contemporaries, often failed to make any distinction between relation by blood and relation by marriage, and that the " father " here mentioned was the parent of Mrs. John Man.

An opportunity presenting itself of sending a letter free of charge, George wrote, on July the 3rd, to beg that his brother

should never see any thing curious without letting me know of it : either House, Church, View, medal, coin, inscription, vegetable, insect or any thing that relates to Antiquities &c.

On his own part :

I will tell you of a curiosity I saw yesterday, it was at Gordons the Seedsman, he has lately had sent him two Beetles (of about the size of our Black ones) from the Brazils, their proper names is the Cruculus Imperialis, but he knows nothing of their history. apropos if you have any body amongst you learned in this Way be so good as to inquire into it a little. they are contained in a tin Box lined with Black Velvet and appear like stripes of emerald Rubies & Diamonds on Black Velvet. the smaller is like spots of diamonds which dazzle the Eyes if the Sun shines.

. . . T. Cotton is well & I believe succeeds.

On July the 25th Richard sent a most cheerful report of his curacy :

You cannot conceive how much delighted I am with My Curacy. I was there for the first time, last Sunday, and met with a very genteel Reception from the Squire—I have not Time now to tell You particulars, but will only say in general that I have the Use of His Coach to Church, having put My Horse into his Stables —say Grace at His Table, and as we always do the whole Duty before Dinner, have Leisure to drink a Glass of excellent Wine with the old Gent^{n} and Tea with the Ladies before I return, which makes it very agreeable.

The affairs of George also were at this time taking a turn. On August the 1st he wrote a letter, undated, upon which he has at some later period noted in pencil " about Augst 1775." By turning over the sheet, he might have observed an unusually distinct postmark of " AU. 1." Two letters not preserved must have passed between the brothers, one from the younger giving particulars of a vacancy in the office of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and of his inclination to apply for the post ; another from the elder advising

that the application should be made. Now George was writing for the second time about this matter.

At first in the warmth of my gratitude to Mr Ekins who proposed it, I would have given up every thing advantageous, sooner than part with such a Man; and my heart suggested to Me I ought to sacrifice every thing, to pay him a Compt and give him an instance of that gratitude—I am ashamed to own My weakness but I narrowly escaped bursting into Tears on the Occasion—however a moments cool consideration, convinced me of the propriety of embracing this offer.

He had since been engaged in calling upon the various officials of the company, but, although so busy on his own behalf, his active mind had at the same time taken up another interest, in which he was anxious to secure his brother's sympathy.

I wish you could make a Charity sermon, and collect some Money, for the Society lately established to recover dround Persons—never any publick Charity so recommended itself to me.

On August the 10th the great event had been decided, and George wrote to announce the result.

Aug 10th 1775.

Dear Richard,

It is Thursday and I was elected yesterday into my new office but had no time to inform you of it—or to thank you for the kind letter of advice, for which I esteem myself obliged to you,—tho I am so hurried I can scarce find time for these lines, I know you will be glad to hear of my success.—on Wednesday I was informed I should be called in to hear my petition read, and having retired, should receive another summons to be informed of my having been chose :—I waited in the Committe room accordingly, when the door opened, as I supposed for my entrance,—but instead of finding them sitting to receive me, Mr Knox and Mr Henckell

followed by the whole body of Directors entered before I could make a retreat : and Mr Knox said Sir we have chose you in the room of Mr Dod and Mr Henckell added at the full Salary.—the Directors wished me joy etc etc—I come in at £60 p. ann: which is £10 more than Mr Dod had at first and he had great difficulty in getting that.

I cannot say a word more—I am broke in upon Good night.

ever yours,

G. Cumberland.

Let me know when you will meet me.

Rev. Mr Cumberland,
Magdalen College,
Cambridge.

Richard's answer, identifiable as to date by a somewhat blurred postmark, and like the previous letter, misplaced in the collection, must have been written on the 13th or 14th.

Most heartily and sincerely do I congratulate You My dear, deserving Brother On Your new Preferment and thank for releiving Me from the disagreeable Suspce I have suffer'd about it since Your last . . . Sixty Pounds pr ann., let me tell You is no contemptible Salary to begin with, at least for such a Minor as You—Why, this is more than Your elder Brother can earn, tho he shoud ride and read and write and Preach, till He wear His Breeches to a Rag, His Pen to a Stump, and crack His Brains and Wind into the Bargain. Go but on at this Rate and by the Time I am arrived at the Summit of all My ecclesiastical Dignities You will just have overtaken Me in the Value of Your offical ones. And then whilst the poor Parson sits down contented with an easy, and therefore to him a happy Lot, do You, who are blest with Health and Spirits and Ingenuity, make the best use You can of them, till You have acquired that independence. Of which no one better

knows the Value, or is more capable of enjoying than Yourself.

Further particulars of the new appointment are given in a letter of a week later.

London *Aug* 17. 1775.

Dear Richard,

Your kind last Letter I have received, and ought certainly to have answer'd it before this but have always been prevented when I set about it, (now it is past 6 o clock and Kekewich and Mr Ekins are talking away like mad) for I have not got out of the Treasury yet, I stay this week to assist Mr Ekins, whose new clerk comes on Monday next, he was Journey man to Mr Prowton the apothecary, has a Wife, and one Child, and will have nothing to support them but the salary of this Office! unless his wife gets any thing.—Mr Ekins has advised him to keep a Chemists Shop—he is frightned out of his Wits least he should be unfit for the Place—and I will venture to say Mr E. has no other motive in accepting him but the situation of the Person he assists :—

With regard to my new Office, it is the farthest from the Committee room, and has a much better light than that I am in at Present; the Business is better suited to my purposes than the Treasury, and I will tell you why :—in the Treasury, we have a certain business to do every month, which if closely attended to, would take us up about 12 days, but we are every moment called off from it to receive Money, and pay dividends etc etc—so that it is impossible to say I will set down for half an hours quiet.—in the Acomptants I have a certain business to do, which I may apply to when I please, and they generally work in the Morning, and amuse themselves in the Afternoon indeed there is little ocasion for any attendance there of an afternoon, and Dod and Clift seldom were there both together,—they keep all holidays by Turns; and it is no difficult matter to be absent a day upon letting the other know, Mr

Clift generally goes out of Town to some Watering Place for a Month every Summer, and Dod was once at Falmouth for 4 months but this was a great favor,—With regard to my Superiors disposition, I believe him to be very good natured,—he is rarely grave—and has none of the formal Man of Business about him—I am less acquainted with him than any one in the Office, have dined with him twice at Fennings he once drank Tea with me—and I met him once at Dods where I spent the evening—I believe he is as much the gentleman as any in the Office —he knows I am fond of drawing and will not cavil at my amusing my leisure time in that way, on the Contrary, he has been at the pains of clearing out two or three presses for my Portfolios and shews me every civility in his power—

Your several Schemes I have attentively considerd, and think either of them very eligible, but cannot persuade Mother to trust herself in a Postchaise—nor to think I shall be able to meet you so soon as I wish, for Mr Clift talks of going out of Town tomorrow for a week—unless I could meet you on a Sunday I have had my schemes—what do you think of Hockerill 30 m. or Harlow 23 m.—we must meet somewhere soon—

Mr Ekins Nephew arrived in Town last Saturday from his Tour, if he is not worse, I think I cannot say he seems better, he is now at Pebmarsh, and greatly rejoiced they are I make no doubt to see him again— at Foote the other day I spied Master J. T. Waters in the side Boxes with a fine Girl, one I believe that you have had the Pleasure of seeing 50 miles from London— he cut a flaming figure I assure you with his loud waistcoat and diamond Ring—another gentleman of our acquaintance was there likewise Young Symonds and another Lady I met him the next day in Cheapside and he desired Compts. Westcott stopped me on Tuesday his Sister was with him and he told me he has been dangerously ill with a fever this two months, he appeard much thinner than he used to do, and has promised to call on me—

My paper is full before I was aware, or I have other things to say to you—therefore Adieu for the present, ever yours,

G. Cumberland.

Pray is not your Curacy at Swasy—have you any prospect of another.

Rev^d^ M^r^ Cumberland,
Magdalen College,
Single— Cambridge.

The proposed meeting between the brothers took place, and on the 25th Richard wrote describing his adventures after their parting. He had intended "when I mounted my Horse in Lad Lane" to get home the same night, but

a strange Revolution happend in the Weather since I set out the Morning before for instead of being so sharp that a Great Coat and a round Trot woud scarcely keep me warm, it was now become sultry Hot and quite overpowerd my Resolution by the Time I had rode to Stamford Hill.

Recollecting that he had a friend living within a quarter of a mile,

I turnd out of the Road and found Him just set down to Breakfast with His Father & Mother.

After breakfast these hospitable people would not hear of his leaving them, and, in short, he had dined at Stamford Hill, and spent a second night on his journey.

On August the 30th George, having evidently obtained his brother's consent while they were together, took a further step in regard to the society for recovering "dround Persons." He called upon "Dr Cogan of Paternoster Row" and informed him that "a Clergyman of my acquaintance at Cambridge" wished to be of service to a society "founded on such generous

Principals," and to assist in " Circulating their method of Treatment as much as possible." Dr. Cogan thereupon presented his visitor with various " Papers and pamphlets." The handbills George advised should be nailed up with tacks

and a peice of red Tape round the edges, which I have sent you with the parcel. it not only confines them better, but serves as a sort of Frame, and is a security against their being tore down—at the same time it makes them more conspicuous—I am sure it is no shameful Office! . . . You may have seen by the News papers that Mr. Long was robbed coming from Carshalton on Tuesday—& Mrs. Smith lost her Watch at the proclamation on Wednesday.

Of his own doings he reported in the following terms :

Was at Foote's on Teusday, Marybon on Wed^y and spent the last evening at M^rs Read's.

Foote's was, of course, the theatre of which that objectionable person was manager, and at which he produced farces wherein his contemporaries were presented under the thinnest of disguises. " Marybon " stands for Marylebone Gardens, a less dazzling Vauxhall in the north-western suburb. Mrs. Read was the lady who, until recently, had been Miss Sally Balchen.

On September the 8th Richard expressed his gratitude for a long extract which George had at his desire copied for him from *The Village Memoirs*, and which " pleased me so much that I have since procured a sight of the Book." George had also sent a

Pacquet which I reced this afternoon containing Your Letter, Bills & a Tongue, upon which I am this Moment about to Feast & will tell You before I end this how I like it.

He rejoiced in " the opportunity You have procured

Me of promoting so charitable an Undertaking," but wished that

the Composer of the Bills had studied Elegance of Expression less—stimulating Medium—Subject—Medical Art &c are all Greek to the country people for whom mine are intended.

Also, George had not remembered to enclose the red tape.

On the last day of September George described his visit on the previous evening to Drury Lane Theatre, which had, it would seem, been undergoing repairs or renovations and had now become "a most elegant Theatre indeed." He had witnessed a performance of

the Comedy of "As You Like it" and never was better entertain'd the Caracters where all so well cast and the Unities (I think that is the Stage term) well preserved.

It seems safe to say, considering what the play was, that "the Unities" was *not* the "Stage term" that George needed on this occasion. A piece of this letter having been torn away, its readers are left with only fragments of a tale about some unnamed person who was left with but "6d pr Diem for her support" and was now proposing to "retire from the World," after having called upon Mrs. Long, "her *Cuzzin* and employed every endearing expression for assistance but in vain."

Richard, busy, as he himself confessed, but for one day in the week, seems to have been leading at this period a pretty easy life. Here is an account of one of the little jaunts in which he delighted:

Duxford 10th Oct^{r}.

Dear George,

On Saturday last I had the Pleasure of receiving a very kind Invitation from our good Friend M^{r} Cross

to come over here the first opportunity. Sunday was a busy Day with me, so was obligd to defer till yesterday when I got here by the Fly, just Time enough to make one in a Coursing Party, and had the good luck to find a Hare in her Form before we had beat more than an Hour. She gave us an excellent Chase, and was caught just before she reached the cover—soon after we picked up another, and then returnd in Triumph—Mr Cross was so good as to give me one, which I have sent by this morning Fly to Mr Ekins, to whom beg my Complimts.

Dined at Mr Vechells & staid till near ten and came home to supper. This Morning was so elate with yesterdays success, that I prevaild with Mr Cross to let me go out again with the Greyhounds, James and two Farmers went with me, we met with a Brace and run one above a mile & half and lost her after all—The other served us in the same manner. I am just returnd and Mr Cross, who has taken Ward with him fishing not being come in I set down to scribble this. Any one woud suppose we were in a Plot to destroy the Game this Morning for Chapman has been out with the Pointers & has just brought in a Leash and some Larks. & Rainer is gone to shoot Snipe. Tomorrow Mr Cross goes to Dine with Mr Darrell & I shall return to Colege—I have a number of Things in view relative to Curacys and hope soon to fix on something for my self and Friends you may depend on it I shall take the first opportunity of seeing you in Town for a few Days, and am sorry you coud not contrive to come down to Cambridge—Duty to Mother I must dress before Dinner so adieu Dear George,

Yours most affectly,

R. D. Cumberland.

The Misses Balchen being now of an age to attract suitors, George's letters frequently report the addresses of some gentleman to one or other of them. Richard had recently enquired whether Mr. Joachim, "Susan's humble servant," was descended from an abbot of the

same name who pretended to inspiration. George, on October the 14th, informed him that :

Tis not Susans humble Servt (to answer the fag end of an old Letter of the 24 Sepr whith an affidavit) but M a r y ' s, at that time we suspected otherwise, but it has turned out as I say. I'll tell you more :—the latter end of September—She refused Him :—the beging of October called Him Friend :—Two days after Smiled in His Company :—the Next day talked of 3 Years :—24 Hours after, said, *She did not want* to be Married, and Yesterday He called on Mr Tapp :— (who was her uncle and perhaps her guardian) did not you expect I should roar out Curse her I hate Her—Fire ! Furies ! Death & D——n ! and then whine like a Milksop.—Nothing like it I assure you—sound, sound as a Roach, give me your hand my good Friend, and Congratulate me—there !

From all which protestations we may surmise that Mary Balchen may have been the " amiable Female " with whose affection George would have liked to be blessed. Richard, some days after, did, as requested, congratulate him heartily,

on having once more regain'd your Liberty which I really thought at one Time in Danger, tho' I cannot give credit to all the unconcern you express upon the Occasion.

The vanity of George, if not the heart, must surely, his brother opined, be touched by the rivalry of the " Vender of Nutmegs." Even vanity, however, had no reason long to feel a wound, for neither of the Balchen sisters married Mr. Joachim.

One of George's visits to Cambridge was now being arranged, and he was bidden not to forget his

Pencil as you will see some admirable Subjects for

Caricature among Drs and Freshmen.—Never talk of the Desarts of Siberia but retreat into the Desarts of Cam. where You'll find more Prodigies and Monsters, and if You please be as little troubled with Society.

George recurring, rather suspiciously, to the subject of Mr. Joachim, protested that he felt no ill-will to him, and proceeded with a statement about Mary that deserves some attention, considering how important a part she played in the lives of both the Cumberland brothers, and some, perhaps, too, as an example of the eighteenth-century attitude towards marriage.

Situated disagreeably as I know she is at home, a Man offers himself, not disagreeable in his person, approved by her friends, and in a thriving business: she knows her own fortune to be no large one. I am sure she has no vanity and therefore thinks nothing of her personal qualifications; all this considred, I think in prudence she could not refuse; As I am enterd into the subject I will tell you (my father Confessr) what my thoughts have ever been, and how they got their rise —for to no one but yourself, have I ever divulged them, nor do I now ever intend so to do. For the sweetness of her temper, unaffected Humility and some little strokes of [an unintelligible word, which may possibly be meant for "invincible"] integrity, joined to my own Observations, I *always* gave her the preference to *one* Sister;—there was a bashfulness, a modesty, which in my Eye, gave her a preference to both [ ] Age had some share in it; after the death of *Eliza* (for whom I boast to declare, I would have encounterd every difficulty that could have fallen to the lot of Man) my partiallity was encreased to esteem from some conversations I had with her on that ocasion; since: I have gradually discovered new beauties in her Mind: and I will frankly confess to you were I in a situation to marry any woman without injuring her, she would be the woman of my choi[ ] And my only hopes, (if I hoped at all)

were that s[ ] she remain single, I might one day have it[ ] my power, honourably, to ask her hand—but my circumstances must be good before d[ ] because I am fearful of my own extravaganc[ ].

On the outer leaf of this letter is a list as follows of the " contents of Parcel " :

1 loaf of 9d i.e. suger.
1lb of 12/- green tea
1/1 ¾lb souchon
a Letter.

Eleven days later George was writing again, and his first paragraph is a little mysterious. I venture to surmise that " a waiscoat shape " means a pattern for the cutting out of a waistcoat.

Nov 2. 1775.

I reced the little Spirit in the form of a Waiscoat Shape, and rece'd him gladly, because he brought me the news of your safe arrival :—Tho my heart reproached me bitterly, for not dispatching a messenger of the same sort as soon as I arrived, to declare to you the lively sense I have of the many favors, and Civilities, I experienced, from your assiduity and attention to oblige me while at Cambridge perhaps you had not heard from me even now, had not Mr Ekins, (who is always thinking to do you a service) proposed a thing to me which I think you will hardly hesitate accepting—tis this—A Gentleman a relation of Mr Ekins and a Friend, known to Mr Cross, Mr Weyland and others of our friends, of about five & Thirty, a good natur'd man, having lately lost his Wife has retired from the business of a Merchant, purchased an Estate and settled about 15 miles from London near Kingston, he has two sons, lads about 6 yrs old, and proposes to take a Clergyman as their Tutor for two Years, when they will be fit to go to School; *his* the clergymans Salary will be £40 or £50 p ann : to live in the same manner with *himself*, and he will keep him a horse : in short at the same time that he

assists him in educating his Children, he hopes, he will be an agreable companion to himself : the gentleman— Your first consideration must be what Exhibitions you can retain in this situation—Mr Ekins says if any of them require a small attendance that may possibly be no objection as the pupils make a visit every year to their Grandmother for two months or more—but really this offer appears to me in so advantageous a light that were you obliged to give them up it would be a better situation—for there, even if you had no Curacy, you would be able to save.—and in your present situation should you get two Curacys they will hardly support you—the gentleman keeps his Coach—has good connections—and a small family—you will have little to do and will be rather treated as a Superior than the contrary —these outlines I have from Mr Ekins to lay before you & when you have made a judgment you will let me know as in offers of this nature there is no time to be lost— if he should drop this scheme I will let you know immediately—

One more piece of news, Mary's affair is entirely broke of, whether by the hand of Avarice, or by the effects of indiference on either side, I can hardly tell you till I have heard more :

In the mean time I subscribe myself
unalteraby
Your friend,
G. Cumberland.

P.S. Mr Smith who has had a fever is better today ; and my cold & sore throat, which has been getting worse and worse till yesy is now diminished a little :—I go about muffled up like a Spy—wear worstead stockings, and two socks, and appear a verry suspitious person indeed : pray keep inquiring for my stick : and let me know what I owe you beside the money you have in hand.

Rev: Mr Cumberland,
Magdalen College,
Cambridge.

Only a fragment remains of Richard's discreet reply, written probably on November the 3rd or 4th.

Dear George,

Your Letter is come to my Hands, so late that I have scarcely Time to answer it by the last Post, this Week. As yet I hardly know what to say to the Proposals farther than that I feel Myself infinitely indebted to Mr Ekins for his kind Intentions. The offer is no doubt an advantageous one, and I should not hesitate a moment, as to accepting it, if I thought myself capable of doing Credit to our Friends recommendation. With regard to undertaking the case of two young Pupils of the age you mention, I have the Vanity to think myself in some Degree Qualified, (tho you who have read Rousseau, will say it is no trifling task) my only Doubts arise from that Qualification you mention of being an agreable Companion to the Gentleman himself. This depends on so many Circumstances of Genius, Temper, etc that all I can say to it is, that you who best know mine, and Mr Ekins who is probably acquainted with his, must do me the favor to determine that Point in the most impartial manner you can, since that alone will either make my situation a very elegible or a very uneasy one—you must be sensible of this, that I have but few prejudices, am not difficult to be pleased, and can easily conform myself to any thing reasonable, this is all I can say for myself, and should my Employer want these Qualities we shall never do together, as he will have sufficient occasion to exert them, in having such an awkward fellow as myself for a Companion.

However, should Mr Ekins think there is a probability of My answering His friends expectations I am ready to accept the offer either immediately or whenever it is agreable, having no settled Church on my Hands at present. and besides have reason to think I can keep most of my Exhibitions with a very trifling Residence —Make my respt Compts to Mr Ekins Mr Smith & family etc—I cannot make out by you which of them has been ill, but am heartily sorry to hear of it.

By November the 10th the tutor *in posse* was suffering severely from suspense and impatience. A week had gone by since he had heard of

Mr Ekins kind Proposal, the Advantages of which appear'd so evident . . . but suppose from Your Silence You have nothing further to communicate.

He was uneasy, too, about that cold which George had mentioned, the rather that he had heard "frightful Stories of Plagues & Pestilences among You." He had been

Myself confined to My Room for more than a Week past with a lame Leg, owing to a fall . . . I made shift however to hop out and preach a very unpopular Sermon last Sunday in favor of Moderation and forgiveness &c &c.

George replied next day in one of his flourishing moods to an observation that Richard had made about his own last letter—not quite unjustly.

Not worth postage! my dear friend tis worth a thousand Letters of business; tis the offering of Humanity, from the hand of fraternal kindness; and the Oblation has a sweet Savour;—"if I do not feel for thee, I am a Villain; if I do not write to thee, I am a Jew";—now go search for this;—but tis no *divinity*, therefore I will save you the troble; I had it last night from *Benedict;* aye, at the Play my good Sir, and Garrick acted, and the House was full so full you could not have thrust your little finger in, notwithstanding your Plague sweeps us away by dozens; the truth is every body has had Cold, and many violent ones too, but I trust none dangerous; many must die in such a City as this every Day, and most likely this Cursed Cold has helped Death to carry off His prey—but the wind has changed and people get better—the Sons of Galen have made a Harvest of it; and much human Blood has been Spilt every Hour; but I took Care to keep out of their Clutches, and with the assistance of Black

Currant Jelly, Warm Broth for Dinner, Egg Wine at Night, join'd to abstinence from Malt Liquor—I have nearly got the better of as violent a Cold and Sore Throat as most have a had :—a Cold, let me tell you that would have produced an Apothecary five pounds *with good management.*

George began by writing that everybody had had " colds," and then scratched out his " s," but failed to bring the rest of his composition into harmony with the absence of the plural. The point may be worth noting as showing the transition from the early expression " having cold " to the later " having colds."

That this prevalent cold was not the influenza of our own day must be concluded from the odd circumstance that " few people's Spirits are lowered by it, and mine were increased."

The tutorship being still not " determined on," Richard prudently resolved to think no more about it until further hearing, " tho if your Sketch of it, is strictly just it appears to me a very desireable Object." He wrote to this effect on a Sunday night after

the fatigues of the Day, which have been great beyond Description. I am just return'd from Ickleton to which Place I rode this Morning with a Coachmans Coat over my own and yet was wet thorough, tho but one hour on the Road.

His uncertainty must shortly have been alleviated, though not removed, by a letter giving further particulars of the tutorship negotiations.

Nov. 25. 1775.

Let the Substance compensate for inacuracy of Stile—

Dear Richard,

I have some intelligence and instructions to forward to you concerning your affair with Mr James

which may be of service, I picked it up this morng and tho I have but 10 minutes to spare cannot omitt informing you of them a moment—

Mr James is in treaty with a Cambridge man about the Tutorship—the man demands £80 for the first year & £100 for the second, because he must give up pupils there :—Mr James will be at Cambridge some time next week, he has your direction from Mr Ekins, and may possibly call at your Rooms, but you are not to know a word of this, nor of his business, for he may possibly not mention it, but only call as a friend of Mr Ekins, (I have just reced yours and from a glimpse of the contents, am almost angry, that at the time I was employd about this affair, I should be censured for silence—I could give you reason that would put *you* to silence—you impatient fellow—but you shant put me in a passion till I've finished what I had to say).—Now I go on overleaf—if he does not mention any thing, you may conclude he has agreed with the other—but if he talks to you about it, and asks your terms, you may propose £60 p ann: (he has offerd that to the other and will not think it unreasonable) should he object, you may leave it to his discretion, and Mr Ekins, these hints (which are the first I have been able to pick up) I think may be of service to you—by all means keep in the way this week, and remember you are to know nothing of the proposal, or of his coming down to Cambridge—now Sir I shall read your Letter—

Why tis somewhat civiler than I expected from the beginning, and I thank you for the inteligence of your being alive, but for the load of private news I am to rake together, you must wait—one piece only excepted I had this morng an opportunity of shewing that I am not destitute of gratitude—I had been soliciting a place in our office,' much better than my own, nobody opposed me—Mr Ekins proposed his Nephew, and I instanly dropt my claim—the circumstance has contributed to my happiness for I have long wished for some

opportunity of this sort—God bless you my dear friend.

Accept this as a peace offring, from

Your best Friend,

G. Cumberland.

We are all well excepts Colds, dont mention any thing about Jack Ekins place to any one of the family.

Rev. Mr Cumberland,
Magdalen College,
Cambridge.

On December the 1st George sent a sermon of his own composition together with the following cheerful letter :

Dec 1. 1775.

Dear Richard,

According to promise I have sent the enclosed threepennyworth of my divinity—I could have made it more to my liking by throwing in a little more spirit but as you desired it might be sober, and such as a small Orator might venture on—I think I have suited it to your purpose—for length, it is I am sure long enough for any Sermon, and if you preach verry slow will last a good twenty minutes—I dont know wether it would suit your Church at Iccleton—but if you were to say you should not be much ashamed to sport it at Pebsmarsh, with corrections etc—I should think myself a lucky fellow, for when all trades fall to the Ground—if I can but earn half a Crown a piece by writing sermons—I will never want a dinner—I skecthed this out on Wednesday night & wrote it fair yesterday—the latter part of the task—cost me more trouble than I shall be willing to go thro' some time again—one thing I must tell you for your satisfaction—that I had no book but the Bible to assist me in the composing it—as I have no copy left—if your worship should be so good as to be so kind—as to think it worth copying ; I shall be obliged to you to put it in your pocket when you come to Town—only because as I have long been Jack of all callings—I may keep it as a specimen against

I want a place of all work—Adieu we are all well here except colds, my Mothers cough is a bad one, and keeps her close prisoner.

Let us hear of your health etc soon—I am going to be hard at work for some time—Once more Adieu,

G. CUMBERLAND.

Rev: Mr Cumberland,
Magdalen College,
Cambridge.

The negotiations about the tutorship were now in the hands of the two principals, and a letter, undated, but postmarked on December the 4th, gave George news of the further steps.

DEAR GEORGE,

Your eloquent tho' unpopular Discourse arrived just in Time to be dress'd & served up this morning had there been an opportunity for doing it, but since you left me I have been altogether unemployed—Mr James called on me last night and this morning came again to my Rooms with Mr Squire of Caius and we had a long Conversation about the Tutors Place, the result of which was, that if the Person He is in Treaty with does not accept what He has offered Him I have agreed to undertake it for 50£ Salary without being tied down to hold it for any stated Time—He has promised to let me have an answer by Wednesday or Thursday next and as I have long had thoughts of making you a Visit, which has been only prevented by the badness of the Weather and a violent Cold, which is considerably better You need not be surprized should you see me in London tomorrow or Teusday—Mr James will be there by that time, and I have made an appointment to call on Him in Austin Friors should that offer fail I shall then proceed to determine on some other Plan for the ensuing year, being heartily ashamed of the immoderate tho' unavoidable Expence attendant on the Life I lead in College, which rather increases than diminishes with my Standing. You alarm me by saying my Mother's cold is very bad—

tell Her I am coming to be her Nurse, a far more agreable and honorable Employment than that I am solliciting which to me appears neither more nor less than that of Dry Nurse to a couple of children—but no matter, twill put money in my Purse & so I shall find a Way to bribe the Stings of Pride & Vanity to be at Peace—Adieu.

R. D. CUMBERLAND.

Magd. Sunday.
Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

Probably Mr. James and Richard met, but the other Cambridge man had agreed to undertake the oversight of the little boys, and Richard was left with a polite assurance—afterwards fulfilled—that if at any future time the post should be vacant he should be the person asked to take it.

Mr. Lucas asked George's services in a matter that is always appearing in eighteenth-century correspondence. That obliging young man is often requested in letters from the country to look up the numbers of somebody's ticket, and almost as often reporting that such-and-such a number is a blank.

SIR,

I am an Adventurer in the present Lottery, and, from a careful Inspection of the news-papers, I doubt, an unfortunate one; however, you will greatly oblige me in inquiring, and letting me know, the Fate of the two following numbers; viz No. $\frac{\text{B } 43 \text{ day}}{27 \text{ m } 239}$ and $\frac{£15—4 \text{ days}}{27 \text{ m } 236.}$ I could wish you would take the Trouble to examine these numbers at two of the most accurate Offices; and, as I am, I confess, foolishly solicitous about the Event, that you would be kind enough to write to me by the Return of the Post. I thank you for the com-

fortable assurance, which you give me with regard to my Bills; and am, Sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble Servant,
W. Lucas.

Afternoon,
Jan. 2. 1776.
Mr George Cumberland,
Assurance-Office,
Royal Exchange,
London.

A brief note from Richard, written on the fourth day of the new year, mentions rather mysteriously that he was

setting out on a Visit for a Week or Ten Days after which shall take Possession of My Curacy. All I can tell You at present is, that Business has a larger Share in this Excursion than Pleasure.

His promise that George should "hear more when I return" cannot have been immediately fulfilled, for on the 19th George is found expostulating:

Jan. 19: 1776.

For the sake of Civility my Dear Friend do let us hear something about you, if it is but to satisfy us you are not buryd in the Snow, Alas you people in the country (who are said to want Bread) know not what difficulty we encounter here in London, why man there hardly any possibility of going to the Playhouses not a Soul at Court on the Queens Birthday; nor a morsel of Salary or Endive to be procured with our roast Veal; we eat saltfish without Parsnips, and mutton without Turnips; and then our Butter; hardly any fresh to be had: these are real hardships: and for amusement if it were not for the plentiful account we have from Dunstable an Birmingham of poor old women buryd alive waggons overset near London Ships run from their Anchors etc

etc and above all the behaviour of the [ ] we should certainly become the dullest creature alive but seriously are you so badly off as it is described Roads stoped, no passage for a horse Inns full of Passengers and nothing to give them Battles for Mutton Chops etc etc here tis cold enough but I have not yet put on a great Coat : and a fellow is at this moment winding a cursed Clarionet under my Office Window which is a proff a man may move his fingers, tho possibly he plays in Gloves for the Musick is so miserable as to produce no Ideas, that Frost and Snow will not :—at the close of the last paragraff I was siezed with as sudden and Violent a Headach as I ever experienced : tis not 5 min. since, and has gone off almost intirely. I only mention it because remarkable in me who rarely complain of that excruciating disorder but it has hindered me of saying something I would otherwise have said ; before Bell turned me out, all I have now time to say is, I make no apology for this chat, & that by way of setting you a good example—we are all well here and wish to hear of you or see you, adieu.

Yours Sincerely,

G. Cumberland.

The account which Richard wrote, on January the 20th and 21st, gives so minute a picture of the hospitable country life of his day that it seems worth printing in spite of its prolixity.

Cambridge,

Sat Night 20th Jan 76.

Dear Geo:

You may well be surprizd at my long and unusual Silence of which had you known the Cause, there had been Reason enough to suppose Me in good earneast buried in the snow, as You jocosely hint in your Letter but let this certify that I am, not only alive, but well & in excellent Spirits, tho just come off a Journey of near 600 Leagues. If My retentive Faculty is not quite

frozen I will endeavor to give you some account of this strange, unseasonable Expedition. And first for My Inducement to it, know then, that on My return to Colege before Xmas a Friend of Mine applied to Me, to know if I woud undertake the Care of a couple of Churches for two Months. As they were situated in the Neighbourhood of Jame's Curacy [this odd possessive represents the name of a gentleman called James] in Leicestershire I listend to his proposal with Pleasure, however before his Letter arriv'd they were engaged to another, and I thought no more of them, till Thursday the 11th Inst: when the Principal call'd on Me to know if I coud make it convenient to visit My Friend James for two near [or perhaps "next"] Sundays only, He having alterd his Plan of Absense. At the same Time offering Me three Guineas, the use of his Horse & that of his House &c during My Stay. After some little consideration I accepted his Proposal for these Reasons. I had a particular desire to see My old Colege Companion in his new Situation and he had laid a great Stress on it in several of his Letters—besides as Degree Time approachd & I had no Concern in it (farther than exchanging Gown) I wished to be out of the Way. So putting the three Peices only in My Pocket & packing up two Shirts a pair of breeches &c in my blue Surtout by way of Cloak Bag, I began My Journey that afternoon drank Tea at Huntingdon and went to the Oratorio (the Messiah) at Hinchinbrook—the best Peice of Musick perform'd by the compl^{t} Band in the Kingdom. Sig. Galli assisted Mad. Ray &c &c—met with some acquaintance and was introduced to a M^{r} Nap, his Wife & Daugh^{tr} of Stamford & engagd to sup with them at Alconbury Hill 5 Miles farther on My Road—procured a good Bed, and set out next Morning for Stamford through a fine Country entirely new to Me, and shoud have thought it a very pleasant Ride had the Roads been made of Gravel instead of Stone—arrived at Stamford about 12. A large but dirty Town ill paved and uneven —the Houses cheifly built of a darkish Stone which has

not half so pleasing an Effect in Towns as Brick—Dined with Purkis who has taken one of the best Houses in the Town—he receed Me Politely & insisted on My staying with Him that Even^{g}, which I did much to My Satisfaction over a Party at Whist, with two or three Brothers of the Cloth, and his Wife & her Sister.—Got up early next Morn^{g} and reached Oakham before Breakfast. It is the Capital of Rutlands^{re} 12 Miles from Stamford situated in a Clayey Country, and the worst Roads about it, I ever met with [The reader will ere this have remarked how invariably Richard's experiences of all sorts transcend any previous ones of a similar description.] Lord Winchelsea has a noble Seat on the Summit of a very high & steep Hill near the Town, which I passd, but the Weather here was hazy, and I had not the Resolution to climb the Hill for fear of being bathed in Clouds—Oakham is a decent little Market Town noted only for the Horse Shoe Charter granted by Queen Elizabeth. Of course I walked to the Castle and was not a little diverted at seeing My own Name on the first I cast My Eyes on, which was placed in the Center of six others on the Castle gate. Determined not to come away without it I actually staid two Hours in Oakham, endeavouring to get Possession of it—but was obligd to set out, with a Promise of having it sent after Me to Melton Mowbray a Market Town in Leicestershire 10 Miles off at which Place after taking a Whet I enquired the Way to Wastnaby where Cant My Rector Lives, and got to his House just as it grew Dark. Was Welcomed in by His Mother, a good kind of an old Lady, who lives there in a very genteel Stile. Drank Tea and spent the Even^{g} Tete a Tete, went to Bed at Eleven State Chamber, a good Pit Coal Fire & a pretty Maid. Rose early on Sunday Morning with a design to view the Premises and discover where I was, when Alas ! to my great Disappointment and Surprize, Nature had thrown a Milk Wite Veil over her verdant Face, and Nothing coud be seen but one uniform, unvaried Plain of Snow.—However I dress'd and my Spirits being sharpned with

the air, resolv'd to go through with the Duty which brought me down. It was Sacrament Day at Wastnaby & I had engagd the Night before to exchange Duty with a Mr. Burnaby [Richard, as a deacon, not being allowed to administer the sacrament] who lived at the Distance of 3 Miles. At Ten I set out fortified well with My two great Coats & mounted on a strong hunting Hobby of Cants, His Man Dick leading the Way on a Monster of a Coach Horse, away we scamper'd at a prodigious Rate through Drifts & Grips (?) immeasurable. Dick Horse tript up & fell but no Bones were broke, and glad was I to find My self at Asserby [presumably Asfordby] When we came to the Vicarage Burnaby was just returnd, having in vain attempted to reach Wastnaby and turnd back. The Reception I met with from Him, made Ample Amends for all My Dangers & Fatigues. He introduced Me to his Sister, a genteel Woman between 20 & 30 & two Neices, fine Hobbydahoy Girls. And insisted on my not leaving their House till the Weather was better. As I liked My Situation extremely I soon consented and took Possession of the Parlour Fire while they went to Church, having previously took Care to strew the Table with Books and Bottles. After an excellent Dinner, being proof against Cold or fear B. & Myself in spite of the Ladies Remonstrances, determined to serve two Churches about two Miles off but in the same Line, tho the bad Weather woud have been sufficient Excuse. As the Thing was entirely of My own seeking, I will say nothing of the many Perils and Difficulties we encounterd in our Way there & back. How my Horse was buried in Snow and Myself obligd to roll of before he cou'd get out &c &c &c Suffice it we both got safe Home, and soon experienced that kind of Satisfaction, which they only who have sufferd Cold & Danger can have an Idea of. A Noble Bank of Pit Coal Fire—a Smiling Family & a Dish of Tea made us soon forget or at least laugh at our Distresses. But I must begin to shorten My Narrative or Paper will fail before I am half through—Passed

my Time in the most agreable manner possible till Teusday Morng when after Breakfast B. accompanied Me into the Turnpike Road leading from Melton to Rhodley [Rothley ?] where James Lives—a pleasnt Ride of about 10 Miles brought me to His House—heard He was gone to Dine with a Mr Ball a Parson [or perhaps " at Paston " or " Poston "] 3 Miles cross Country. After a Whet, took a guide and set out after Him. The Roads being stopt up with Iced Snow, we cleard our Way through Hedge & Ditch to Ansty, found a free & hearty Welcome to a good Sr Loin & Pudding. Plaid at Whist the Eveng and coud not come a[way] till next Morng visited on our Return the Ruins of Ly Jane Greys at Bradgate park (of which more when we meet) took a Glass of Ale & Luncheon with the Ran[ger] next Morng went to see Loughborough & Mount Sorrel Friday to the Slate Pits, in the Eveng danced & plaid at Cards till 3 o Clock, next Morng at Eleven James accompanied Me part of the Way to Burnabys where I dined, and afterwards rode over with his Servant to Mrs Cant to Tea & take my leave. The Eveng at Burnaby's, Cards &c &c. Sunday serv'd Asserby & another Church. Monday Morning, rode with Burnaby to Leicester, dined with his Brother, and being engaged to make one of a large Party at Rhodley, promised to breakfast there next Morng and set out to Jame's with whom I drank Tea, and afterwards Spent a chearful Evening with a wealthy Yeoman in the Town. Teud: Morn: James rode with Me to Leicester ; we breakfasted with B. then walked round the Town, at one I took leave of them and set out for Haselbeach in Northamptonshire where Mr Ashby constantly resides, 22 M from Leicester found Him & Mrs Ashby at Home, with a Lady whom I used to visit at Cambridge. Staid there till Yesterday noon, during which Time I reced a Thousand Civilities from that worthy Family, and to Day dined in College, without having met with the least Accident or Disappointment throughout my long and unseasonable Tour. On Summing up my Expenses I find upon the

whole they amount to only 2.5.6. so that I am something in Pocket. I shall take charge of Stansted next Sunday & hope to be in Town perhaps this or next Week. To morrow I will get the Certificate signd again. Adieu Dear George, remember me to Mother. I am Yours

R. D. CUMBERLAND.

Mr Geo. Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

The following account of the "Horse Shoe Charter" appears in the *Penny Encyclopædia*: "The gate of the Castle-yard and the interior of the county-hall are covered with horse-shoes; the lord of the manor being authorized by antient custom to demand of every peer, on first passing through the lordship, a shoe from one of his horses, or a sum of money to purchase one in lieu of it. Some of these shoes are gilt, and stamped with the owner's name."

On February the 8th George, evidently in a mood of depression, was deploring the want of feeling and of intelligence of the persons with whom he chiefly associated.

I can remember the time (tis a proof how our though[ts] change in every Stage of Life) when I have been plunged in Melancholy to think what a Multitude of worthy Men there might be in the World with whom it was impossible I should ever be acquainted—behold the reverse—

In short, how few worthy men were to be found among those with whom he was acquainted.

On April the 3rd George wrote in great haste to inform his brother that:

Mr James who you negotiated with about the Tutorship, and who told you, if the gentleman he had

engaged did not stay, he would give you the preference to any other, was with Mr Ekins this Mornᵍ he sent for Me, and informed me that the gentleman he had engaged is going to leave him, and that if you are still inclinable to accept His proposal, it is at Yr Service; that he shall be in town from tuesday to Friday, when he may if convenient to you have an interview, in the mean time you may answer me wether you chuse to accept his proposal.

Richard was "still inclinable" and the bargain was struck. The next letter comes from a friend to whom he had applied for assistance in securing a substitute to perform the duties of the curacy which he had undertaken; and, as the letter is addressed to him at "Ham, Richmond, Surrey," it would appear that he was already established under Mr. James's roof.

A hiatus of more than six months occurs at this point in the letters of the two brothers, no doubt because, with so short a distance dividing them, they frequently met. I think it must have been in this year, 1776, and probably at the house of Mr. Smith, that George first met Miss Townsend. Like many young ladies of her day, she drew a little, and George undertook to guide her efforts. He must have written to her, a letter mainly of artistic instruction, after she left London, and she must have replied before September the 17th. A very neatly written letter to her of that date appears in the collection, where its presence indicates that it can hardly have been the final copy. It contains sundry erasures and corrections which may have rendered it, in the writer's opinion, too untidy for the eye of his fair correspondent.

Now believe me Miss Townsend I am much beholden to you for the favor of that easy and obliging Letter I reced last night at Mr Smiths, where I was so fortunate to call the moment yr packet arrived. To say the truth

I conceived I had been troblesome, in taking advantage of y^r^ ready permission to write, by loading you with precepts you might not now have any inclination to practise. In short I felt as one may be allowed to feel, who imagines he has abused a liberty—but this sets every thing to rights—

To hear any Lett^rs^ have been acceptable conveys a satisfaction, the addition "that they were worthy of more than one perusal," confers an obligation the most flattering;—and tho you tell me you have not practised my instructions I am pleased—because I am convinced by it you have not been distressed for amusement:—But I am not to go on thus these elevations are to be lower'd, and you in a manner dash my satisfaction by accusing me of flattery, a vice to which I am the most averse, and which those who have conversed with me most have join'd to acquit me of—

I was going to say you had wronged me there—but I recant—I am, on consideration convinced *I* was to blame—if I had penetrated your character at all, I should studiously have concealed the opinion I had formed, and not have paid a tribute of praise where a system of abasement was adopted.

I am one of those singular people who would rather have their judgment suspected than their honesty, and of this be assured my characteristick Indolence, will secure me at all times from soliciting a correspondence of mere compliments.

Apropos of correspondences,—you perhaps suspect I am endeavouring to draw you into one—that I am not so disinterested as I appear to be—and that the price of my instructions is to be dearly paid with the loss of your time.—I will confess it was my wish, but I deny that it was my only motive; I was more than once going to acknowledge it in my former Letter—and I have been thinking since we are too scrupulous in these affairs—In asking a correspondence we are afraid of the demand, when in fact it is no more than requesting your conversation—and why should you refuse us that conver-

sation at a distance which you would liberally indulge when present with us ?—my motives for requesting such a favor from you, Madam, are perhaps selfish as I propose to myself a satisfaction from it, yet depend on it I am not so impertinent as to demand, I only petition that when a few minutes can be most conveniently spared, you will not think them thrown away, in directing me a line. Every one here is rejoiced at the recovery of your health—and the spirits which you say accompanies it—the best assurance of a continuance—but my brother who the other week was at Bristol was not a little chagrin'd (when I told him he might have seen you there) at having lost an opportunity of paying his respects.

Mrs Smith desires I will thank you in her name for yr Letter, and says she is intirely pleased with the apern :—she has lately met with a troblesome accident, last friday sevenight in getting out of a Coach at Mr Tapp's door, her foot slipped and threw her down against the threshold ; the force of the fall cut her knee, and bruised it much, so that it was not before last Sunday that she could get out of her bed—Truly this amiable woman has put in practice all that the stoicks have made such a talk about, yet not from a regard for their doctrines but merely from a goodness of disposition habitual to her.

I have enclosed the ticket, you did me the honor to commission me to purchase, and shall really think my self a lucky man if it should turn out a prize I have marked the price on the back, and will take the first opportunity of dischargs N & H's Bill. Mr Smith's family my Mother etc congratulate you on the new acquisition to yours, and I request of you, Madam, to believe that no one is more sincerely at yr service, than is

G. Cumberland.

Sep 17. 1776.

Richard, on October the 15th, wrote in some uncertainty as to his movements in the immediate future. Mr. James had gone to " Brighthelmstone " and

talks of fetching us there if He likes the place. Before He went He turn'd away the Children's Maid, for behaving disrespectfully to Me, tho without my even knowing the Occasion for it. . . . A Relation of Mr James a Lady . . . called on Me this Morng to beg me to procure for her perusal, a 4° Book lately publishd by a Mr Gibbons, to which (not being Orthodox) some Bishop has lately wrote an answer; this is all the Description I have. The Price is a Guinea. She wont buy it, but is willing to give a Crown for the reading of it, so if You can borrow it at your Library or elsewhere pray do.

In November Richard was taking steps for his ordination as priest, and the testimonial sent in to the Bishop of Gloucester, with all its assurances concerning his sobriety of life and soundness of doctrine, has been carefully preserved and put into its chronological place. On a Thursday in that month—the blurred postmark indicates a double number for the date—he wrote to his brother in some vexation. The Bishop—it was William Warburton—had made some

objections to the Papers sent, and further required a Certificate of My Intention of taking Orders having been published in the Church on a Sunday and a presentation to Driffield.

Driffield and Harnhill, in Gloucestershire, were the livings to which Mr. Smith had promised to present Richard. By December the 12th all obstacles must have been cleared away, for he was able to write from Cambridge:

on Sunday next at seven o Clock shall be ordained Priest with about twenty others in Trinity Chapel.

He proposed to return to London on the Monday and to proceed to Gloucestershire—presumably to Driffield

—on "Teusday." On December the 27th, however, he was still at Cambridge, whence he wrote to his brother (by the title of "Dear Sub-Sec") to thank him for

> Your welcome Intelligence and to assure that had a little Bishoprick been presented to Me I could not have exulted more sincerely than I now do at your late Success, in spite of so many Obstacles as seemed to oppose it . . . it is a most convincing Proof that your Interest in the Company is very considerable and you are now placed in a Situation where you will have many Opportunities of improving that Interest and making a further use of it—add to this that your Colleague in Office is a Man of Character and one whose acquaintance I could wish you to cultivate as much as possible.

The first letter of the new year (1777) comes from George, who was at the time overwhelmed with affairs:

> A business for Cotton, My Ground Rents—my Account with Mr Cross—a siezure to make for Ground Rents &c. &c. have kept me constantly employed—in Short all my own private affairs go to pot in the Mean time—I shall certainly lose £10 this Xmas for want of time to consider how to apply, and tho I have wrote a letter to Mr Long for his Assistance shall not have time to copy it.

So busy was he that he was obliged to send a message which I am sure he would have preferred to write himself.

> If you see Miss Townsend tell her her ticket is a Blank—I have no time to write.

The unused page of this letter has been used at a later time by Richard for the draft of a letter of thanks to somebody for a present of "a Dozen of Arrack," a "Liquor my Mother is very fond of."

Richard had returned early in the year to his pupils

at Ham, whence, on January the 14th, he wrote the following letter :

Dear George,

I thought to have seen you this Week and to have done a little Business in Town, but Mr James when I mention'd it proposed taking Joseph to Town with us, so I turn'd it off and said next week would do as well, for I hate to have the Children separated and used to so unsettled a way of Life—I wrote this morning to a Clerk in the First Fruits Office to enquire whether Driffilde is discharged or not and expect an answer tomorrow—Dined at Mr Cross last Thursday, since when we have had a house full of company till this morning when Mr James took them all to Town with him and has left me in peaceable possession of my little Pupils. He has said many civil things lately and wishes me to stay with him till I go to Driffilde, so shall endeavor to avoid going to College next month if possible, and after going to Driffilde till Lady Day or later. As yet he has engaged nobody to succeed me and when I proposed James to him as the only person I knew that woud suit him, he only objected to his being of the same name, so that I much doubt if he is serious in that Intention. At present there is no small Prospect of my having the Children home with me, if not immediately, yet as soon as he finds his present scheme impracticable which he certainly will do in a short time. When I see a proper opportunity I shall lay the following plan before him. That if he will intrust the children to my care I will make my House fit for their Reception, and his, when he pleases to come down, and will engage a Gentleman whom he approves to live in the House and assist me in the care of them and the three Churches, by which means I shall be able to bring one or both of them on a visit to him whenever or as long as he choses, for which shall expect at least 150 or 200 a year. this scheme suits his prevailing passion so much that if he cannot keep them at home with him I know he will readily adopt it. But this twixt ourselves. If you

receive a Certificate from College either make use of it or keep it till I come if any Letters send them by Mr James and pray look in all the new Catalogues of Old Books for Doddridges Family Devotions, and let me know the Price. Mr James will be down on friday or Saturday, when shall expect to see your hand at least Pray remember me a notre Mère Mr & Mrs Smith etc I am Dear George,

Your very sincere Friend
that is, more than Brother,
R. D. Cumberland.

Ham. 14 *Jan*y 1777.
Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

A fortnight later the young tutor, as "a humble Imitator" of his brother, was "setting about a Back Gammon Table." He had "bespoke a Mahogany Bottom, which shall inlay with white and Black." He therefore, as usual, requested George to make the necessary purchases for him of various pieces of shaped wood.

A letter from George, addressed to his brother "At Jno. James Esqre Ham Common," probably belongs to this season. He was expecting to come to Richmond some Sunday with Mr. Cross (who had a house at Richmond called "The Hill")

to consult about placing some pictures over the Chimney in the new room . . . he has made me a present of T. Jones, Jos. Andrews &c lately and has discoverd a Mahogany Cheese Tray for you, and also intends to present you with the two India Pictures over the Chimney peice in the Back room at Richmond with all the apurtenances.

The time was now approaching when Richard might hope to be settled in his own parsonage and his own parish. Dr. Bray, I think, must have already left, and

his place was being supplied by a Mr. Dyer, a friend of Richard's. The new vicar began, as he wrote on February the 25th, "to turn my thoughts entirely towards Driffield where I hope to be settled about the middle of April." As to furnishing, he rather hoped that Dr. Bray might leave his goods at least until Midsummer, in which case Richard might make use of them for the time, "and buy mine at Bristol, for as I cannot spare more than thirty pounds for that purpose we must go the cheapest way to work." He calculated that his income for the year, after payment of taxes, would not exceed £100, "but hope in a few Years to add another £50 without starving the Livings or quarrelling with my Flock." The father of his pupils had now "entered into an [en]gagement with a Gentleman of Magdalen to suceed your humble servant," but this successor being unable to take up his new work before Easter, Mr. James desired that Richard should remain at Ham until after that festival, and Richard had consented; "in all which," remarks the young man, "I think he has behaved very genteelly."

The next two letters belong to the same period, and, although their substance is trivial, they are characteristic.

CIRENCESTER *March* 8 77.

DEAR SIR,

I was just about to take up the Pen to write to you when your Letter was put into my Hand.

I yesterday rec:d a Letter from a worthy Friend in Hampshire who has obtained for me, (all things considered) the most elegible Curacy in the Kingdom, but which the Incumbent wants supply'd the latter end of this, or the begining of next month. I hope therefore you will not be displeased if I beg you to come down as soon as you possibly can get according to your proposal not to exceed the time I mention, as from my connexions

in that part &c my accepting the Cure will be of the utmost consequence, let me have a Line as soon as possible that I may proceed accordingly. If you have any thoughts of Proctor Curacy write what you would have me say on the subject to Mr Hanbury. I am distress'd much concerning some Business I undertook to do for Mr Smith, having some apprehensions of my own when I returned, I ask'd the advice of a Friend who knows the Timbrels disposition and he thought it would be very imprudent to transact the Business unless Mr Smith commissiond me by a Letter which I could put into Z——s hand, otherwise not all the world would be able to convince them that I had not officiously taken the Business voluntary from or said something to set Mr Smith against him ; and having such an opinion of the matter would certainly do me some ill turn. Give therefore my most respectful Compliments to Mr Smith, tell him my reasons for wishing to decline the transaction of such Business, unless authorized as above and I could wish he would not mention in the Letter, having had any conversation with me before on the subject. Apologize for me in as handsome a manner as you can, for there is no Gentleman I would with greater Pleasure oblige, than Mr Smith, and am willing to do so in this affair, but I must not put in my Enemy's power to Kindle up a Flame afresh which I hope is almost extinguish'd. Stand my Friend in this and set it in the proper Light for it would hurt me exceedingly to be thought worse than my word &c. My most respectful Compliments to your Mother and Brother & beleive me Dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend
and obedient Servant,
Wm. Dyer.

Teusday 11 *March.*

Dear George,

Tho I am never sorry to see your hand writing I was nearly as much surprized at receiving so speedy an answer to my last, as you could be at the demand of it. You might well be at a loss to see the necessity—

the truth is it was either a piece of officiousness in the Waterman or one of Williams blunders.—

I have just received the enclosed Letter from Dyer, and must beg of you to serve him, as much as you can in that part of it which relates to Mr Smith. The case is this. Timbrel, a mercer in Ciceter, used to receive Mr Smiths Rent etc but having lately been extremely dilatory & negligent Mr Smith desir'd Mr Dyer when in Town to do that business for him, and Dyer, pleased with the commission, without considering the consequence, promis'd I suppose to do it. Now it happens that D & T. being upon very ill Terms together, what the former says in his Letter, is not without foundation—and as I shall be at Driffelde so soon, I hope Mr Smith will excuse his declining it, and employ me in future to transact his Business.—Let me have an answer, as soon as you can, that I may be able to releive Dyer from his perplexity, and pray make my respectful Compts to Mr & Mrs Smith.—

I receiv'd your Letter by Mr James and wrote to Gilpin accordingly. If you see Mr James you may acquaint him with the former part of Dyers Letter, as it concerns my leaving him—he has wrote to my successor to come to him the 15th of next month, so that I may go down within a Sunday or two of the Time mention'd I am very unwilling to refuse the offer of Preston as it will be convenient at present, and I coud wish to keep it, for a Friend, if I cannot hold it myself but of this shall consider further—

I am Dear Brother,
Yours in haste,
R. D. Cumberland.

George, the ever-serviceable, waited on Mr. Smith the very next day, and "after an hour's conversation" convinced him that a letter to Mr. Dyer was necessary, wrote a suitable one, got Mr. Smith's signature to it, and posted it away to the anxious clergyman at Cirencester.

On April the 9th the younger brother heard from Mr. James that his senior would conclude his tutorship within the next fortnight, and thereupon offered the following highly characteristic counsel :

Before you clap your hand to the plough, I would advise a little of the Town diversions if it is but to make you despise them, as I almost do. There is one tho I have not yet seen where I think you might contrive to meet me, and go afterwards to Ham, I mean Ranelagh w^h^ is now open. But whether I meet you at Ranelagh or at less crowded places, depend on it you will be the chief part of the company.

Driffield, which lies in a tableland of the Cotswolds, is probably very much such a village to-day as it was when Richard Cumberland rode towards it from London, full of hopes and plans. He came, doubtless, by the good road that runs from Oxford through Swindon—a rural Swindon innocent of railroads—to Cirencester, turned to his left opposite the house of Cam Court, of which he was one day to become owner, and took the lane that passes through Harnhill to Driffield. Gentle green hills, a brook and bridge, copses and meadows met his eyes, as they meet those of the motorists who follow him a century and a half later. At the end of a mile and a half or so, he must have observed, on his left, the spire of Harnhill, the second of his two churches ; and about a mile farther on came to his destination, with the vicarage of Driffield on one side of the road and the churchyard gate, shadowed by an old yew, on the other. The church must always have been ugly, and at that time had the further defect of being new. I hasten to add, lest antiquarian regrets should be aroused by this statement, that for the preceding edifice even a county historian could find no higher praise than that

of being "strong and neat." Of the existing building, which was to be Richard's charge for eight-and-forty years, the same description remains true. The vicarage must have been pretty and unpretentious then as it is still—possibly, indeed, prettier, since the addition made by the new vicar himself is by no means beautiful.

There must have been an earlier letter written by him from Driffield than the first that appears. This is dated May the 1st, and is somewhat dilapidated.

Dear George,

Tho I am sensible there is nothing you hate more than Letters of Business, yet I must crave your patience a while till all my little wants are supplied, and you have executed my Commissions. The Letter I wrote on Monday was merely to satisfy you I got safe down, and was done in such haste that I can scarce remember what I said and forgot several things I ought to have mention'd. As for Dr B s behavior, it was no more than what I had reason to expect, and so far from being vexed at it, I am rather pleased, as there is nothing here I could wish to buy except the Beds; and since he has treated me with so little Ceremony I shall know how to proceed with respect to Delapidations, which if I am not much mistaken will more than make amends. I found the house very clean and well aired, and my little Farm and Garden in good order. Every thing here is very backward, owing to the cold winds and dry weather, but a warm Rain yesterday and today promises to set every thing to rights and make our Fields both laugh and sing.

We have a [ ] little trout stream running through some meadows about half a mile off, much like Duxford River, with some Mills upon it, but have not yet had time to throw a Line. I find too many repairs wanting to admit of any alterations or Improvements, of which could make several if I had nothing else to do with my money, but first let's talk of getting it. The Farmers are all extremely civil, but at the same

time seem much charm'd with the notion that I mean to take my Tithes in kind, partly from my coming to settle among them and seeming fond of farming, and still more on account of my silence on that head, and making no complaints. You may be sure I do not endeavor to lessen their suspicion from whatever it may have arose, as it will be of infinite use when I come to offer them a new composition which I shall not do until I have put myself precisely in a situation to take up my tithes if they reject it, however shall proceed with great caution and do nothing without the advice of those, who are acquainted with this Business, and are neither prejudiced or interested. Horses are easier to be hired than Saddles, so pray put mine, with Bridles, Boots what Shoes I left, and any thing you can think of, that I shall want, of that kind into a Basket or Hamper and send by Masters Waggon, directed to me at Driffelde, to be left at W^m^ Tylers, Easington near Cicester. I shall be glad to have the table Spoons & Tea Spoons (which I quite forgot, and am not certain whether they are in Town or College) sent with the case of Knives and Forks. I shall endeavor to buy a Dozen cheap Chairs, which with the six matted chairs from Town will be sufficient. Then there is a Table 2 Chests of Drawers 3 Glasses and the Press Bed to come down, to which must add two Featherbeds Bolsters and Pillows, second hand will do if good of the kind. The Bedsteads I can get made here, my Mother has Furniture for one for herself. The other will do without for me till we have Time to make it up at home : a few fire irons is all we shall want besides for the parlors & Bedrooms. As for the Kitchen Furniture such as spits and Ironwork it may be had here, but wish my Mother woud send down what pewter Brass and coppers she may have, with every thing she thinks will be of any use in a Family and worth [ ] which it is impossible for me at present [ ] indeed you may easily judge what I shall [ ] when I tell you, I have nothing here but [ ] brought down with me, as the Doctor will [ ] for every thing away sometime

in this month. From several circumstances I have great Reason to think that Dr B is unwilling to let me have his furniture for fear the payment shoud be justly stopt for Delapidations, if so it is a good hint & I shall see if any thing can be made of it. Shall take care to have the Barn & Stables at D. surveyed at the same Time with the Church at Harnhill which Mr Smith desired me to have examined. Cannot speak to the Waggoner about the pig and pigeons till next week when shall either write to Mr James or get you to let him know when or where to send them. Remember me to all Friends and beleive me, dear George your sincere Friend & Brother,

R. D. Cumberland.

1 *May* 77.

Direct to me at the post office Cicester.

Great rejoicings are making by the Chester party a large Ox is to be roasted whole in the market place at Cirencester and a proportional quantity of Beer to wash it down. Every village too where the Esqr happens to be for Chester are making merry. Fortunately Driffielde and Harnhill are unconcerned in this Bustle, so I keep myself quiet at home, and being of no party in this affair hope to stand well with both.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

George, delayed by a week's indisposition—apparently what would be called in these days a "liver chill"—was soon busy doing all that was asked of him; but Richard had, in the meanwhile, written also to his mother.

Dear Mother,

I have wrote two Letters to George since I came down, which hope you have received, as they will acquaint you with the change is made in my situation with regard to furniture, on account of the Dr's unaccountable behavior, he has altered his mind so often

in that affair that I begin to suspect there is something more in it than mere whim, however it will make but little difference to us whether we have his goods or not, if you will give me your assistance in providing what is just necessary at first setting out in a plain, decent manner and for that purpose I will endeavor to give you an Idea of what will be necessary to be sent down as soon as possible as Dr B talks of sending for his some time in this month, tho I have wrote to desire he will give me a weeks notice and hope it will not be before the latter end. The Rooms I must furnish are, the Kitchen a parlor, a study: 2 Bedrooms, one for you, the other for myself, and a servants Room, I need not tell you what will be wanting in the Kitchen, some few things you have (if they want it, they had best be repair'd and sent down in Hampers) the rest we may buy here very reasonable. For the parlor we have a Glass and Carpet, there is a Stove fixed. Chairs and Tables I can procure in the Country, the Study too I shall furnish myself. For your Room, which has blue and white paper, you have the Furniture of a Bed, a Glass and chest of Drawers, so need only buy a Bedstead and Bedding, the former as plain as you please but new, the latter you may meet with second hand; or if I knew the size I woud get the Bedstead made here. Blankets and sheets you have the Six chairs stained will serve the two rooms. For mine, there is an old Bedstead with green Curtains which the Dr found in the House and intends to leave so that you need only buy me a Featherbed Bolster etc of the common size, which will serve me for the present. You have a Chest of Drawers and may get a new plate put in the old frame for a glass —My Brother can spare me two of the Tables whichever they are I wish you would get them clean'd and repaired before they come down. Whatever China too he can possibly spare you must bring with you. Your Press Bed is compleat for a servant, at first setting out, and will always be useful as a spare Bed. I mention these things that we may know what each has to do in providing

Furniture and act in concert. The sooner you send down every thing you can well spare, the Better, as I do not know how soon I may be stript of Furniture, and do not wish to be beholden to Dr Bray for his any longer than I can help. I know my dear Mother will say this is all very right, but how is it to be done, where is the money to come from ? It is true there is a great deal to be done and very little to do it with—my Expences at this time are on all accounts at the greatest —and my Income much less than it is ever likely to be, and yet if I could wish to improve it, appearances must be kept up, and no signs of poverty must appear, or all my hopes on that head (and they are at present extremely flattering) will be ruined. Something I have great reason to expect from Dr B for Delapidations, but cannot sue for it immediately, and about 30£ for the last half year is due for Driffeld, but it will be proper to defer receiving it, till I have determined in what manner to proceed as to raising the Tithes, and besides that must be set apart to keep house with till Michs when a whole year will be due at Harnhill and half a year at Drif.— But this is nothing to the purpose, you are sensible of the necessity of my keeping House, of my furnishing it immediately, this may be done at a small expence with what we have already, but even that is more than I can bear at present, without running into Debt, unless you will endeavor to help me out by applying some part of what remains after the account is settled with Mr Tapp towards defraying your expences in coming down, and purchasing the Things the two Beds only I mention'd above, as it is not in my power to remit a single shilling for that purpose, without leaving myself in a situation the most disagreable, that of having nothing to defray incidental expences, which arise every day, or borrowing money in a place where I am scarcely known. If you have so mean an opinion of me as to think I mean to lessen the little you have left by taking anything from you, which I shall not have it in my power to return, I am sorry for it. My intention in

bringing you down here, is to enable you to live in a more comfortable quiet manner than you have hitherto done, and therefore I think you are as much interested in our setting out as myself, with good management and frugality we may do very well. I cannot boast much of the former, but in point of frugality have practis'd as much for the last twelvemonth as any one of my age could do, or should not be in so good a situation as I find myself at present, being free from Debts of every Kind, and if it was not for this awkward affair of Furniture as much beforehand as I need wish—Take notice, this Letter was wrote on a cloudy afternoon or it woud not have been so serious and grave, tis a subject I hate so let us drop it. I walked to Cicester yesterday and saw Miss Small, who told me she had a Letter from you—they were quite out of spirits about the turn the Election has taken, so I left them, and dined at Timbrels. He is going to town to . . . and intends to call on Mr Smith, of whom he speaks with the utmost respect, but thinks, and with reason, that he has not been well used either by Dyer or Howel, by whom Mr Smith must certainly have been prejudiced against him. I hope they will meet and settle the affair on its right footing, as they are old acquaintances, and I was introduced there by Mr Smith. Lady Coleraine is expected next week, and I shall probably have the pleasure of introducing you to her—indeed I think you will be good company for each other, tho there is a farmers wife and Daughter next Door, who drank tea with me on Sunday, and I think you will find them agreable neighbours.

My paper is just out, and I have to walk 2 miles with this to the post, so must wish you a good night and conclude with assuring you that I am dear Mother,

Your very dutiful and affecte Son,

R. D. Cumberland.

Dryfield 6th *May* 77.

Mrs Eliz: Cumberland,

Mrs Spawtons No. 37

Friday Street,

London.

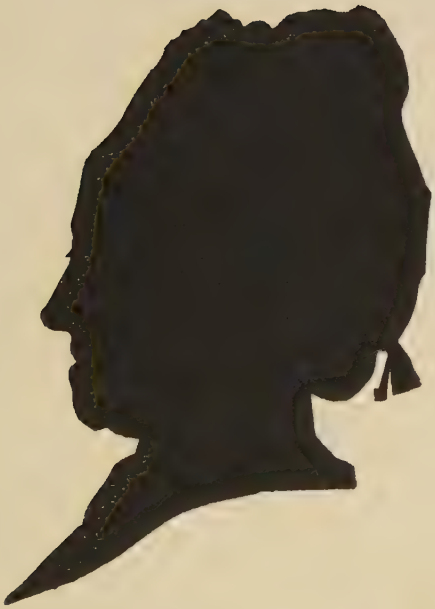
On the 13th George wrote that his mother had, almost ever since receiving this the above letter,

been employd in searching for a cheap Bed for you but to no purpose, as the upholders will not sell such a thing under 10 or 12 pounds, and at sales they are seldom to be met with without Blanketts &c. You hint in your Lett[r] that your expences are at the greatest and your income so small as to reduce you to the necessity of borrowing if you were to pay for the feather Bed &c, and you propose to my Mother to pay for it, and her expences in coming down, out of the Stock to be sold, after defraying her debt to M[r] Tapp. I could have wished you had not mentioned the circumstance as it has given her some uneasyness, being unable, as you must be convinced, to pay for it now, and besides the uncertainty of getting it sold at all, there is a probability it may all be wanting to discharge M[r] Tapp's account—however should this not be the case, you may I think be sure she will not refuse it you for any purpose you may want it for. I am now doing every thing in my power to get it done, and cheerfully, I assure you, will I give my release to my future claim.

George had hoped that his brother's savings during his residence with Mr. James would have covered the expenses of settling in at Driffield, and regrets that his own small salary has not permitted him to lay up any "fund." On the subject of his mother, he adds :

One thing I must observe. You should by no means look on her coming down as an expence. It will at the years end, turn out a saving, which I have experienced even here in this extravagant place, altho house rent is so dear and I had not the additional £20 till last year ; what she will bring with her in cloaths will be sufficient to appear genteel for some length of time, and her £20 a year will more than pay for her board.

I have not been able to arrive at any definite view as



Mrs. Elizabeth Cumberland
Aged 62

to Mrs. Cumberland's financial position, but I think the case must have been somewhat of this kind: Certain stock had been left to her (I surmise by her mother, or possibly under her father's will), and Mr. Tapp and Mr. Man, her brother-in-law, were her trustees. Mr. Man had disappeared—under what circumstances I have not the smallest idea, but in those days of press-gangs, Algerian slavery and very indifferent postal facilities the fact was not necessarily by any means discreditable—and in his absence Mrs. Cumberland had not been able to receive her dividends. Mr. Tapp, knowing the money to be safe, had made those advances to her that were absolutely needed for the family's support; and it was now proposed that steps should be taken to enable her to sell her stock and repay him.

To George's slightly censorious letter Richard replied by return of post, explaining that he

never thought of taking anything of my Mother which I did not intend to return and that only to the amount of ten or twelve Pounds at the most . . . neither shoud I have done this if my mother herself had not told me, she should have about £80 left when the account was settled.

Each brother had evidently taken rather amiss the behaviour of the other, and was a little aggrieved, George on his mother's account, and Richard on his own.

Next in order comes a letter from Dr. Bray, who dates from Exeter College, and fulfils Richard's anticipations by not having expected

after my expensive Civilities to the Livings of Driffield and Harnhill to be called upon for Dilapidations; especially as I am not apprehensive that the Barn,

Stable and Brewhouse are in such a ruinous State as you represent.

However, he did not, as obviously he legally could not, "decline giving you reasonable Satisfaction."

On the 23rd Richard was writing to his mother to thank her for a letter just received, and to express his astonishment at

what you tell me of Mrs Man's refusing to serve you in selling out the Stock . . . as it can never be of any use to her Family and must proceed from malice and ill-nature, tho I much doubt the sincerity of your Uncle in endeavouring to persuade her to it. However let it turn out as it will, you have no need to make yourself uneasy about it, as it will remain full security to Mr Tapp, and we shall do very well, never fear.

This uncle of Mrs. Cumberland's was, I think, John Balchen, possibly the husband of "Mrs. Balchen of Goodman's Fields," whose death is mentioned. Her other uncle, Henry, and her father, both carried on their occupations in the Minories—in their day a thoroughfare very respectably inhabited. In Goodman's Fields the houses were, like many of those then standing in Mile End, excellent and substantial residences, with gardens. The fact of Mrs. Man's living in Mile End, where Mrs. Cumberland possessed a house, suggests that their father, the "druggist and apothecary" had acquired property in the East End of London. Mrs. Man had clearly been asked, either to take action as her husband's representative, or to make a declaration from which his death might be presumed. True to her invariable character in the correspondence of her nephews, she had behaved ungraciously and had refused. Harry Man, whom we have seen assisting George to placard the City with political bills of their own composition,

was about to marry a lady whose Christian name was Eleanor and whose surname does not appear. Richard observed of the match that it was

a good one—because it is as equal as any thing of this kind can be, tis a toss up which has the best of the Bargain.

He begged his mother not to concern herself

on account of my situation as to furniture, very little will serve us at first setting out and things will be better bye and bye.

He had been adding to his stock, not from "Ciceter," where he could find nothing to please him, but from Gloucester, where he had bespoken some chairs, bought a bed "of the best mill puff Flock," and "cheapend a great many things which can send for if I want them. He had also

bespoke a Bedstead for the Blue Bed [by this term he means the elaborate draperies required by the fashion of the time] which am determined to fit up as neat as I can, since there will be no other for Mr Smith when he comes down. . . . I begin to wish for you more than ever, but cannot think of seeing you here before things are in some order and our House furnished, it would neither be to my credit or satisfaction. . . When you come down we must take a Servant and keep House in a regular, decent Stile, and I have not a doubt we shall be able to make the pot boil and have a Barrel of as good Ale in the Cellar as any in Glostershire, so pray keep up your Spirits and if you cannot settle affairs in Town to your mind, e'en leave it and think no more about them.

A postscript adds :

Love to George and tell him if I took anything wrong I have forgot it by this time and there need be no more said about it.

Evidently the rather captious spirit which seems to have been the besetting weakness of the Cumberland temperament was in abeyance when Richard wrote this kindly letter. George, who had probably not yet received the reconciliatory message, was in a condition of mind best to be described, perhaps, by the word "huffy" when on May the 27th he wrote thus to his brother :

Your last to me seemed to be wrote in the hurry of misconception. I will not tell you it was an agreable one, and it came the more untowardly, as by being directed home I was obliged to let my mother read the contents, which you might have supposed would afford her no pleasure, and naturally made her suspect I had in my last (which from the nature of the subject it was impossible I should show her) treated you in a harsh unjustifiable manner. . . . I approve your frankness, in convincing me by this method, how disagreeable it is to you, when I mention your affairs, and that I shall never dip my pen in Ink for such a purpose, unless you desire it.

As to some complaints of the way in which various articles had been sent, he could but say that

every one of them should have been properly packed if I could have prevailed—and but for my exerting a little activity you would not I believe have had any of them yet. . . . It was not until yesterday I was able to convince my mother it would be impossible to send the Chests of Drawers full of things !

In short, poor George, between his impatient and somewhat exacting brother, on the one hand, and his dilatory, over-economical mother, on the other, must have spent a pretty uncomfortable month. From the list of objects that he enumerates as about to be despatched to Driffield we may judge him to have been generously

disregardful of his interests and willing to have his rooms left bare for the better supplying of the vicarage. Moreover, his benevolent attempts in another direction had not brought him much satisfaction.

I went this morning to Mile End to persuade Mrs Man to oblige us by swearing &c (John having told me, he had now explained to her all we wanted and that she would comply). I met him just by the house and he went back with me to lend his assistance, but instead of agreeing, she broke out into complaints that I and my Mother had treated her with disrespect, in not calling on her, before letting her Uncle know &c, &c, and in the end bounced out of the Room, and John and I out of the House of course, I am much beholden to John for the pains he takes to serve us in this affair, and sorry it has rendered his time in London so disagreeable.

A letter had been received from Mr. Gooch containing no news beyond a statement that all were well. Its bearer, however, had supplemented it by the information that Mr. Gooch "was taken prisoner and carried into Boston but allowed to depart." He further said that "when he left America their situation was very distressing and everything intolerably dear."

Richard, in reply, opined Mrs. Man's behaviour to be

such that I cannot account for it in a more charitable way, than by supposing her a little disorded in her head.

In a letter postmarked, apparently, June the 6th, George sent a list of articles despatched to Driffield "and Packed by my own hands, so I hope they will arrive safe." By "last Monday's waggon" Mr. James had forwarded a sow and four pairs of pigeons, "viz.

4 Capuchins, and 4 half fantails—he has no hope they will arrive safe—but had the basket sealed and desires his Compliments." From the precaution of sealing the basket it may be presumed that human intervention formed the great anticipated hindrance to the safe transmission of pigeons. Upon their fate no light is thrown by the letters preserved, but all the goods packed by the hands of George reached their destination in good order; and on June the 10th Richard was extremely happy in his kingdom, with a "fine prospect" for the hay and corn harvests, three successive crops expected of "pease" and "a great shew of strawberries and cherries."

Mr. Loveden, a neighbour of Richard in Gloucestershire, was a near relative of Miss Townsend; he is described as her brother, and may possibly have married her sister, but was more probably her half-brother. He lived at Buscot (or Buscott, the name appears in both forms), and Miss Townsend was, it must be supposed, staying there in the latter part of June, 1777, for George, writing on the 26th, seems to have enclosed a letter for her in one to his brother. A draft remains, in which he expresses his anxiety to hear of her health, and his regret at not having seen Mr. Loveden during that gentleman's visit to town; these sentiments, of course, being duly wrapped up in the flowery circumlocution that was considered becoming in writing to a lady. His enclosing it, so that it might be delivered by hand, was a politeness in days when postage was paid, not by the sender, but by the receiver of a letter. That to his brother gave an account of their mother's state of mind, which George seems to have endured with remarkable patience. Both members of the London household had been ill, but both were mending,

and Mr Johnson says the country will do her good—but I say nothing on the subject—sometimes she talks of one day, some times of another—one time it is to be a week, then a fortnight, then a month—again the sleeping in a coach all night is objected to—(you must say no more of that way of conveyance) the sleeping at an Inn is disliked, and the going through Oxford cannot be—in short I hear much on this subject and say nothing—and I cannot promise you but she may lose the whole Summer thus—or be with you next week!—however whenever it is fixed you shall know by a Letter. All these difficulties arise from not being used to travel—and it appears in her eyes in much the same light, as a Journey over land to India would appear to me.

A postscript mentions that "Dod it is thought will be hanged" (the reference is to Dr. Dodd, a fashionable preacher, who had committed forgery, and who was, in fact, hanged) and that "Ticonderaga is said to be taken." Dropping then to private affairs, it concludes laconically: "Mrs Man has swore. Nancy is going to Prison for £4 again."

On July the 15th Mrs. Cumberland was still hesitating about her journey, and Richard still suggesting routes for her approval. The domestic affairs of the vicarage were getting into order.

The Servant I hired proves a very neat good temperd Girl, and I dare to say will please her mistress. I send her every day to the Field and she is now mounted on the top of a Stack as high as our Steeple—Notwithstanding we wash, and bake and brew at home with the Assistance of lame Mary, who can keep house and cook and wait on me well enough I have not made any other additions to my Family except some Ducks and chickens, which are handy where Butchers meat is to be had but once a week, they cost from 16 to 18 pence a couple.

On the 23rd Richard was writing from Cambridge, which town

during the long Vacation is one of the most execrable places, at least to one who wears a Gown, in the whole World.

He had gone up, probably, to fulfil some period of residence, which was a condition of holding some one of his exhibitions.

A letter, bearing only the inadequate date " Saturday 22nd 1777," belongs probably to about this time. George enquires anxiously whether his brother had been to Buscott, where Mr. Loveden lived and Miss Townsend often stayed.

Do you intend to have no acquaintance in the County —You do not expect Miss. T. to come to see you ? I know you have enough upon your hands but no Man was ever so busy as to have no time to do civil things— unless it was a day labourer. I often have every moment amply filled—am obliged to set many things aside of consequence to comp[ly] with the customs of the World I deny myself a thousand satisfactions for the sake of others, and every day brings with it mortifications of this sort—this is but little known to those who do not live in a City—In y^{r} Village you can do as you please, but do not indulge this liberty too far—You see how I can scold when not wrote to—for the present however I am patient—but remember when you a quiet settled Country Divine—If you behave no better—silence is the word. I shall expect then, sometimes, an ingenious essay, full of novelty and wit, and instruction; wrote in a curious round hand upon gilt Edged paper, with I know not how many more marks of leisure, and attention to Me and my consequence—a letter that I may hand about with a wisper, and suffer no one to take it out of my sight.

It must have been about this time that George wrote an undated letter, which he has marked at some later day "July 1777."

July 1777.

Friday Street Thursday,
1777.

DEAR BROTHER,

I will write to you some time or other I hope you will hitherto have excused me. I and the dear Boys are well I am just returned with Joseph from Northamptonshire.

Yours sincerely,
J. JAMES.

If you had happened, to have followed me lately proceeding on my way to the Royal Exchange with all the solemnity of a Bischop going to mass, or what you may comprehend better, of your Tutor to Chapel, you would hardly have known me for a person who generally runs along the foot way, and skips across the Channels.

I have been wholly metamorposed lately. I have had spirits strength, flesh, and cheerfulness—my affairs have been neglected for the want of abilities to attend to them, my spirits sunk with that consideration, my strength wasted with the continuance of my complaint, and my cheerfulness destroyed by a variety of vexations and untoward circumstances, yet all these disagreable sensations are I hope soon to be removed. My government of myself has of late been too *arbitary*, and the members move for a new constitution—ease will revive my spirits regimen recover my health, and a peaceable enjoyment of my own schemes and reflections, renew my happyness—I need not tell *you*, that my favorite amusements (for I dare not call them studies) require retirement, stillness and uninteruption—The necessary employment to earn a competency, create of themselves, more than I have Phylosophy always to bear, and the

additional ones of family concerns, are a most agravating accumulation of them,—as they, like a strong reinforcement, from an enemy attack one when I am least prepared to withstand them.—Thus harrassed, I am drove sometimes almost to despair, I cannot quit those pursuits, which in my own esteem are well worthy the attention of a rational being, nor can I foresee a time when I shall be free in the uninterupted pursuit of them. —These contradictory circumstances, have already, by occasioning a thousand vexatious reflections—broke in upon my rest—injured my memory, and decreased my health—

You by this time, perhaps, begin to enquire what I mean to confess by this long preface, so serious, and which you may possibly take to be the effect of spleen— It is to give you a reason why I shall not be less happy when left alone. Tho I shall lose a few comfortable conveniences of life, I shall gain a great many comfortable minutes of tranquility I mean by being alone— and this quiet opportunity of pursuing my fancys, I am yet to believe will conduce a great deal towards the re-establishment of my health and *you* I think I could prove will be much happyer in the country, with my Mothers assistance, than you could possibly be without it, for instance, when I am wishing to retire from the world, you will be happy to mix with it ; because you will come from solitude to your meals and I go from a crowd to them, but as I have not half time to urge what I had to say on this head, I must postpone it till we meet,—which, if I have health to accomplish my intended scheme, will be soon.—I have long thought, and have often been advised to it, the country air, bathing, and exercise, would be the best remedy for all my complaints ; accordingly, tho nothing else would have moved me this summer, I have got permission to be absent for 3 weeks, which I intend faithfully to employ. . . .

The rest of the letter is missing.

He went during his holiday to Rottingdean, whence he wrote an account, only part of which remains, of such gay doings as must, one would suppose, have considerably amazed that ordinarily sleepy village.

ROTTINGDEAN *July* 25. 1777.

DEAR RICHARD,

I cannot quit this place without letting you know, what I am assured, will give you satisfaction; that I have enjoy'd a good state of health, even spirits, altho alone, at a little village by the Sea Coast, unacquainted with the inhabitants, and rainy weather every day.—To some people all these things would be terrible grievances, but to me they are none, except the bad weather, and that mortifys me at times beyond measure. I get wet every day, then I wonder how any body can live in such a climate who can afford to reside elsewhere, The sun shines, and I am all good humour again with the atmosphere, and reconciled to the country —This is not all spleen, you must allow it is vexatious not to have enjoy'd one fine day since last summer and to be wrapped up in a great coat, on the coast of Sussex in the month of July—

With respect to being alone, I have not discovered that yet, and the village I am at from its retir'd situation pleases me, The people here are about 25 at present and Sir Cha: Witworth and Lady Manners at the head of them We have had Gen[l] Carpenter and a Lord Somebody here, I have forgot his name, and I did not enquire twice after them—They are sociable enough I believe, and a night or two ago the whole set, danced to a fiddle and flute, from the Windmill at the top of a high hill near this place, quite through the village down to the steen, where they had contre dances and Minuets on the grass till the fiddle could play no longer. You may guess I was not among them, I was sound asleep in my bed,—and heard it the next morning, from M[r] Charles Son a Captain and a M[r] Salt—who have both made some overtures to draw me into their society,

but I put them of, either with complaints of my health, or else tell them, as I have no time to stay here, I should be sorry to have the mortification of parting with such good company so soon—and therefore avoid entering into their amusements that I may not leave them with regret—I dare say Mr C. expects I should make interest to be of his parties, and the Ladys smile at what they take to be the effect of my boorishness, but I can compound with that to have my own way—I chat with them sometimes, as we walk upon the beech to dry our hairs, bow when we meet, and am their humble servant, but neither my pocket, plans or inclination will allow me to have a more familiar acquaintance : I am proud enough, tho I lodge at a Chandlers, to fancy sometimes that I act more in character, than half the people who come to the place—an Earl [ ] an Ironmonger for want of better company, here ; who he would be ashamed to own at St James ; and the Ironmonger. . . .

The rest of the letter is missing.

Mrs. Cumberland had gone to Driffield and was thoroughly settled there by August the 20th, when Richard wrote that he and she had gone to dine

at Mrs Small's or rather at Jack Small's, for he seems Master of the House and entertaind us very genteely. You will be apt to wonder how we got there, and will wonder more when I tell you Mother mounted the Black Horse behind your H.S.! [i.e. humble servant] and our Sancho Pancha rode the Filly after us. . . . Nothing coud behave better than the Horses, on this Day of Trial and I am now breaking in the Filly for my own riding as she goes perfectly safe and well, and have bespoke a Pillion for the old Lady, who you know loves a jaunt at any rate.

From an undated letter, which occupies the next place in the collection, it may be inferred that " the old Lady " had passed on to her younger son her taste for " jaunts." His epistle is full of dinners and expeditions

and entertainments. On Friday he had spent the evening with Mr. Smith, to whom he had diplomatically mentioned various plans of improvement cherished by the incumbent of Driffield, and from whom he had secured approval. On Saturday he had gone to Carshalton, to Mr. Long's, "where we had a play at night, by a strolling Company, who performed tolerably." On Sunday other visitors had arrived, including one Mr. Dillon, who was

the most facetious man I was ever in company with. There was really a handsome dinner Venison, Turkey, Turbot and french Soup, with Pines, Melons, and foreign sweetmeats, after dinner Champain, languedoc, Claret, old Hock and Frontiniack.

George was invited to stay and go fishing with the facetious Mr. Dillon, but reflecting, perhaps, that lively conversation is the last quality desirable in a fishing companion, returned to town with Mr. Long "in the chariot" instead.

On Monday he dined with Mr. Read, his cousin by marriage, who was, it may be recollected, a solicitor, "by his desire, and had some talk with him about the Stock business." On Tuesday evening, after having dined with Mr. Tapp, George went to Vauxhall

with Napper and two or three more and we all [all] agreed (but Napper) that it was the stupidest place in the World, we join'd in saying we would never go there again.

Towards the end of this cheerful letter he bids his brother

tell my mother to make herself entirely easy about my accomodations, as I have no fault to find either with my Lodger or Landlady. My rooms are to be new windowed soon, and then they will be quite comfortable.

Mrs Sprawston dresses my Dinner well and keeps every thing extreamly clean, and buys good meat at Market.

I think that this week of gaieties must have been included in George's three weeks of holiday, and that he passed the third week at Driffield. It is quite certain that he made some stay there this summer or autumn; possibly the three weeks were not taken consecutively. His next letter, the ink of which has faded so much that I was not able to decipher the whole of it, desires news of "les damoiselles" at Cirencester, and mentions his having made "shades," that is, silhouettes of them.

On September the 10th Richard wrote a long letter full of schemes for entering into a composition in respect of tithes and for obtaining a grant from Queen Anne's Bounty, in order to make improvements and repairs at the parsonage. Referring to George's account of an interview with Mr. John Balchen, who had offered to mediate on behalf of the Cumberlands with Mrs. Man, Richard speaks with some scorn of his "going so busily between Us and Mrs Man," and observes: "I am confident he has some bye End to Serve." As to the proposal of

relieving a certain person I am sorry it was not done before, if there was any Use in it. But they who know her must be sensible it can't be done by paying her Debts unless you have a mind to see her there again the next week.

George, having in a recent letter spoken of his own ardent and romantic imagination, Richard, in turn, proceeded to discuss the very different disposition that was his.

To own a truth which you have discovered my passions have of late become extremely languid, and I sometimes think I rather vegetate than live. I can account for this

no otherwise than as the Effect of a Constitution early broken which instead of the Spirits and Ambition so natural to youth, has made me indolent and careless about what may happen to me. You may think me whimsical, but I often compare myself with old Men of my acquaintance, and find a great similarity of Disposition. With all this I believe I am as far from being unhappy as most people and enjoy the Blessings of Life as they come within my reach, without murmuring at the Evils with which they are usually mixed, or looking for any of those imaginary Joys, which are not to be met with in this Life.

His happiness was somewhat disturbed, however, by a shortness of ready money, his tithes not falling due until "Old Michaelmas" and he being very anxious that his new neighbours should not suppose him to be in any straits. The question of borrowing began to occupy the correspondents.

Sep 17. 77.

Dear Brother,

Why have you determined to wait for my fourth Lett^r^ before you write? for I think I have wrote already thrice without any answer—Perhaps you have not got them, nor the Profils etc yet I think you may easyly once in a week, find out somebody who goes to Cirencester market cannot you ask Timbrell to let your Parcels etc be left at his house? this would make it convenient for any of your neighbours to call for your Letters—I expect before I send this (for I will keep it till tomorrow) to have a Line from you—if I do not I shall be disapointed, surely your farming etc cannot take up all the day, and if it does, why not scribble on a piece of paper under a Sheaf of the maiden Barley—I had rather have one line, wrote as I write this without premeditation than all the florid orations in the world—my mode of writing to you, is according to the Humour of my mind, at setting down, if cheerful so; if grave, the same;—By this means I visit and converse with you

in different moods—and do not always approach you, with a Pen behind my Ear—I do not discover myself so much to new acquaintance—but you and me have known one another some time—for this reason I will tell you a truth—there is nothing vexes and mortifies me more than your fixed prudence and gravity—I can occasionally be both the latter more at times than you, but then I can almost at all times divest myself of it, to suit myself to the inclinations of others—but you, keep a steady fixed seriousness about you, that will not alter its attention on any account—in short, to end my Lecture, you will not condescend to be trifling—you may despise amusement a long while before you find a better [ ] for the evils of care—you will say my letter is full of spleen, and that I say this out of malice because I have no answer to my Letters—and you will say this to yourself, perhaps, if you are not convicted—but I deny your assertion—I was never further from it in my life—I will allow some malice, because I write thus to punish you—not a word of business in my paper, and you thirsting for it—so do I for your answer to mine—Lex talionis et^{e}—

Shall I tell you how to keep me always in good humour ; —reverse the correspondence—write to me always about trifles, and I will make a serious answer—I dare say you have a thousand times blamed my frivolity, as much as I have your gravity, but your graveness is not a happyer quality—I have lived, within two years, as long in the world as you and am notwithstanding 10 years younger in disposition—here is a gain I think :—for do not you look back with pleasure to the age of fifteen ?—At present I have an inclination to go to bed—and therefore shall say to you both, good night, in the morning if I have pleasant dreams, I may possibly treat you with a sober conversation in *your own way*, but that as it may be—

Wednesday morn^{g}.

No Letter yet—well—it does not become a good Christian to bear malice—so I'll een give you, all the

information you wish In the first place Mr Smith cannot yet fix for coming—but they both desire to be rememberd to Mother and you—Mr and Mrs Tapp also—Mr T. came to Town the other day after a pleasant Journey, better in health than he has been for some time, and Mr Napper sets out for him today 5 wks hence he will call on you, and if possible, take a bed for one night.

With respect to the Stock affair, we have no remedy with the Company—I would gladly part with £20 if it was my own to serve you—I am sure my Mother thinks the same—but that is not all, it is to serve herself —for if [ ] B. dies, where is the whole ?—one more chance seems now to offer. If the commons will grant a partial administration, which has been done, Mrs Mann has offerd to accede to it—this will come in and do her no injury—I am to call on Adderly the Proctor to have his answer tomorrow about it—if this will not do, at all events the Stock must be secured—I saw old B. today and he seemed a little apprehensive that I should mentn his refusal of [ ] as a cause of our miscarriage— he was extremely civil, and pretended to interest himself much in the getting it done. I have lately heard another anecdote of his dissimulation,—he told Mrs Mann, that she would by no means disoblige him by refusing to swear Mrs R. [ ] this was just as we had persuaded her to it—but I do not give entire credit to it—" The Devil is painted blacker than he is."

With respect to your Q. Anne Bounty business—I think that is all over, for *I* can by no means, propose to Mr S. to subscribe to a thing which has all the appearance—at least to him, it would have that appearance, of begging so much money out of his pocket—and I think if you reflect, you will be convinced, such a proposal cannot possibly come from either of us—If a man gives me a horse, I must buy him a saddle, or go without—

I am sorry to close this with a piece of information which to you may seem surprising, but to me is just what I expected and what I even told you a long time

ago—as you desired it I did it, but I would not for myself—I brought about the discourse with Mr Ekins with all the [ ] necessary—and without asking gave such hints as could not be mistaken. He took them, and excused himself by saying he could not now possibly accommodate you tho I mentiond 50 or 80 and only for 1 year—but *advised* to apply to Mr Cross—I saved your credit here (for I had not spoke out by saying it was [ ] I could not expect, nor even think on—but wished only to have his *advice*).—In these cases I am much older than you—and could, and have, and so tell you—that we must depend on ourselves alone for money—Have not you and my Mother long been dependent—because she owed an old friend a few pounds—wh. she still is able to pay—amongst the present race of Men, it severs friendships sooner than any thing. For my own part if I wanted £50, with all my friends, I know not where to borrow it, without commencing an obligation that would sink my spirits—These are hateful truths—but they are the truth—and nobody sees them in a clear light till they have occasion to ask—

Yet do not dispair of accomplishing your purpose—at worst you can but write to Mr E. and after having offerd it, I think he cannot refuse you—for my own part I will do any thing, say any thing, to serve you in the affair,—which you will not doubt, after my having spoke to Mr E. from whom I have no favour to claim—but many civilities to return—if you can think of no other plan, I will (come what will of it) ask Mr Cross—but I have hopes of getting the Stock business done time enough—What if I was to ask Mr *Rich: Cumberland*, for £20.? He would never forgive me as long as I lived—God bless you both, I hope we have none of his blood in our veins.

G. Cumberland.

Revd Mr Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

DEAR RICHARD, ROY. EXCHANGE *Sep* 20. 1777.

I wish you could bottle up and send me some of that phylosophy which you say is become so natural to you, you say it [is] the result of a *constitution* early broke, which God forbid ;—yet I fear the want of your indiference, will dissolve *mine*, weaken'd it, it has already.—I know not how it is with you, but my mirth often is turn'd into heavyness—I have got to *suspect* good fortune, and if I have particular reason to be cheerful, I take it for an omen that something will soon happen to vex me—when it comes, I cry—what next ?—however, what a difference between these and our school days ! when our little misfortunes served only to make us sport—now, every day brings with it, grave Lessons, and serious Concerns—The World, I am convinced, will not let you live in peace, unless you can conceal your happyness in some retired corner, or purchase its smiles, with the appearance of wealth—if you have it, you are out of its power—I know not how far I might run on with these reflections, if I did not check myself, but I will tell you what caused them—

From the remarkable civillity of Mr Tapp to me lately, and his behaviour to me at his own house, where I have dined and supped since I have been return'd from the country—I had ventured to think that all our offences were done away, and our obligations forgiven :—especially as there seemed to now be opening a way to discharge all demands—for the other day he went with me to Mr Adderly, and *he* (Mr Adderly) gave me hopes that limited administration might be granted—and if not, I had promissed (as he desired) that we would spend £20 in chancery sooner than not do it—this seemed to put all partys in good humour :—now whether it is Mr T's natural temper to elate and depress a Dependent, or whether he is worked upon, either by J.B. or others, I know not—but that night I was sent for, and not being at home went this morning—when I was lectured in one of the compleatest stiles imaginable, and in the end (as Shakespear finely has it) shaken up to a warmth that

convinced me it would be imprudent to reply—on these occasions the old fable comes opportunely to my aid, and I consider that to say white to people who are determined it shall be black, is but waste of words—when I went there this morn^{g}—I was told "I had been *sent* to last night but was not at home—that a man had been with M^{r} Tapp to demand 7 years Interest on the £112 of the Trust, and that he had a Lett^{r} of Attorney from the Mother, and demanding to know how it was to be paid—at the end of the story, he said that my Mother had thought proper to take every thing out of his hands—and therefore she must take the consequences for, for his part, he should not pay a shilling of it—*this was the burthen of the song*—I slightly hinted that as we were about settling every thing, the person might possibly be induced to stay a little; this put him in a fury—" would I undertake to explain to him how my father had acted with regard to the trust—he thought it would not much redound to the credit of the family—here I had the resolution to defend my fathers ashes—by saying that I thought if he left more than enough property behind him to discharge the debts, he gave nobody any room to believe his intentions were dishonourable;—" it was none of his to leave, he left no property" etc was reverberated from both quarters, M^{rs} T. and M^{r} T.—I maintained my position by an argument you will readily guess—and this threw them on another ground, my Mother was a fool and a weak woman etc to give up to *me* what she might have kept for Life, and been independent of her sons, and had money enough to discharge all these demands, and not strip her self of every thing to [ ] her sons—that M^{r} Cross and M^{r} Long never thought I [ ] any benefit from these Ground Rents—but my Mother—they would have given them, M^{r} Cross to his servant, M^{r} Long to his Clerk,—that M^{r} Balchen would have done it for her, had already, and would again—with a vast deal more; and that he—M^{r} T. would take the first opportunity when he saw M^{r} Cross—to ask him

what he thought of it—concluding that he had been all along treated very cavallierly by us all, and he did not care a dam whether I was cool or warm : (upon my telling him that I was ready to answer all his arguments, but found myself then too warm to enter into them) to all this harangue I answ^{d} shortly, the substance of which was, that I desired him to satisfy himself with respect to M^{r} Cross opinion—that I ever did, and ever should look on the money I earned as my own property—that I believed M^{r} C. had a better regard for me than his servant, and M^{r} L. than his clerk, that my Mother was so far from being dependent on her Sons, that I was ready and I believed you were too, to allow her any thing that we could reasonably putting it out of our own power to retract—and in the end that if *he* would send the person to me, I would take care to discharge the demand—he said I might if I would as he should not, repeating with an echo, that he had been treated cavallierly by us all—To do this I am brought into a situation that I have never before experienced—I mean to borrow—and how my first application will succeed I know not—but I shall ask M^{r} E. to lend me £20 for 3 months, the money is but £23. 5. so that you must remit me the cash I advanced for your Bill as soon as you can, or I go to pot for £20.! Tomorrow I settle with M^{r} Long, and I have already paid M^{r} C. more than I have reced—do not give yourself a moments uneasiness about all this, I write it only because I know you love to be informed—at present I am doubting whether I shall undertake to defend the family in a Letter, or whether I shall let the "weakest go to the wall"—the latter is wisest I believe and easyest, but yet not altogether right—only let it root in you one maxim, never, if you can help it, borrow of a friend—My love to my mother—I dined with M^{r} S. on Wednesday, and they do not yet fix, but will certainly be down, as they intend spending a month at Bath—Adieu—Yours sincerely,

G. Cumberland.

Rev^{d} M^{r} Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester.

On the 26th his mother wrote one of her pathetic scrawls to George.

26th *Sep.* 77.

My Dear Child,

When you see this I think I hear you say has my Mother thought of me at Last—but I do asure you are sildom out of my thoughts and should I be so happy to have my Children near me no place would be dol I have but Littel time having a great deal of Business to do—and being a very bad scribe makes me Loft to set about writing your Brother had a fal from his Horse above a fornight ago has been confind ever sence being Laime Hand and foot but is now thank God able to Hobble about but not to go far prey advice him not to his young Horse agine the News of Nancy Confinement give me great Concern and must beg you will let me have the pleasore of hearing she is Releasd as I think thear will be half a year due oppon the House at Michaelmas I am glad to hear Mr Tapp is returned so well from is journey pray my kind Love to them Both if Mrs Tapp could get me four or five pounds of Green Tea I should be very much obligd to her pray pay for it and give me Credit for it till you Receive the half years Rent Let the Tea be put in Shet Led as I have Cannersters hear—you seme to menshon my inviting Sukay hear I must say it would be a great pleasure to me as I have Littel Conversation hear but your Brother and I think it might be thought we had some views in it I shoold be much oblidg to you to now and then write me Long Letter of common Accurrences of our frends and pray let me hear how Dear Littel Sally Reed is and very she is likly to have a Brother soon, how you go on with Mrs Spawcton and wether you find things Agreable as I must say my Mind is continally anxious about my Children pray my Compliments to all friends shall conclud with prayers for your health a Happyness and am Dear George your Affectionate Mother,

Eliz^h Cumberland.

Mr G. Cumberland,
Exchange Assurance,
London.

A postscript by Richard is appended :

Now let Dick add a word to tell you he has received yours of Monday—was at Ciceter on Teusday and delivered your profiles as directed they were universally allowed to be strong likenesses except Miss [this word, perhaps a nickname, I cannot decipher] you know which I mean.

On October the 2nd George was in a state of fresh indignation—quite unjustly this time, as afterwards appeared—against Mr. Tapp :

I might I think have concluded that his rage was sated, and having vented his spleen, he would now let me be quiet, but here I was mistaken, not content with having called me to account for living without his licence, and threatning to attack my bread—by injuring me with my employers he has now thought proper to do the remaining ill natured action he had in his power, and render my office a place of uneasiness—The matter is this, about an hour ago he sent George, who had been with him to receive Nancy's annuity, to my office to ask charity of me for her, telling him, as he tells me, " that he knew of none in the family who would grant her any assistance, unless it were George Cumberland who he believed if applied to would help her." I am sorry to say that this one action, so malicious, so mean and unworthy of any man, even to a person that had offended him, has in one moment given me the most disadvantageous opinion of a person whom I had before thought incapable of such a thing—he well must remember, for it was our conversation the last time I was at his house, the uneasyness I expressed at the thought of her discovering me—and then in a joking manner, said he would send her to me—He has now seriously as good as fulfilled his promise —for George in all likelihood will some time or other inform her, or his wife, and in that case, my life will become really unhappy, as I shall go [ ] my business full of apprehension—Is not this a glorious

and friendly act ?—When he first addressed himself to me I denied having any such relation and wanted to persuade him he had mistaken the person—but he soon convinced me he was not to be put off, by telling me who he came from.—In the greatest confusion imaginable I had nothing to do but to tell him I had not seen the unhappy wretch a great many years, and had determined not to own her, and therefore begged he would not trouble me about her, as I was determined to do nothing—He entirely agreed that what I said was very reasonable, said that *he* out of compassion for her distress (of which tis possible he might be a cause), had taken her out of Prison, and given his joint note with hers, to pay her debt at £1. 1 pr Quarter—for 7 Q^rs^—that he had taken her home. Where she lay on his chairs, being so dirty as not to be fit to go into a bed, that instead of thanking him, " she had, according to her wont, been abusive to him and his family," and had kicked up several rows,—however as he had known something of her he was willing if possible to take care of her provided she had some cloaths to wear.—I considered some time, and at last came to a resolution to give him one guinea, for the following reasons, tho I could ill spare it at the same time making him promise never to say to any one that he had got any thing from me, but to lay it out in coarse clothing for her use as if of his own accord and by no means to let her know where I was or mention my name.—I considered that if I sent him away without any thing he might possibly be induced to send her to me, out of revenge for having lost his labour, that if it was properly applied (which he desired me to call and see done) it would be a means of really assisting her, if such a thing can be done —and if he put the money in his own pocket (which I since hope he will) that will effectually prevent his sending her where she may be informed of the cheat.

But none of these expectations can render me quite easy. It will lay a dead weight on those spirits which lately had been quite lightened, and serve often to depress a person but too much " alive to fame "—If she comes

I shall not dare to stay, or fly, if I retreat she will stay and abuse me and family, to people who will perhaps half believe her, or listen for divertion, if I converse with her the Evil will be equal—either way. I shall never be able to hold up my head again—such a crime it is to have an infamous relation—I cannot bear the thought of it—I have [ ] great inclination to write to him, to entreat [ ] offence [ ] given to be so persecuted, and wherein he has been [ ] cavallier [ ] but as I should chuse to write on my guard, I shall defer it till to-morrow when if I am in the same mind, I think I can make him feel wrong, and satisfy him that, tho I know when to be silent, I am neither a Stock or a Stone, and can defend my self when ill treated—I know how cautious I ought to be in the matter, and that I ought to keep a copy—for it is not unlikely that if I let fall any word that could be misconstrued J^no^ B. [i.e., I believe, John Balchen, the son of George's uncle Henry, not the young cousin of the same name belonging to the Newington family] may take that opportunity to turn it to my disadvantage either by telling M^r^ C. [probably Mr. Cross] that I have ungratefully offended M^r^ Tapp or something of that nature to open a door to injure me—for I firmly believe J.B. to be at the bottom of it all.

He concludes, in a happier frame of mind, by bidding his brother take care of his health,

for I think we shall yet meet some winter evening 40 years hence and laugh at our trifling difficulties at setting out in life—pardoning all our enemies, and defending their reputations for I am apt to think that there is no pleasure in revenge, and that men cannot help their natures.

He learned, a few weeks later, on unimpeachable authority, that the author of his discomfort was one James Man, who appears, I think, on this occasion only in the correspondence. He may have been a brother

of Mrs. Man's husband, or a son of hers, or other connection on the husband's side. As to the identity of "George" who made himself the intermediary, I can hazard no guess.

Richard must have sent some letter of attempted consolation, for, on October the 10th, George wrote :

I receive your answer to mine as a kind endevour to make a disagreeable circumstance appear trifling—and I myself do not feel it so severely as I did at first, because like other Uneasynesses it is not so fresh in my memory. You speak of N.B., as if you knew nothing of her frenzy, her artifice, her plausibility, volubility, and other abilities for which she is famed—could I bear an office where she came ? or live in a house where she had called on me ? in short you talk like a person living at Driffield, and having no apprehension of her taking so long a Journey to annoy you. If you read my Lett^r^ you will find I do explain why she came to beg of me, she having nothing to clothe her. The money he [a slip, surely, for "she"] had of M^r^ T. having been expended in taking her out of Prison—the part of a former Letter, was, I thought answered by her being released—for my own part I Could not think of acting in the affair, for fear of a discovery, and I knew not who to employ or ask such a favor of if I had it in my power to relieve her which it was not, having myself one evening, gone to the Prison, to be informed of her situation, and finding it would require £10.

It must be admitted that Miss Balchen was a troublesome relative, either to serve or to offend ; but it does strike a twentieth-century reader that George was more discomposed than most nephews nowadays would have been by her proceedings. It is true that he knew her, and that we do not.

A letter from George must be missing, but its subject may be gathered from a reply, dated October the 30th.

Your last, mentioning your reconciliation with Mr T. gave us both great pleasure, indeed it was the first letter on that disagreeable Subject I had communicated to Mother ; as it would have made her very unhappy. Depend upon it, He has been imposed on, as he is very easy to be, by certain people whom we shall soon see brought to Confusion, so pray think no more about it only be on your Guard against their Wiles.

That Mrs. Cumberland would indeed have been made very uneasy by any dispute between Mr. Tapp and either of her sons is clearly shown by a letter which she wrote, and to which Richard added a postscript and the date " 3d Novr 77."

On the 5th George wrote :

What is the reason my dear Mother and Brother, that the receit of you last Letter, affected [me] in the same manner as if you had both rushed in to my room unexpectedly—it is the second time I have been overcome in the same way—the moment I laid it down I melted into tears—I will endeavour to account for it myself. My Mothers Letters are the overflowings of a parents love, yours of a fraternal one, expressed without art, and I love you both more than I even suspect—do not imagine I am low spirited—I was never livelyer in my life, and the tear or two I shed trickled sweetly down my cheek—I feel no shame in confessing this weakness, if you call it such for I think it is more praise worthy than many things we boast of—it shews, as your favorite says, " We are not stocks and Stones." Shall I tell you how I have employed this Morning (for I still think I have you on each side the fireplace) by way of really making holiday, [evidently the Royal Exchange Assurance Company treated November the 5th as a national holiday—perhaps in remembrance rather of William the Third's landing than of Guy Fawkes's frustration] I have brought down my Easel, and spent the morning in painting. Mrs Spawton without asking any Question brings in My

Mutton Chops and potatoes, and goes out again silently (for she seems to understand what I like) I had just finished, thanked God, and taken a glass of Shrubb and water, wishing you health at the same time, when she laid the letter on the table, it came by way of a most excellent desert and finished my meal most rationally —When I have done this I shall go to the Academy and afterwards to half a Play—do you think now that I am ever melancholy ? on the contray I never spent my time better or lived happier than I do now—the feeling myself in easy circumstances goes a great way, for I hope I shall be able to live as I do now, without retrenching any article, and come right at the year's end.

As to Nancy :

Mr Tapp has ordered her shoes and stockings and some money for tea, but she is very ungovernable, and tells Mr Smith, she does not understand having cold Mutton and broth, and desires to have Chicken, and Veal, which she has been always used to. . . . In the Marshalsea I find she beat all the women that came in her way,

and accompanied her blows by opprobrious expressions,

but sometimes she had the worst of it—in short if she had not been released I think they would have given her liberty to keep the prison quiet.

The beverage which George denominated " shrubb," but which is more usually written " shrub," will be probably unknown to modern readers ; in an old book of recipes I find two varieties described : Currant Shrub, which was composed by dissolving one pound and a half of refined sugar in two quarts of black, red or white-currant juice, and stirring the mixture into one gallon of old Jamaica rum ; and Rum Shrub, the directions for compounding which run as follows : " Rum, one

pint; orange and lemon juice, of each half a gill; orange and lemon peel, a small quantity; sugar, one ounce; dissolve in one pint and a half of water. A very minute portion of tartaric acid may be added by those who prefer a perceptible acidity."

In another paragraph of this same letter, George announced that, if he could contrive to pack it, he proposed to send soon "a few bottles of most excellent Shrubb, as it is such as you cannot get I am persuaded at Cirencester, and of a cold winter night with hot Water, will, (as the Countryman said) wrap round your hearts like a Blanket."

The reason, also, for preferring to see "half a Play" may appear as mysterious as the nature of "shrubb." There was a custom, now extinct, of admitting spectators for half-price at a certain late stage of the performance.

Two days later George was rejoicing in a false report.

I hope you have seen the last Gazette and heard all the good news about Burgoyne and Howes Success.—which we believe here as much as if we had it confirmed by authority.

Early in December George was forming good resolutions. After remarking that he wasted all his free time by jaunting about "and get colds into the bargain by travelling in damp coaches," he proceeded:

I see the folly, and this day begin a reformation. I go to bed to night by 11 o Clock, I shall carry home an amusing book with me, or write a Lett. to T——d—and rise early walk to Black friars or round St Paul's, and pursue this as long as resolution will last—is not this *wise done.*

That he did write "a Lett. to T——d," that is a letter to Miss Townsend, is clear; a neat draft of such a letter, dated on December the 9th, holds the next

place in the collection, and on the 11th he told his brother that he " had this moment dispatched a letter " to her.

A few days ago my brother unexpectedly gave me the pleasure of his Company entering my room covered with Clay like a courier. I never saw the cloth so stained before, but as the outside is not all, with me I even discovered the goodness of his intention through the dirt of his drapery and felt myself really obliged by the visit—there is a pleasure in such unexpected rencontres, and I speak with truth, if I had a friend in the western Isles of Scotland, who loved society (and was master of my time) Gladly would I set out in the dark month of January to give him pleasure, and the thought of it would make every accomodation on the road agreable. These are a sort of voluntary confessions of regard which it is every day in our power to make, and the mere proposing of them to ourselves serves as a very good test of our affection.

Thank heaven there is yet an other way of expressing our good wishes to those we esteem : if we *write to*, it is impossible but we *should think of them*, and the oftener we write etc etc—What a fine contrivance you will say have I found out to excuse my scribbling, but I beseech you not to think so for I never thought of such a construction till I had finished the Paragraph—I here solemnly declare that I write to you because I cannot resist the impulse and if you read and pardon, I confess is all I have a right to expect from your good nature but if you answer them sometimes, be assured I feel how much I am your Debtor you have indeed made me so by telling my brother you were obliged by my little services, he gave me likewise the pleasure of hearing that you talk of riding, as I am sensible if used moderately and at proper hours, at this season it is very beneficial, nothing will keep off lowness of spirits better, which I think you are subject to :—Depend on this there is no Physick like those amusements which exhilerate the

spirits, the use of them and a certain portion of indiference about worldly concerns, go a great way towards establishing health in a slight constitution—I can readily believe that too much sensibility has carried off numbers of females, and the misfortune is there are people who instead of struggling against, encourage this subtle destroyer—pardon me for hoping you persue a contrary conduct—

Before my brother left Town he was very desirous of knowing the fate of y^r^ Ticket that he might drop the news on his return, but I shifted him off without his information—It is possible if it had been drawn and a Blank, we would have been the Messenger (for I shall ever feel myself disinclined to say any thing to you but good) but as it was then and is now in the wheel, I confess I kept my knowledge to go along with a Letter as an excuse for writing again—all I can plead in extenuation is, that as most people can find pretences for every trifle they are inclined to, it is not to be wondered at that I have one in readyness to justify what gives me the greatest pleasure in the world—I mean the frequently assuring you that I am in all sincerity, an admirer of your merits, and your obliged friend,

G. Cumberland.

Dec 9. 1777.

Mr. Smith's expected visit to Gloucestershire occurred about this time, and turned out very unfortunately. The best account of the disagreement, the nominal ground of which was an agreement with the local farmers about the tithes, occurs in a letter of somewhat later date, which will be found on p. 170.

Richard must have written particulars to George (or possibly he rushed to London for a conversation with his brother—who mentions to Miss Townsend his having come up unexpectedly), for on December the 16th the younger, in the course of a letter to Driffield, observed that

when you told me how readyly the farmers came into your proposal I suspected danger immediately. I advised you to be on your guard because I have ever been of opinion that there are scarce any notions of honour among Farmers, with them self is all, and sense is cunning. Knowing Mr Smith I am not surprised that his fiery temper should be blown up to the flame you found it in, he is in his own disposition honest and unsuspecting—but easily persuaded to suspect and in the hands of Sycophants and knaves may be worked up to any pitch of extravagance. Yet I think he might (with his little knowledge of the case) have believed your story before the farmers—but they used his interest as the means to persuade—and he loving his own property (as most people do) and abhorring ingratitude, readyly caught at the bait—every thing fell before them, and it was determined you must be wrong.

He mentioned also having called upon Richard's namesake, the dramatist.

My reception was polite, finding I had nothing to ask and I was told they would always be glad to see me to dine when I had leisure . . . the two young Ladies are amazingly grown, but Mrs Cumberland younger and handsomer than either of them.

Richard's next letter, which was evidently not the first he had written about his troubles, expressed satisfaction that

you have not mentioned our difference . . . perhaps he may think less of it than I do, as he went away in good Humour. Pray endeavour to see him, the first Day he comes to Town.

On December the 29th Mrs. Cumberland wrote from Driffield to her son in London :

My Dear Child, Driffeld 29th *Decr* 1777.

You cannot think how unhappy I am at not writing to you in so long a time I think I am grown stupede I

am always accusin myself of neglect yet have I no Resolution to set pen to paper the truth is I can nither indite nor spell which is the reson I have never wrote to any of my friends I thank you for your kind presant it is exceeding good and very acceptable this cold weather I intend to send a cake as soon as I get eggs to make it I am sorry I have nothing better: I hope this will meet you Return from Richmond in health and spirits let me know how you spent your Christmas and all the chit chat you can I am very sorry to hear your Cosins are so ill pray let me know how they are as soon as you can I thank God I am very well in health but have not been in spirits sence the affaire with Mr Smith but I hope it will be cleard up to him. as your Brother is a going to write shall say no more only must desire if you have any Regard for me you will be careful of your health I sumtimes please myself with the thoughts of your haveing a good prise I sincerely wish it my compliments to all friends wishes for your health and happyness am your afect Mother,

Eliz Cumberland.

Richard took the occasion of a maternal sending to enclose a few lines, without involving his brother in paying postage for them.

Dear Geo.,

Though I wrote but last Teusday, yet as our good Lady is going to draw a hot Cake out of the Oven to send you, I will not miss the opportunity of writing. I am just return'd from taking a look round my Fields, which I generally do after dinner, and in so doing cannot help now and then taking notice of those which I have only a small share. Riding thro' the Stubble Feild, I happend to ask what they little Farmers who have no Cornland gave for leave to mow Wheat stubb and was surpriz'd when the[y] told me 4s an Acre, which is the most I can hope to get in lieu of the tenth sheaf, and sets such a Composition in a very mild light. Talking with Farmer Howell on their Expenses he shewed me lately

a very fine Crop of Wheat, and solemnly assured me it stood him in 6£s an Acre on the ground—if so I told him, he ought [ ] make 10£s when thrashed out, and yet he'd think 10s too much for the Tithe, to which he had nothing to reply—You'll observe they cannot sow Wheat above one year in four.

. . . On Monday last . . . I took a ride to Ciceter, and had the pleasure of receiving a note from Miss Townsend acquainting me with her Intention of dining with us next Day and taking a Bed, and desiring me to meet her at Fairford I invited Miss Timbrell to meet her, and the next Morning about eleven set out for Fairford. It was a thick Fog attended with Frost so that the Roads were extreemly dangerous and I depended on finding her in a Carriage if she came at all. You may judge my surprize when about 3 Miles from our house I met her mounted on a spirited little palfry with only a Servant and her habit powderd with the Hoar Frost—She held out her hand to me with her natural Ease and chearfulness, and instead of complaining of the severity of the Weather, and the danger of the Road, entertaind me the rest of the Way with a variety of Chit Chat, as if entirely at her Ease as we rode gently on or now and then set off in a Gallop over such Roads as had like to have overset both Rosinante and his Rider. In short she is a wonderful Girl and has the most extraordinary flow of spirits I ever met with. Molly Timbrel came over and we passed one of the most chearful Days I have known at Driffield. Next Morning I rode with them to Ciceter—twas one before we set out and we just got to Ciceter in time to dine at Timbrells and then Townsend being determined to return home that Afternoon I determined to accompany her—having some business to transact with her Lawyer, we stopt at his Door in the high Street and without dismounting or being in the least disconcerted she signed her Name to a Writing and made an Affidavit, notwithstanding a Gentleman she knew came up and stared at her during the Transaction. I mention these trifles to you because

I think they are Characteristic—It was between 3 and 4 e'er we got out of the Town and then she had 15 Miles to ride thro the dirtiest Road you can conceive. She did all she coud to persuade me not to go home with her, but on my insisting, permitted me, and tho dark soon after we set out never expressed the least alarm or Apprehension of Danger or Uneasiness, but enterd into Conversation in a manner that beguiled the Way.—I just took some Refreshment at Buscott, and tho much pressed to stay, the next Day being Xmas Day I refused and got home not without peril by 10 o Clock—By what I can find her Situation at Buscot is far from being pleasant, Mrs Loveden being her opposite in Character and her brother a mere Sportsman. She is in better health than ever and looks as well, and for want of better amusement talks of hunting this Winter—and going to Town in the Spring.

The first letter of the new year came from George, who wrote on January the 1st, 1778, and recounted how he had visited Mr. James, the father of Richard's former pupils,

who talked much of your situation, and said he should if possible find out for you some pupils—he wished you was within 30 miles of him, as then he said he would immediately send his boys to you. I played with them before dinner, till I could stand no longer, and to oblige Mr James, attempted to get a sketch of Joseph's face. . . . Sunday Mr Saml and Richd Long came down with their Sister, to go to the Ball on Monday at the Talbot, where they had 100 people of fashion, luckyly I was obliged to go to Town and so escaped it. . . . In conversation with Mr Tapp I could not avoid telling him that Mr Smith had not been at Driffield. I said you and him had settled the Living at the rate you mention that instead of going to D. he had sent for you over to Cirencester, where he staid two or three days and then set out for Abingdon and Oxford, in haste I supposed to see his Sister who was exceeding ill.

He diverged to mention that " Mrs Balchen of Goodman's Fields died on Monday," and that " The Old Man is I hear much shocked at it," and returned to the subject of Mr. Tapp, who

said to me the other day that he should by no means think of John's being with you without paying in some way for the trouble he gave. I told him you had I was sure, no such wish, and that you would readyly afford him any service in your power, without any interested motive— but he rejoined that He could not by any means agree to his being with you, unless you would be paid for his board &c, and in that case, nothing he thought would be more likely to restore his health especially as John earnestly desires it.

John was their cousin, John Balchen, of Newington, who was now somewhere about eighteen and was showing signs of consumption, to which the whole of the Newington family were subject.

Richard, on the 5th, replied. He had ridden to Cirencester " in expectation of an answer to a Letter of Mine, sent to the Post on Teusday last in the Morning," which letter had contained

a Page of common place from Mother—the rest was filled by your humble Servant with an account of a Visit made rather unexpectedly by Miss Townsend to Driffield, with some little anecdotes of that Lady not worth repeating. . . . What Mr Tapp mentiond of paying for John's Board rather vexes me, as I look upon it as a Cut of humble Pye, the natural Consequence of some late Transactions. I shall oppose accepting any thing as far as possible as I shoud be exceedingly glad of his Company as a Visitor but not as a Boarder for a few weeks. Mother begs you'll make her Compts to Mr and Mrs Tapp and tomorrow being his Birth Day, is determined to drink his health in a glass of his own Wine

wishing him many happy returns of the Day. This as opportunity serves.

George, next day, was inditing a somewhat agitated letter.

½ past 11. *Jan* 5. 1778.

My Dear friend let me talk with you a Little I cannot rest without convincing you at least of my inclination to write—I often cry out when alone and filled with careful thoughts, am I never to find rest ? must paultry concerns for ever disquiet me ? shall I go on always thus, and at last quit this world dissatisfied with myself and every thing in it ?—Assuredly I was not sent here to be unhappy—In this manner I reply—Cease to be depressed at every opposition to thy wishes—desire nothing which is unlikely to be, magnify thy good fortune, submit to thy bad, call the ills that befall thee common events and thou wilt be happy.—Just so I thought before I took up this pen, just so, I often think and the end is—I resolve within myself that I will plan a life of real usefulness—doing good and seeking opportunities of doing it, bearing all events patiently and seeking no satisfaction but that which arises from the consciousness of a life well spent—forgiving at the moment I am offended, and offending no one—Charmed with these delightful resolutions, I retire to my Chamber, address myself to the Almighty with the utmost humility, and fall asleep fill[d] with the pleasing vision—

If this could last it were well,—the next day perhaps some unthought of concern rises in my mind I fret at the neglect,—a person offends me,—and I resent it—I give offence without intending it—and upon the discovery, am out of humour for so doing. To be short, the whole string of my good resolutions go to ruin, one by one and then I begin to recollect them and set out afresh :—there are two lines which I often repeat and they beget in me a momentary enthusiasm—They are these,

> For this fair Virtue welcome all the past
> For this fair Virtue welcome e'n the last.

But the impression flies the moment I mix with the world and then a french Ballad is perhaps uppermost.

Shall I tell you the result of this ? I grow more than humble—I hate myself—and am enraged at my own weakness. In these moments I fall from the hight of mirth into the profoundest melancholy, upon a sudden thought coming cross me that it is folly—and when I have been tempted to laugh at an irreligious jest—I have felt a heavyness *exceeding care.*—Enough of confessions, I must go to bed—and shall only say, that at present, and always, I am convinced that content alone is true happiness, and the means—by religion and virtue—

6th *Jan.*—These were my last thoughts, last night, I read them over to see if they can be of any service to me to day—I thought in my heart but this moment that I would not send them to you—reflection has convinced me that I am wrong—why is it that we are afraid to divulge these sensations that do us most honour ? Wherefore should I conceal from my best, *real* friend, that I sometimes resolve well tho I do not always act so—Good Heaven ! that example should teach us to appear so unlike ourselves—How different this World and the next ! what we blush to reveal here, is what we shall be proud to acknowledge there—what we now boast of, will be our shame—But here we are judged of men, there of Angels—

Writing thus fortifies my mind—thinking thus secures me from being wholly carried away by evil example, and communicating such emanations of my mind to you who I am sure think and act much better—is both a relief and a pleasure—for as I love you I wish you to think well of me—I trust I shall not be deceived in the opinion I have formed of your heart—because it is the result of experience—If it were possible I should, I here declare to you, I should grow a Misanthrope in every sense—A Thousand thanks for your last—it communicated spirits to me as I read it—what you mention are characteristic, characteristic of a good heart

—but think you my dear friend in sincerity, I am worthy of being blessed with the regard of an amiable female ? and think you there are hopes from that Quarter ? Weigh the matter coolly, *for I cannot*—and tell me the result of your opinion—fairly—openly—I have resolution tho I am biassed—something tells me (like prudence) that I could for life be happy with her—for 10 years only with any other—Ignorant as I am I know the difference between mere love, and love added to esteem —I know the one in some circumstances may suffice —I know the other can never fail—

Jan 7 evening—As I had not this in my pocket yesterday I was forced to scribble a line merely for the sake of enclosing a Post Bill for £10. payable to your order —it came into my head that you would possibly come more immediately, indeed when I wrote last I was in doubt whether you would approve of my appropriating any part of the Money to the purpose of paying Mr Ekins tho you said you could spare £10 and it was not much more—when the rent was brought to account— But what was I to do, my word was given to Mr E. it should be paid.—I had reced no salary nor Rent, nor had any to pay it with, and you know it was not on my own account I enterd into the engagement—before I got your last to day, I had determined to pluck up Spirit, and ask Mr E. to continue to loan again—he has done so and I have again promised it shall be discharged soon— if it was in my power I would pay it out of my own pocket but my Mother and you are sensible it is not— In consequence of this you may [ ] and if the account be £23. 10. 2 I am not sure that is the sum and add to the other side the £10 I have remitted yesterday—I shall send no more till I hear from you again—but I beseech you let my Mothers accounts and yours continue in one as I have stated it, otherwise with three or 4 others that I have I shall make some mixture that will confuse me and as you are with her it will be better—I assure you my own is a *boot*, for I have no time to keep it—the first Bill for £20 shall

be paid when it comes to hand—but why do you tell me of Stocks and farms as if I doubted you—believe me what I have is not more my own than yours—when I have a little settled my own small debts, which I always call in at Xmas, if I have any thing remaining I will tell you some thing I shall have, for I got £10 added to my Gratuity to buy. . . .

A week later George sent news from " St. Clement's Coffee Ho. Sunday Jan. 11. 1778," of his approaches to Mr. Smith, the present state of whose temper both brothers were desirous of ascertaining.

No pain on my part was omitted to get informd of the day when Mr Smith came to Town, that I might see him before he had met that person whom I and you Suspect, is the poisoner of his Mind—and accordingly, I went there on Friday Evening as soon after he came to Town as possible—I was let in, to the passage, and the servant announced me—thro the open door I saw Mr Smith sitting—and had the dissatisfaction to hear him say,—Tell him I am busy, am engaged—tell him to call an other time—I did not wait for the maid to deliver, what I had heard—and she only said—My Master is not very well—he is tired with his Journey &c, &c—I did not altogether like the circumstance but thought it might be so. Today before 2 I went again—Mr Smith came out—I presented my hand and he took it but kept pushing towards the Street door—I asked a question or two as fast as the time would permit me, to which he ansrd as fast. How does Mrs Smith ?—She's Well thank you.—Your Sister ?—Very bad.—we shall be glad to see you when we come to Town again—we are going into the Country—to Oxford—Yes—good bye to you—*I wish you well*—From thence I came to dine here. . . . I find since I was there, that they do not go to Oxford till next week, so must look on Mr S. behavior as a genteel way of forbidding me his house—but be assured I shall make another effort—and he shall

speak plainer before I understand him—this on your account—for on my own, I declare the friendship has given me so often uneasyness, and been so tickelish to manage that the loss of it without any fault of mine, would give me but little uneasyness—by this I mean, since Mr S. has been surrounded by such a set of Sycophan[ts].

By " Wednesday Morng 14. Jan." George had a more cheerful theme.

You must come to Town as soon as you possibly can—Mr Long was with me this Morning and did me the pleasure to say that he believed he had hit on a plan which would be likely to turn out beneficial to you, with regard to Pupils, and had an intention of sending one of his own Sons, (I suppose William) to be under your care—there are two others he hinted but said he would talk with you when you came to Town as that he thought would be the best way. Mr Cross has been with me [ ] I wrote this, and we have had some conversation about it. He says he believes it is Richard—if so the plan I suspect will be to place him as a boarder—to amuse his mind with diversion and liesure—He is good tempered, and has an agreeable outward carriage—but I fear his [his] mind does not afford the most promising prospect. I told Mr L. I believed you could very well contrive to accomodate 3 at present &c, &c—of which we will talk when we meet. . . . Do not forget to call at Buscott in your way and tell Miss Townsend that her ticket is a Blank. Ask if she got mine with an account of its being undrawn and say I would have wrote again, but was ashamed to be for ever tiring her with Lettrs.

The next letter from Richard, written before he had received that despatched on the previous day, which was to make so great a change in his domestic affairs, set forth in detail his negotiations in the matter of tithes with the local farmers.

Thursday night 15 *Jan*^{y}.

Dear George,

Tho I wrote you a long Letter this week (on Teusday I think) yet having left some things unsaid, for want of Room, I am determined to trouble you with another As I just mention'd the difference I had found in assessing the Farmers at Harnhill, I will beg your patience, while I state the case from first to last. After having assessed Driffield at 3. 6 on enclosed 2. 6^{d} on Common Field and 2^{s} on Grass Land—I turn'd my thoughts towards Harnhill—and after considering it in the same light as Driffield found that if I raised it by the Acre the augmentation would be much greater especially on M^{r} Smiths Farm which woud have been considerably more than doubled—accordingly I changed my method and knowing that an assessment on the Pound woud fall easy on Howell M^{r} S. tenant I declared my Intention of laying it in that manner and to take off Imputation of partiallity said that Driffield being part Tithe Free I was oblig'd to go by the Acre but Harnhill not having that objection I shoud take the easiest Method. The only difficulty that remained was how much in the pound to demand—This depending on their Rents —and being sensible that either 4. 6 or even 4^{s} which M^{r} Ekins mentiond, woud run up higher than I wished —I determined to see M^{r} Smith before I did any thing at Harnhill, and waited on him as I told you at Bath. In a long conversation I had with him—for we were almost alone the whole morning—I acquainted him with what I had done at Driffield and what I proposed doing at Harnhill—adding that on the whole I hoped to make the Livings worth 200 a year, which sum I mention'd, as being the most, I ever expected to make— He was perfectly agreeable, made no objections, thought it a pretty Income, and what I might live very comfortably upon, and very readily acquainted me with the Rent of his Farm 122$\mathcal{L}^{s}$ adding at the same Time that he had been lately offered 50$\mathcal{L}$ a year more for it— that he beleived Howell the Tenant had a good Bargain

of it—and told me an anecdote of that Family—that when he was about to let it, the late Lord Coleraine sent to him, and in the most friendly Manner caution'd him to be on his Guard in making any agreement with the Howells, who he represented as the most artful people on Earth—tho very good Farmers—He had this from experience as old Howell rents the best Farm at Driffield.

A few days after my return from Bath I called the Harnhill people together, and told them I shoud accept 3. 6^{d} in the pound. None of them started an objection of any Weight, to this proposal and I desired those who chose to agree to sign a paper, signifying that such an agreement was enterd into, and was to continue three years. They read the paper, saw nothing in it to object to, but refused to sign till they had Leave from their Landlords, and desired Time to write to them. As I had not acquainted M^{r} Blackwell with my Intention, I thought this request reasonable in his Tennants, but having consulted M^{r} Smith but a few Days before I told Howell, I saw no objection he had to make as I coud assure him his Landlord approved of the measures I was taking but on his persisting in not signing till M^{r} S. gave him leave—without being asked I sat Down and wrote a Direction to M^{r} Smith at Bath ; and giving it him before the rest, said with some warmth—there M^{r} Howell is your Landlords Direction, but this I must tell you I look on your Behavior in this affair exactly of a piece with your refusing to pay [ ] Rent to M^{r} Timbrell, tho he shewed you my hand writing for it—and here we parted. You may remember the affair I referd to when I wrote to Timbrell by M^{r} Smiths desire to receive his Rent—and instead of paying it he wrote a plausible Letter to M^{r} Smith and threw the blame of not paying it on Timbrell—Encouraged by his former success he set off immediately to Bath, and so wrought on M^{r} S. that he made him beleive that I was taking 21 pounds a year out of my Benefactors pocket and at the same Time endeav^{g} to set aside a modus or

small Tithes by getting them to sign a paper for that purpose—The consequence of this I have told you—He came to Cicester—and to explain my Intentions to him I drew up a scetch of the design'd Improv[t] on Harnhill at 3. 6[d] in the pound—founding my proportion on what I had raised Howell to—thus

	Old Tithe	*New Tithe*
J. Howell .	12. 10. —	21. 7. —
W. Bourton	6 . .	15 . .
J. Hicks .	6. 15 .	11. 3 .
H. Howell	1. 15. 4	2. 18 .
J. Hewlings	2. 19 .	4. 19 .
W. Brush .	. 11 .	. 18 .

This I gave M[r] Smith and he approv[d] a meeting of the Farmers, to know if they agreed to it—first desiring me to take off 6[d] in the pound from his Tenant which reduced his to 18. 6[s]—Our Meeting was to be in the afternoon of the following Day. Previous to it I contrived to see M[r] Blackwell, and asked if he approved of his Tenants setting with me before M[r] S. He replied that he had rather they woud not as he intended to enquire into the Business himself and wished I woud defer it a little while for that purpose. Accordingly we only settled with M[r] Hewlings—W[m] Brush as above and J Howell except the odd 6[d] which M[r] S. made me bate him. Since that M[r] Blackwell sent me word he had not time to consider it, and wished me to settle with his Tenants. We met the other Day, and I made them the same offer as before 3. 6[d] in the pound, but on finding Hicks rented 100 and Bourton 120£ a year—and that the Tithe of one woud amount to 18 the other to 21£[s] I immediately took off 6[d] in the £ the same as from M[r] Smiths Tenant and gave that as my final answer tho had they accepted it, I meant to have remitted voluntarily all above what it amounted to in M[r] Smiths scheme and hinted I might throw back something—but M[r] Howell refusing to pay more than 20£[s] a year, no Business was done, and before we parted I told them it was the last Time I shoud give myself the trouble to fix a meeting

to no purpose. This is the state of the case only I shoud have told you that W. Bourton happening to be at Mr S. meeting saw himself there set down at £15 and on that account only is unwilling to agree to pay more—I since find that J. Howell has such a Bargain in his Tithes, that I might venture to offer him the 18£s instead of his paying it me, for leave to take up—Your advice how to proceed will much oblige,

Yours affectly,

R. D. Cumberland.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

It is clear that Richard was anxiously just and moderate in his dealings with these his parishioners, but he had perhaps rather too strong a sense of the degree of virtue which he was exercising towards them, and—not being himself a countryman, nor long established among them —was disposed to hurry them a little more than is agreeable to rustic habits of mind, and may easily have aroused their suspicion. He was, it may be remembered, still but a young man; ten years later he would probably have known how to carry through his scheme with much less friction.

Between the 15th and the 26th he had been to London, seen Mr. Long and arranged to receive two boys, one of them a son, the other a ward—perhaps a nephew—of his, in the course of the next fortnight. An elder Long was to come somewhat later and to be prepared for Oxford.

On the 26th George in London received a letter which annoyed him extremely. He wrote marking the time as "2 o' Clock," probably within an hour of receiving it.

I opened your Lett. this moment with a pish, because after my frequent hints it came unsealed.—I declare

it was on your account and not on my own that I grumbled :—I read on four lines,—" now said I he has told the T——ls " [Timbrells] " or God knows who, all his opinion about a young Lady, perhaps of their acquaintance—but when I found it was T——d you were speaking of I grew warm—what devil possesses him to be so incautious of my Secrets—if the T——ls get only a hint of my partiallity, I am lost."

Having finished my scolding and Vented my indignattion—I will finish my other business and then return to your Lett.

4 *o Clock.*

While my beef Stake is dressing at the Eating house I seize the pen again, and thank you for only telling me that T. enquired after me, tho by your saying no more, I imagine it was in a very indifferent manner. I begin to fear somebody has told her it is imprudent to correspond with me for I have not heard from her these two months tho I have wrote twice in that time to Bath. . . . Your velvet is dyed and at the same time an Old blew silk waistcoat, which was found in the Chest also Teagel [or perhaps Seagel] was with me this Morng and I proposed to him to make you two pair of breeches out of the velvet, but he assured me it would make little more than one—however I squeessed a promise from him that he would contrive to get a Waistcoat and Breeches from the stuff, and to save backs and linings, he is to make them of the Old waistcoat, which will serve no other purpose, being as full of holes as a seive.—The Dyers bill which I have paid comes to 18/—but the things I send will be worth to you £6—so that I do not think it was a bad scheme.

A gentleman frequently mentioned, generally as " my friend James," in Richard's earlier letters is the writer of the next communication, which bears the postmark of January the 26th and was directed to Richard at " Mr Sprawton's, 37 Friday Street," where it was too late to find him. " My friend James," who must not

be confused with his namesake of Ham, to whose sons Richard had been tutor, was, like his correspondent, a clergyman and had evidently been invited to undertake the duties of a curate at Driffield and Harnhill, and to assist in the education of the expected pupils. He expressed the greatest willingness to do so, but was afraid there might be a difficulty about the length of notice necessary before leaving his present post, the rather that " my Rector is very warm and hasty."

On February the 5th George probably sent to Miss Townsend the letter of which a draft, bearing that date, appears. It mentions that Richard had been staying in London and had gone home, taking with him two pupils, and that he had " a third coming to be trained for the Surplice and Gown." After speaking of the visit that Miss Townsend had paid at Driffield, George continued in a rather bolder strain than he had ever ventured before :

> In a word I have an opinion that you communicate a satisfaction wherever you go—In this I judge from my own sensations when you are so good as to treat me with a line, and I begin to hope it will not be a long time before I add another of yours to a small parcel which I set more value by than I may perhaps be allowed to express.

He went on to speak of a recent visit to the theatre, where he had seen

> Miss More's Tragedy, and was much pleased with the representation of it, which notwithstanding the weakness of our Covent Garden Theatre, was almost as well performed as I think she could have desired. The language I think is characteristick of the times she wishes to represent, and the female characters truly feminine and delicate. Its fault if you call it such is what her Poem is not without, it excites pity to such a degree as

to become painful and distressing. Mr Cumberland's Battle of Hastings at the other house is likewise well played and is I think a pleasing tragedy—he has had a little more mercy on our feelings, which is objected to him as a fault, but to me who am no friend to slaughter and destruction, he stands acquitted—without any partiallity I must say I think it a pleasing tragedy.

Within a day or two of the writing of this letter Richard must have written that which appears below. He having accidentally dated it with the number of the year just finished it stands in the collection much earlier than those which explain the plan that was to give " new Inhabitants " to Driffield.

Driffield 9th Febr 7. 77.

Dear George,

I write by the first post to acquaint you with our safe arival here yesterday to Dinner. In our way Down we slept at Oxford, where I heard nothing but what was satisfactory respecting Mr Longs plans of being admitted there. We supped that Night at Maudlin with Mr Matthews who Breakfasted with us the next morning and was very intelligent about Degrees, method of living, and other things of that Nature, and in the end convinced me that Oxford was to be prefer'd to Cambridge especially for one in Mr Longs Situation, and that a small College would be more convenient than a larger Society.

I have been this morning to visit our new Neighbour Mr Lambert and am highly pleased with his manner and Behavior which is perfectly easy and agreable. Mrs Lambert too is a very agreable woman, or somewhat more and they have a fine little Boy about 5 years old, whom I have invited to play with mine. I found every thing right at Driffield and hope we shall make it agreable to its new Inhabitants—they are both well and in good Spirits, as you may tell Mr Long when you see him. I shall take it as a favour if you will send the Box and a

Loaf of 9d Sugar by the next Waggon—As I shall soon be oblig'd to trouble you with some more Commissions and have great Expences coming on here it will be necessary to take up the remainder of Mr Cross's Money in a little Time unless our own can be sold out as soon as settled—Let me know which you think best, as I have only 6 or 7 guineas left after paying the Expenses of our Journey—Let me hear from you soon and beleive me dear George,

Yours affectionately,

R. D. Cumberland.

Mr George Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

A gossiping letter from Richard speaks feelingly of the illness of another of the Balchen sisters, "poor Susan," and refers again to the proposed visit of her brother John to Driffield, who could still be accommodated "without Difficulty if he will take up with a Bed in my Room"—an arrangement to which, in the case of a consumptive person, medical science had not yet seen reason to object. So far were our ancestors from supposing such patients either dangerous to their neighbours or in need on their own account of fresh air, that the accepted treatment, at this period, was to keep them throughout the winter season in one heated room, to which their kindly friends resorted as much as possible, in order to keep them amused. In these conditions the disease was apt to carry off member after member of a family—as was the case with the Balchens. That Richard did not contract it from John during a visit of some duration, in which the lad slept (doubtless with closed windows) in the same room, seems to show that he had not that tendency to it which he seems to have supposed. The passion of both Cumberland brothers

for spending long hours out of doors was doubtless of advantage to their health; Richard, in particular, from being a delicate youth, seems to have become a hale man.

The eldest pupil, Richard Long, was not to come until Lady Day, and

there are several Things I coud wish to have done before he comes to make the place agreeable, such as getting another or better Servant—finishing my Repairs and Buildings. . . . You desire to know how my mother likes her new Employ. You may easily form a Judgment of her behavior in it from her general Character. She likes the Boys and indulges them, in spite of all I can say, to an Excess, at the same Time, I cannot persuade her to comply with certain forms necessary in the management of a Boarding House, nor tho so essential now, to put the best Face on things they will bear—however hope in Time to convince her of the necessity of it.

On the last day of February he was writing again about his domestic plans.

Finding it impracticable to get the new Room built by that Time (Lady Day) I have ceiled one of the Garrets and with a little Paper shall soon make it the pleasantest Room in the House. I design it for Myself. The Boys sleep in the Green Room, and Mr Long will have the Blue.—This must be the plan till the new Room is finished, for which all the Timber is cut out, and I have open'd a Slate Quarry at Harnhill which promises well. . . . My young Friends are well, and turn out better than I at first expected, especially Long—the other is rather too nice and delicate—he seems to have a good Disposition at the bottom but has been ruined, by a false mode of Education.

The word " nice," it should be remembered, had not in the eighteenth century lost, as it has with us, all definiteness of signification, but indicated a quality of

fastidiousness, with perhaps a shade of fussiness; the Scotch "pernickety" comes near to being an equivalent; "delicate" is akin to it, and means something near to "dainty," "particular."

The next letter, also from Richard, is dated merely "Monday night," but the postmark—March 10th—is more precise. A box had just arrived at Driffield, and "tho it is late," Richard could "not go to bed in Peace without thanking you." George, whose lively imagination enabled him, no doubt, to put himself in the place of others, had been unusually happy in his choice of sendings.

The Glasses are all whole, and will be of use in our Family; the Line is the very Instrument that I most wanted as not an Acre of my Glebe is measured, which is attended with many Inconveniences and deceptions. Mother is much obligd to You for the Pepermint Drops and Pocket Book—the newspaper too (Augst 1770) [Whether the words in the parenthesis formed part of the original letter or were written in later, perhaps by George, I cannot be certain] entertained her much—we put it into her hands for a new one and she read it very seriously, till she came to a paragraph, mentioning that Wheat Harvest had begun last week in Herts—And then asked us with the utmost simplicity if it was not very soon to begin Harvest, and was perfectly satisfied with our saying they were forwarder than we were.

This last incident I take to be conclusive evidence that Mrs. Cumberland was not a countrywoman.

George had been expressing an opinion that his brother should now marry, and had proposed to look him out a suitable lady.

You have undertaken a difficult Task, I must Confess as these Matters generally go, to find a good Woman—one that you can recommend as a Wife to your Friend—

and I esteem it the best Proof you can give of Your Friendship, but before you can be in earnest in the Search, You must be convinced that I am too, which is I can assure you the Case—but pray who is this beauteous Widow you correspond with without seeing—do you say this to whet my Curiosity but You know I am proof against Beauty, and think neatness and good Nature every thing in a Wife, with these she cannot be ugly, and without them must be disagreeable. . . . Every thing goes well at home and the old Lady is well to a Miracle. Thank Heaven my Lot has fell [fell] in a fair Ground, and I begin to think Driffield the Monpellier of England. Out of upwards of 100 People in our Parish, I have buried only one Old Man turn'd of 80, since I have been here which I think extraordinary as we have so many Children and so great an app[earance] of poverty and Want among them.

Richard was, during Lent, holding Sunday evening services—or perhaps lectures, the word is torn—for young people, " and have succeeded beyond my expectation, as they attend constantly and are very Attentive." From many little hints in the correspondence I am led to believe that Richard Cumberland was a good teacher and had a happy way with children. His temper seems to have been even, his mind not too rapid, and he took that pleasure in common, concrete details which puts an adult pleasantly on a level with young companions. He always appears on good terms with his juniors. Evidently, also, his relations with his poorer parishioners were more cordial than with those who were " titheable." He went on, now, to remark :

One thing I am convinced of that the Ignorance of the Common People arises more from the Negligence of those who ought to teach them, than from their own Carelessness and Stupidity, as we are apt to call it.

On the 11th it is announced that

John Balchen is arrived. I met him this Morning at Barnsley and put him on the old horse, which conveyd him safe home—he is very well after his Journey, and already intimate with D. and L. who with my Mother are playing at Whist, while I write so you will not wonder at the stile of this—

a remark which suggests, on the part of the Driffield players, something short of the hushed silence proper to a game of whist. The last paragraph of the letter contains news of more direct personal interest to George.

I heard the other Day Miss Townsend is in Town, but coud not learn where or with whom—suppose you have found her by this Time as two such congenial Spirits cannot be long in the same City without meeting. Perhaps the lady in Southampton Buildings you breakfast with on Examination may prove the same, let me know.

That this guess was correct the following letter will show :

Tuesday even^g Mar 16, 1778.

Dear Brother,

When we were last together, if you remember, you promised to consult me, on any matrimonial scheme you should undertake, and I did the same—we then had some conversation about Miss T—— and you advised me to improve any advantages, when she next was in Town.—In consequence of that opinion of yours—I will now tell you how that business stands at present, that you may form a Judgment of my prospects—

On Monday week, I had the good fortune to call at my Lodgins and find a note from her, asking my company to the play or if inconvenient, desiring me to step up before the play began to her Lodgins in Southampton build^g.—I need not say I was overjoyed, and lost no time, she was with a M^r and M^rs Baxter, of

Leicestershire, with whom she had been all last Summer, —I took them under my care, found Mrs B. an agreeable woman, and supped with them—My sensasion on seeing her was that of pleasure and pain—which took away all my vivacity—I have often forced a smile but never laught in my heart since,—I cannot say or act a Jest, while I have something so serious to engage my mind— and of course am respectful and stupid ;—On Wednesday I spent the whole morng in going to Lord Therrys and the Painters with them and she expressed much entertainment—and Sunday morng I called to paint Miss T. Picture—I sketched it and they being engaged to Dinner, I went to the Adelphi Tavern, and afterwards met them in the evening—Yesterday evening I supped with them, today they were to spend the morng with me, they did not come, which mortified me a little, but I have seen them since in a hackney coach, and they have promised to give me a full and sufficient reason tomorrow, if I breakfast with them— I forgot to tell you on Thursday I accompanied Mr and Mrs B. to have their picture began, but Miss T. could not go—Mr Baxter goes home tomorrow night— and leaves the Ladies—on Sunday I go to Mass with them, and on Monday to the Pantheon—so much for the interviews—Miss T. treats me with the utmost affability—and confidence— I have even some slight grounds from her general behaviour and carriage to think that she has no aversion to me—and both Mr and Mrs B have dropped some expressions which I think have an allusion to it—yet I dare not trust my own interpretations—I fear a mistake—and a refusal would sink my spirits perhaps for the remainder of my life— I am cautious of advances lest they should deprive me of the means of further ingratiating myself, and dread a declaration when I am not sure of acceptance.

But supposing her inclination to accompany my wishes —I should have still a doubt if I ought in honour to propose an alliance which I am not convinced would tend to her further happyness—for tho after the strictest

scrutiny I have reason to believe she would make me perfectly so yet I doubt if it would be in my power to render her an eaqual return—Confined as I am in business, what an alteration must take place in her mode of living : —in some measure she must partake of it—women love attentions, and frequent regular absences, almost preclude them—Tender as her health is, should she not be able to live in London, how will it be in my power to afford her that consolation of attendance which ill health requires—and lastly may not the present situation of my finances give room to suspect my sincerity—

All these considerations check my ardour, and as I am determined if I so may to make a good husband, so I carefully examine myself, lest fortune should betray me into a state, which to be happy, should be free from such motives—In a word, I think, I ought and am determined, by some means, to state clearly my present situation and future prospects to Miss T. by [ ] hint at my intentions—for I can never bear the [ ] of the least appearance of deceit in that point—and then if this seems to make no apparent alteration in her sentiments—I have a fair and honourable foundation to go upon—you I dare say perceive the situation of my mind from all this Letter—I wish you should, and therefore as I would lay open my case to a physician —I conceal nothing—of course I expect your prescription —not in bad Latin, but good English, not in mystery but in the language of plain friendship—In the mean time

I am yours

G. Cumberland.

P.S. I could not send the box Monday but will tomorrow—while this continues I can do nothing as I ought and the busiest time I have in the office is just now—Susan is rather better, and dined in Town the other day—The Jack was sent by the Cirencester Coach from the Bell Savage Ludgate Hill.

Rev^{d} M^{r} Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester.

Richard, a week later, after a few adverse remarks upon some teaspoons that George had procured for him, and some information about the settling at college of his eldest pupil, Richard Long, came to the subject of George's letter :

Your friendly and open manner of making me your Confidant in an affair of so delicate a Nature obliges me much, tho I fear it will not be in my power to give you any Satisfaction being a perfect Novice in Love. . . . You and I think so differently and look on these things in such various Lights that we shall never agree in our Sentiments I fear and while I am only recommending an Attention to what may make you happy if entered into with coolness and caution and prudence, you are plunging over head and Ears in Nonsense, and talking of being eternally happy or miserable according to your Success in this particular Engagement.

Richard did not perceive any great discrepancy of fortune "as your prospects are considerable." He advised his brother not to rely too much upon a manner towards him that might seem favourable.

She has lived much in the World, and is naturally of a free undisguised Behaviour which compared with that of other Women may appear encouraging, not that I think you have any reason to Despair.

Finally, after pointing out that Miss Townsend was "at her own Disposal and has nobody to consult, or pretend to consult by [way] of evading an explicit answer," he expressed an opinion that such an answer "shoud in these Cases be insisted on as soon as possible."

Though somewhat pressed for money, in consequence of the expenditure necessitated by the preparation of his house for pupils and by the costs of housekeeping until their fees were paid—he had not received these

in advance, as modern teachers generally do—Richard was very well satisfied with his position. His eldest pupil, the rather backward Richard Long, proved a pleasant inmate,

"and betwixt ourselves . . . I prefer him as a pupil to either of the other two—Not that I have any reason to complain of them, for I sincerely think had I picked Westminster and Eaton I coud not have met with two Boys of their Age, less exceptionable on the whole—John is here still, and as stout [i.e. strong] as ever—he frequently walks 8 or 10 Miles a Day, and makes a good Playfellow to the others . . . he is a very honest good natured fellow and does not want Sense, but there is a certain Cockneyishness about him, something of the Jerry Sneak in his Manner and Expression, that makes him appear to the greatest Disadvantage, and I fear it is too late to remedy it now.

The same cheerful frame of mind and also the same need of money continued through the spring. On April the 20th, "Our family here" was reported as going on very well,

and my Pupils please me more every Day . . . Balchen grows Stout and Hearty, eats and sleeps like an Emperor and is indeed much hardier than any of us never taking Cold tho always abroad.

On the previous Saturday Richard had "had our Farmers Feast"; they had come

with cherfulness, paid their Money [i.e. their tithes] without complaining and behaved as usual—some of them staid till near Ten and went home half Sea over . . . Yesterday I gave a Dinner to all the poor Families, Men, Women and Children they had plenty of Beef Roast or Boild and as much Ale as they chose—and on Thursday next My Mother is to entertain the Farmers Wives and Daughters.

Mr. Smith was still estranged and Richard still distressed by that circumstance, but hopeful that the intervention intended by Mr. Tapp might lead to a reconciliation. "Miss T." had now left London and was going to Gloucester; George, it appears, had

not been quite so explicit in Your Sentiment there as I expected. Shall I tell you plainly mine on that Subject. The first *good* Girl I meet with in the Mind, with just enough to pay Fees and preliminary [ ] or on the other Hand, one of the common run with [ ] enough to make amends for triffling Deficiencies and of an amiable Temper—supposing a probability of our making each other as happy as the generality of married People, either of these will [ ] But as I am almost in Despair of meeting with the former, from the experience I have had of them, at least consistent with my Notion of a good Woman, I must e'en do the best I can for myself in the other Way. To tell you the Truth, I think esteem a more promising Ingredient than Love, in the State we are speaking of. Now you know my mind assist me in the Execution of my plan and depend upon it no body's Recommendation will be more attended to than Yours.

At Whitsuntide Richard mentions merry-makings, of which morris-dancing formed a part, an interesting evidence of its persistence in Gloucestershire to a late date. Mere chit-chat occupies the next letter or two, but by the end of June Richard gave utterance to a plaint.

Mother is as well as usual in health, or rather better. In temper much the same, tho now and then a little curbd by the Company of the Boys. Indeed on their Account I find her very useful and only regret she will not endeavor to make herself agreeable.

A day or two later Mrs. Cumberland must have been cheered, if only temporarily, by the receipt of

a couple of Presents sent her from Town one from Mrs Long containing 2 lb Tea 12 lb Sugar, plums, rice &c, &c—the other from Coz Mary of a very pretty Dress Cap with a Berkley Ribbon suit.

"Coz Mary" was Mary Balchen, of Newington, and a "ribbon suit" was a set of ribbons arranged for the neck, sleeves, and sometimes for the waist also. The nature of a "Berkley Ribbon" remains a mystery.

George, replying on June the 29th, wrote, concerning his mother,

I am sorry the country and new objects have not given her new ways of thinking, but now I believe it is an evil that will never be mended, however I think the pupils you have must *of force* do some good—what a pity it is that with so much ability to restrain her temper on some occasions, and with so many good qualities, and so much religion, she does not see the unhappyness it occasions, and be good Natured always.

Much mention is made about this time of a horse which Mr. James of Ham had declared his intention of giving to Richard, and of which the transmission was —like so many other services—left to the ever-willing hands of Richard's brother. After many enquiries as to which of several horses it was, the new owner learned that he might expect a pony called Snip, and that it had been suffering in some manner not particularised, in its neck. The following note, which bears the incredible date of June the 31st, but was written, as the postmark shows, upon the 30th, may serve as a sample of George's many cares on behalf of his family in the country.

Dear Richard,

I send you by the Flying Waggon tomorrow the Horse which will I hope arrive safe by that

conveyance, as Corderoy cannot leave the Royal Exchange any more than myself—the waggoner is I believe to have 10/6 and I shall give him a note to you to give him 2/6 extraordinary to drink provided he delivers him safe and in good order—you may depend on it I shall use every precaution to have him well taken care off, and shall be sorry if it turns out otherwise as the horse is now in the finest order imaginable, the neck is quite well, and I can say nothing ails him but a very slight cold, Mr J [ ] him last Thursday which was rather unlucky [ ] Mondays waggon I found would be too long in going to send him by that conveyance—I could not go over to see him until this afternoon, and as I had occasion to call at Mr Cross' Grosor Square, I took that opportunity to try him—and never rode a horse that walked better he goes a good 5 miles an hour—It is well I did not keep him I assure you.

Adieu,
the Post is going,
G. CUMBERLAND.

June 31, 1778
Revd Cumberland,
Driffelde,
Cirencester,
Glocesre.

But although the letter journeyed, the steed remained behind. Next day George wrote again :

To my great disappointment and I suppose yours also when I calld to-day for your horse to take him over, to the Saracen's Head to deliver to the Waggoner, The Ostler told me he was lame—I immediately suspected he had been placed with some vicious horse who had kicked him, but upon examination no injury appeared, and I observed he could walk over the straw without limping—accordingly I sent for the farrier to take off his shoe when it appeared that all the nails on one side had been drove too close, and one in par-

ticular pressed him much—the farrier said his foot must be stopped and advised some rest,

and Snip's journey was consequently delayed.

A letter of July the 21st throws light upon the costs of country life in the eighteenth century. The board of the two younger pupils was charged at £12 19s. each; "a quarto book" at 1s. 6d. had been purchased for each; one had had two pairs of stockings for 8s., and had had his hair cut at the expense of 1s.; the other had been supplied with an eighteenpenny penknife, and 1s. 8d. had been paid for the letters they had received. The charge for "Journey down" was £5 12s.—a less sum than might have been expected for the conveyance of three persons about a hundred miles. As to the elder Long, his tutor hardly knew how to frame an account for him, having very unwisely settled nothing beforehand as to the rates at which he was to be received.

A Quarter's Board . . . I cannot estimate at less than 20£s . . . I am only affraid of too much stress being laid on his Absense at College and the Presents which have been sent, both of which being precarious ought not to be considered. Suppose we state his Board and Lodging at 30£s. Tuition 30£s. Washing 8£s. Wine (13 Bottles a Week being the least he Drinks) and Tea 20£s. Not to mention his being welcome to bring home what Friends he pleases this I think is as little as any one can estimate and much cheaper on the whole than you can board for in Town.

Three days later George had important news to communicate, which he prefaced by the remark:

I Now think you ought to be by no means anxious about a reconciliation with Mr S.

Mr Tapp one day last week found the opportunity

he has long wanted. Mr and Mrs Smith and Miss Napp [or possibly Nagg] dined with him. I heard of it and waited impatiently for the next day, even began a Lettr fully persuaded in my own mind, that I should have the pleasure to write you word that he was convinced, or at least that Mr T. and the rest would have seen that he *ought to be* so. One would have justified you in the (in the) world's Eye as much as the other. The shock I felt could only be equald by yours (on Mr Smith's first unexpected behaviour to you at the Inn) when I heard Mr Tapp say with a grave and cold countenance, that he was sorry to find no reconcilement could be expected, as you had certainly been the aggressor, had offended Mr Smith past forgiveness and deceived him by concealing what had passed—I was going to say with passion it was all false, that you only was deceived, injured, and abused—I did say with some heat it could not be true—but perceiving Mr Tapp taking fire, with some difficulty I moderated my passion and told him I was ready to hear him declaring at the same time if he proved what he advanced I my self would join in reprobating your conduct—He then told me the particulars of their conversation after dinner In which it [ ] that Mr S. being forced into the Subject, had declared that it was his fixed resolution to have [ ] more to say to any of the family whatever in future, having been insulted by you in the most opprobrious terms, that he had no dispute with you about the Tythes, as they were all amicably settled, but your behaviour to him as Your benefactor was past bearing —and concluded with declaring that you had called him a *Rouge* before Mr Small and all his Company for giving you a means of living.—All this I am sure will give you but little uneasyness, because It convinced me no more than the aspertions of a Lunatick. I interrupted Mr T. here to ask him if he believed all this ? *I did not but hear me out*—to finish our dispute Mrs Smith said these remarkable words. "You know, Sir, I am never for widening breaches, what Mr Smith

has said *is true*, really Mr Cumberland's behaviour was not to be born." The writing this gives me as much pain as the hearing it did, and nothing but the necessity of your knowing it would have forced me to the disagreeable task. I was shook with contending passions so affected with your situation, and so sensible of the difficulty of defending you, that I burst into tears —tho this was purely artless, and what the presence of all the world could not have prevented—I believe no studyd speech or argument could have served you so well. Mr T. seemed to be convinced by my seriousness that you were in some measure wronged, and spoke in a very different stile of the dispute, yet at the same time said that the testimony of Mrs Smith weighed much with him and that you must have concealed something from him that passed at Mr Small's —I saw at once there was *one* thing in my power to do, to serve you and I immediately did it—To convince him that you told the same story to me as to him and that your sentiments did you credit I offered to read him every Letter from you on the subject and at the same time as a test. I assured him I would write to you in such a manner as must draw from you a confession of it, if any thing scandelous had been acted on your part at Mr Small's—promising to inform him of the result. This was a severe test, but I knew it would turn out to your credit, and saw something must be done before his prejudice got ground— accordingly I have read them to him, and can assure you they have answered my expectations—he acknowledged that there is the greatest appearance of candour and honesty in your actions—places a great deal to the badness of Mr S's temper and acknowledges Mrs S. not having been present when he ill treated you at the Inn might make her think you hasty if you were a little warm—in short this last from you, declaring that nothing passed at Small's which could give offence, and that he behaved civilly and sent for you the next morning has I believe entirely convinced him that you

are much injured, or at least that they had magnified trifles, and tho he cannot be so satisfied as you are yourself of your innocence, yet he will not represent you as an agressor to the World.

Richard's answer gives the only clear and comprehensible account of this mysterious quarrel that appears.

Aug 7*th*. 1778.

Dear George,

A week has slipt away since I received a fresh proof of your sincere and truly brotherly regard for me, without having been able to find Leisure to acknowledge it. By Leisure I mean time to think coolly on a subject, which interests me more than any other. What you tell me has lately passed between you and Mr Tapp affected me more with a sense of your friendship and zealous concern for my Interest, than it pained me to hear I was accused of the vilest Ingratitude, the one I am convinced is sincere and flows naturally from the best of Hearts, the other I am conscious is founded only on prejudice and Heat of temper and may therefore be easily refuted. The only thing in your Letter that could give me any new concern is that part of it which relates to Mrs Smith, who I flatter'd myself had been at least neuter in the affair, if not disposed to compassionate my case, and become a means of reconciliation. For the rest I think it has taken a favorable turn, since Mr Smith only alledges what passed at Mr Smalls before six or seven Witnesses, who tho I have no reason to think partial to me, cannot I am confident recollect a Disrespectful Word made use of by me, in reply to the most severe and galling Language, before a Family where I was but just acquainted and in a Neighbourhood in which I must wish to be respected. As I never considered what passed the last Time we met at Mr Smalls, as having any thing to do with our Cause of Disagreement and as well as every one else always placed it to the account of the Tithes being misrepresented, I cannot recollect the expressions on

Mr. Thos. Smith

Surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital

either Side, any more than what was said at the Inn, only in general Terms. I believe I never gave you a circumstantial account of the whole fracas from beginning to end—tis a shameful subject and those you know I am averse to dwell upon—On the Monday evening after my return from Town last Winter, John Howell called at our House, with a message from Mr Smith that he was at Cicester and desired to see me and my Mother the next morning to Breakfast, at Mr Smalls. This was an unexpected pleasure to us, as it was near a month sooner than he proposed coming—I took my Mother behind me, and we were at Mr S's as early as possible, but instead of meeting Mr Smith, were informed He was set out that morning with a party to Paradise where he lives and woud not be back till late and added that the Driffield Farmers had been there—this surprized us, but gave us little uneasiness further than the Disappointment of not seeing them, and we proposed that my Mother shoud stay at Cicester that night and that I shoud return there early next morning in consequence of an appointment to meet Mr Smith at the Kings Head at nine o clock,—You may be sure I was there precisely and may judge my Disappointment when on sending in my name by a Waiter, I perceived Mr S. in conference with Farmer Nicholls and Heard Him say tell Him I am engaged etc etc call again in an Hours Time. This I must own shocked me; it was as unexpected as undeserved and I suffer'd for that Hour more than can be expressed; When I came again and was admitted—John Small was with Him, he received me with the most mortifying neglect, and as soon as I [he ?] was out of the room, began with telling me, it was the most ungrateful meeting I had ever had and proceeded to accuse me of rapaciousness Ingratitude and Hypocracy in Terms which nothing but excessive Rage coud justify—that after raising me from a Dunghill and giving me what I had no right to expect I had behaved more like a Wolf than a Pastor, and not contented with the fleece I wanted to strip

the skin of my flock. That the Living He had giving me needed no augmentation that the income of it was then greater than my Father ever had to maintain a Wife and family, and why coud I not be satisfied with it. That He only repented He had not tied me up, that I was the most artful young man he had ever met with and had ransacked Heaven and Hell for advice and Information against my parishioners, and had been guilty of the blackest Ingratitude in taking a Journey to Bath merely to suck His Brains and know the value of his Estate, that after having received so many Benefits I was robbing him my Benefactor of 20£ˢ a year, (the sum his Tenants Tithes amounted to) and a great deal of the Like uttered in the most outrageous and vehement Manner. In reply to all this, as soon as I had a little recovered myself from the shock it gave me, I desired to know from whom he had received his Information, whether it was not from those who were interested in deceiving Him, that I only hoped he woud give me room to defend myself against these cruel aspersions by confronting me with the men that I did not expect Him to give implicit Credit to any thing I asserted in a matter where I was a party concerned, but only wished to lay open every thing that had passed relative to the Livings to be examined by any impartial persons—that I thought it extremely hard to be condemn'd unheard by Him who certainly had once a good opinion of me, on the testimony of men, whom in this case, no one woud give ear to—He replied what did I mean by speaking disrespectfully of them they were every one better men than myself, and their Words woud go further with him than mine—Unfortunately in the Heat of self Defense I happen'd to make use of two arguments, which tho unanswerable, and as we were alone I cannot see improper, yet he was pleased to resent—the one was, that He himself a few Days before had cautiond me to beware of Howell as an artful cunning man, and added that upon his taking the Farm Lᵈ Coleraine had sent to Mʳ Smith

on purpose to bid him be upon his Guard, and bind him close or he woud take advantage of him.—as he coud not deny this, He only said I was the greatest Sophist he had ever met with etc etc the other was to convince him by a like argument that he was deceived as to the real value of the Livings. After proving to him that the 2 Livings did not clear 100£ˢ per ann: I reminded him of what he had told me, that he had been offered 1500£ˢ for the next presentation, which I was sure they were well worth, and asked if He thought any man woud have offered the sum he mentiond if they were not capable of great augmentation, and added at the same time I was convinced they were worth a great deal more than he had been offered and that my obligations to him, were much greater than he himself imagined. As these were founded on his own free information and I coud perceive carried some weight with them, tho he woud not own it. He said I had *sucked his Brains* for information that he had never met with so great a Sophist at my age, and a great deal of the like—however having nothing to reply he began to cool and listen to what I had to say relative to the room there was for raising the Tithes—the value of the Land —the Concessions of the Farmers themselves—and lastly I ventured to assert that so far from his being injured by what I had done his Estate would be considerably improved, I endeavor'd to make him see, that my improving the Livings of which he had the perpetual advowson, near 100£ˢ per ann: while the Tithes of his Estate were raised only 8£ a year, was an advantage to him as well as myself—that after he had told me his Estate was so far under lett, that he had been offered 50£ a year more for it than the present Tenant gave I considered *him* as no way injur'd by the augmentation—and having his free consent to raise the Livings beyond what I had attempted or wished, I never thought of excepting his Tenant but only contrived to assess Harnhill in such a manner as shoud

be most in his Favour, which I had done considerably to my own Detriment, and for that purpose had deviated from the plan made use of at Driffield—By this Time his heat was a good deal abated and he only said—How came you so knowing in these matters—where did you get all this knowledge of Tithes and Land. The Farmers being come I begged his Tenant might be called in. It was now my turn to speak and I began to grow warm at the sight of him. Before Mr Smiths face I accused him of having misrepresented Matters and endeavor'd to create a Difference between me and my best friend and insisted upon knowing what he had to alledge against me—After endeavoring in an awkward manner to clear himself of my charge, the only thing he had to object to me was, my having endeavored to draw him in to sign a Paper, for the purpose of setting aside a Modus to the prejudice of Mr Smiths Estate, and resenting his refusal, of which he made a merit to Mr Smith—I asked him if he remember'd what the paper contained (which was a plain agreement for three years, which I think I showd you) and whether it had not a Clause expressing that this agreet shoud hold good the Term of three years and no longer and then cease and be void as if it had never existed—this he denied positively upon which I pulled out the paper and gave it Mr Smith, who own'd he saw nothing to object to—Howell still asserting he saw no such thing in the paper he read provoked me so much that I coud not help saying, Howell you have already accused me of a course full as bad, will you prove me guilty of a Forgery—Upon this I called for the Waiter and bid him bring in a Trunk wh. the Coach had just brought from Town. I opend it before them and produced a similar paper drawn for Driffield and signed by his Father and another Farmer, with the same Clause word for word, and further to refute him I called in another Farmer who was present at the meeting and read the Cause to him, which he acknowledged to be same Howell himself had read. I then took him severely

to task for endeavoring to ruin me with my Friend upon no better grounds and having nothing to reply but that it had slipt his memory, he look[ed] extremely little upon the occasion and Mr S. began to alter his Tone. Nicholls apologized for Himself, and said he had never insinuated any thing against me behind my back and it was at last agreed we shoud have a meeting next afternoon and settle every thing amicably—All but the Howells went away who were invited to dine with us—Hitherto I had kept up my Spirits very well—but now it was over and I had time to reflect on what had passed—Mr Smiths charge of sentiments and treatment of me before men, by whom I once wished to be respected and was till *then*, affected me beyond description and in spight of my Pride I found it difficult to restrain my Tears. Mr S. I believe saw and while he was settling with Howells desired me in a friendly manner to carry a message for Him to Mrs Smith. I took some pains to conceal what had passed from the Family at Smalls; tho mortified and depressed beyond Description Mr S. had order'd a noble Dinner. Jack Small was of the party—and Mr S. behaved just as if nothing had happened, I try'd to do the same, but it had made too deep an Impression—for the first time I had recourse to the Bottle to recruit my spirits—In the evening we went to the Ladies at Smalls—I staid supper and returned to Driffield. Here I had time to reflect on what had passed, to prepare my papers etc for next Day, and having among other things been blamed for behaving rudely to Lady Coleraine in not consulting her, tho her Steward, Nickets, had wrote to her by my desire and kept me waiting near a month for her answer; I resolved to incur no more blame of that kind, and Mr Blackwell being the only remaining proprietor whom I had not yet seen, tho I made several attempts and even called on [him] when in Town, I thought it would be best to call upon him next morning to have his consent to my settling with his Tenants, as the only reason they gave for not doing with me before

was the want of having consulted him. As He was then at his seat about seven miles off, I waited on him next morning, showed him my proposals for augmentation with a scetch of what his Estate woud be raised told him the circumstance of Mr Smith's being down, that we were to have a meeting that afternoon, and hoped he would not be an obstacle to our finally settling the Business—he received me in the politest manner, made several excuses for the delays he had occasion'd, and added, as he was his own Surveyor he wished I woud give him time to look over the Estate and form a judgment, what the Tithes were worth, before I closed with his Tenants. As this was but reasonable and he promised to give me an answer as soon as possible, I coud not but agree to it, and being engaged that Day to Dine early at Mr Smalls I called on two of his Tenants on the road and told them their Landlords sentiments. At the same Time, leaving it to their option whether they would accept my present offer or wait for Mr Blackwells advice—and desired them to tell the others. I came in just as they were set down to Dinner and happening to sit near Mr Smith began to tell him what I had done that morning with Mr Blackwell and his answer—Upon which before he had heard me out, he flew into the most violent passion and before a Company of 8 or 9 people called me to the most severe Account and abusd me in Terms of authority, mixed with such looks as I shall never forget—Sensibly touched with this cruel treatment I reminded him of having blamed me for not consulting Lady Coleraine. I endeavored to justify myself to the Company—and particularly lamented the severity of my situation, in having lost the good opinion of my best Friend thro the artful Insinuations of interested men and in seeing him give credit to every thing they said, in preference to me he had known from Infancy and had given sufficient proofs of having once thought deserving his confidence. Our words run pretty high, but nothing past to the best of my recollection, that he coud take

hold of to assert what you say he did to Mr Tapp. However my Mother, who till then knew nothing of our Difference was so surprized and frighted that she almost fainted and was obliged to go out of the room, this put an end to the conversation and Company coming in nothing more was said till the Hour appointed for meeting the Farmers, when we set off together to the Kings Head. I produced a Paper on which I had put down the sums each mans Tithe amounted to according to the new augmentation—Only by Mr Smiths desire I had reduced his Tenants from 21 to 18. 6s. that is assessed him at 6d in the pound less than the others—Mr Smith took and read the Paper, after having taken Howell aside and encouraged him to make me lower my terms as his Brother has since informed me—which He (sensible of his present advantage and fearful of irritating me) declined saying he was satisfied and was ready to pay it—however having read the Paper, come says Mr S. we'll scratch out the odd shillings—Whatever you please Sir, from that Article, but for the rest till I am convinced it is too much you must excuse my receding, so he run his pen thro the 6s. shilling and applying to the next Mr Hewlings yours amounts to so much, can you afford to pay it : the Question is not what it is worth, but whether you can afford it—this was great encouragement, but after humming and hawing some time he looked at me and seeing I was resolute and that what Mr S. had said proceeded from a total Ignorance of the Business, he openly said Yes Sir, I am willing to pay it and I can very well afford it. This gave me Spirits and Mr Smith began then to lower his Tone, and William Brush being the only Harnhill man besides—He asked him the same Question, is 18s too much for yours. The foolish fellow thinking he had a fair opportunity of getting a shilling or two bated began to run down his farm and complaind it was a bad apple year etc at which being provoked with a loud voice, I bid him answer one Question. Did he not before I raised him,

offer me a Guinea a year freely—He did—this decided it, and put Mr Smith in good Humour, who only laught at Him and his apples—As to the Driffield Farmers some of them had already come in and the others given in their Quantity of Land and only objected to signing, which I now assured them was to their advantage, tho for want of better advice I had before insisted on it—our Business was soon done and three or four Bowls of Punch concluded the meeting—All animosities seemed to be forgot and nothing coud be merrier or more sociable—When they were gone Mr S. paid the Bill and I returnd with him to Supper at Smalls and afterwards accompanied them to their Inn, where I took leave of them, as they were to set out next morning, having first begged leave to wait on them to breakfast—Mr Smith said he should have so many things to do and pay for in the morning that it woud not be convenient—so leaving my Mother in Town I set off to Driffield—my Mother however called and Breakfasted with them next morning and every thing seemed to be forgot—I was sent for to the Ram Inn, where they supposed I slept and I comforted myself after all with the Hope that Mr Smith's behavior was only meant to humble me a little and make me feel my Dependence—this is I assure you all and more than I wish to remember of our unhappy Disagreement, which has given me the most sensible concern and made my Mother really unhappy ever since it happen'd—Since nothing else will do I am determined to clear myself to the World, by laying open the whole affair, and shall insist on the Howells making me satisfaction for the Injury they have done me. It may not be amiss to hint at a proscecution for Damages on account of Defamation, but the argument most likely to work on them woud be that Mr Ekins proposed—Give me your advice how to act and depend on it while I enjoy your Friendship and good opinion I can bear undeserved blame from the rest of the World.

My young Friends were sent for to Cicester last night

by Mr Dawkins, I was invited but it was too late to return that evening so waited on him this morning. The Party consisted of Himself Lady Julia, his eldest son and daughter and a Mr Gale. We passed the morng in the Woods, dined at the Ram and afterwards drank Tea at Driffield where they expressed themselves extremely satisfied with our accomodation and said the two Boys were prodigiously improved and behaved with much more affability than I expected.

Tomorrow they take the Boys and their Son with them to Oxford for a few Days and I am to meet them at Fairford—Mr Long is I suppose returned to town by this or will in a Day or two—Let me know that I may write to him—A few days since they went to Portsmouth in hopes of meeting their Son George who has been in the engagement.

Adieu Yours sincerely,

R. D. Cumberland.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

As to the general truth of the statements contained in this letter no one who has followed the correspondence of its writer through a succession of years can have a shadow of doubt. But it is probable that the manners of Richard Cumberland were less conciliatory than he supposed. There are plenty of indications that, without any such intention, he sometimes produced an irritating effect. At a later period, when painful circumstances had developed a new touchiness in the sensitive George, his brother's letters to him seem to have acted like mustard plasters upon his temper, and a friend, trying to make peace, bids George remember that " your brother is a good man, though disagreeable." It may, perhaps, be fairly concluded that, in the momentous interview at Mr. Small's, Richard, although he very certainly

used no insulting word to Mr. Smith, did manage to convey to that warm-tempered gentleman an impression of contempt and hostility, which impression he by and by came to believe due to some such words. It is to be observed that he was never able to cite any specific expression.

A letter of a week later shows that Richard had been in town and had visited the Balchen family, who were at Peckham. He had found " the poor dying Girl . . . sitting in the little Parlour which was crouded with 6 or 7 People, enough to stiffle a Person in health." Richard expressed his fears lest John should " go in the same way " if he remained in London, and besought George to urge the necessity of his going into the country. As no mention is made of Mary, it is possible that she was not at Peckham, although she was generally to be found wherever there was most need of attendance and sisterly devotion. Richard came away saddened and

I cannot say it revived my Spirits to pass by Mr Smith's door at Camberwell and not be able to call tho Mr James [in whose carriage he was] pressed it much. I excused myself by saying it woud be to no purpose as he was not at Home, but had not the resolution to say anything to him on so painful a Subject, tho I several Times attempted it. There is something so extremely awkward in telling ones own Story and so difficult either to be or to appear impartial, that I coud wish to leave it to a third Person—and must therefore entreat you to say just so much as is absolutely necessary to prevent bad impressions, but as the affair is such as must either be construed to the Prejudice of my Heart or Mr S.'s Understanding I think the less said on it at present the better.

The homeward journey was delayed, " poor Snip falling Lame again on the Road in the same Foot,"

whereby Snip's master was " obligd to sleep at Farringdon last night, from whence I got safe to Driffield to Breakfast this Morning, and think the Horse rather better, tho I fear it is an old complaint."

On August the 27th Richard was writing, full as usual of plans, to ask his brother's co-operation :

If you can hear of an Honest Man and his Wife who woud be glad of a good House to live in, and 20£s a year with perquisites perhaps—I would put them into Harnhill Parsonage to work in and look after the Farm. If they were to be depended on and the Woman capable of it, I woud make it worth her while to manage the Dairy and wash our Linnen there, and so keep only one maid Servt at Driffield next year.—My Mother, tho as full of Complaints as ever is in better Health than I can remember. I have many things to say on this Subject as well as on another which nearly affects Me but have not a moment's Time.

The summer of 1778 was, like that of 1911, inordinately hot, and George, unprovided with money for a holiday, wrote, on August the 30th, that he had to depend upon " a glass of Ice " to revive his Spirits.

What Luxury to bathe by moonlight in the Thames ! How refreshing the air of Hornsea ! How sweet the cows of Islington &c, &c, ye subburbian relaxations How thoroughly does the opulent man despise you—yes—I have felt the insolence of riches, and the proud thoughts which 20 new guineas in the month of July inspire—and now I know not but I may soon be reduced to meet my pleasure in a Skittle ground—admire the Dog and Duck—and go once more to Vauxhall.

He had called upon the Balchens.

Susan is dying indeed—but John is better—I fear for Mary.

Richard answered on September the 3rd :

Dear Brother,

What can be the meaning of your long silence, and why have I not had the pleasure of hearing from you since my return. It is not often you let me be two Letters beforehand, but generally the reverse, pray put an end to my Suspense. If you have not been able to serve me in the way I mentiond in my last, never hesitate to tell me so—nothing of that kind is capable of giving me any real or lasting uneasiness and I shall be able one way or another to shift without it a little longer and rub on in hopes of better Days—Not that I have any just reason to be dissatisfied with the present situation of my affairs, they are infinitely better than I coud have hoped for a few Years back, and if I have any thing to complain of, it is that Preferment of one kind or another has come pouring in upon me rather prematurely and before I was well prepared to take possession, a Circumstance which must make me the Object of Envy to those who have felt the Sting of Disappointment and Delay. My Health which I once thought and with reason, to be tending towards a Decline, has rather mended than grown Worse, and is more than equal to the few fatigues of the Profession I am engaged in, and the Satisfaction I receive in your Friendship more than overballances any little family Uneasinesses. The care of my Churches and Pupils is attended with more pleasure than anxiety, while they give me a Consequence and procure me a greater share of Respect than I could otherwise be entitled to [on] any other Account—these my dear Brother, are solid Advantages and such as demand the grateful tribute of chearfulness and Content—which I am fully convinced is the best return we can make to providence for the Blessings we enjoy—If against these we impartially weigh the triffling Vexations, and little Difficulties I may have lately met with, none of which are of a very alarming Nature being void of any real foundation, and therefore will probably soon have an End, it will appear that nothing else but a little

Patience is requisite to make us easy and happy—If any thing could make me very unhappy it would be, the unfortunate Difference betwixt Mr S. and myself, but notwithstanding the bad account you lately gave me of the Situation of that affair, I flatter myself it is nearer to an Eclaircisement than before now I know the Cause of Offense. It appears at length that instead of being culpable in point of behaviour to my Parishioners, my Fault consists in not submitting patiently to a false Accusation on that Score, but having the Assurance to endeavour to clear my Character, and in the heat of injured Innocence, expressing myself with more Warmth and Freedom than became Me, where my Obligations were so great. This is precisely the Case by Mr S's own Account, with one Exception that whatever Construction might be put upon my Words, either by himself or standers by, I can solemnly assert they were never meant to throw the least reflection on his Character, but merely to clear my own, and this not after mature Consideration or in his Absense, but before his Face, and when urged to it by himself, in a Manner the most Mortifying and unexpected. Before even Mrs Smith's Testimony (which certainly merits as much Attention as that of any human being whatever) ought to be esteemd decisive in this Case, it shoud be considered whether she was acquainted with all the Circumstances of the Dispute, or regarded me rather as a Criminal than as an injured Person, having heard my Accusation, but being unacquainted with my Defense, or whether if She had been witness to Mr S. Behaviour at the Inn and had known how groundless his second attack at Smalls, before People almost Strangers to Me, and the necessity I was under to clear myself—she woud not rather have been led to pity than to condemn me.

As the Case stood before I thought the only thing was to Convince Mr S. that the Farmers had deceived him, and to clear myself from their Aspersions, but as he now lays the main Stress on my Behaviour to him, I can only say that if I have ever unintentionally offended

him in that Respect, I am heartily sorry and am ready to make any Concessions in my Power, on that Head. But still with the wish to be first permitted to justify my Conduct with respect to the Livings, upon the justice and propriety of which I am willing this moment to stake them, since if guilty of half what Mr S. accused Me, I shoud deserve to forfeit them.

I have not Time to say more on the subject, but wish You woud still persevere in your endeavour to bring about a reconciliation as the only thing wanting to the Happiness of, Dear George,

Your very affecte Brother,

R. D. Cumberland.

3 *Sepr* 1778.

A postscript to this letter mentions the receipt, at the moment of writing, of one from George, which is not in the collection. He wrote again, however, on the 7th to describe a deplorable depletion from which his office was suffering: "Mr Kekewich has been ill of a fever three weeks . . . Mr Ekins is laid up with the gout . . . and the Accomptant is gone to Brighton for his health." George was consequently very busy and feared that he would not be able to fulfil his hope of coming to Driffield that summer, "but do not tell my Mother so."

Shakespear says that all the world is a stage—and I say my employment is a dull play—of two acts—and were it not for the various petit peices that I crowd in between them, would be stupid indeed—the Overture of a book in a Morning; the interlude of a Sketch at Dinner time and the [ ] of an Evening make it tolerable —but still the recitative parts are abominable.

This is the first, or almost the first, indication of a dissatisfaction with his regular occupation that continued to grow and deepen for some years. He appears to have

been a good man of business and a valuable official; but his companions were mostly not congenial to him, and it is possible that his temperamental vivacity was viewed with a disapproving eye. His work was inevitably monotonous, and I am inclined to think that he was by nature one of those men who work in fits and starts—as, indeed, is the case with many persons of active, curious minds and varied interests. His head was full, now of a new picture, now of a chemical experiment or an invention that had suggested itself, and to each of these in turn he was ready to devote his days and nights. The Royal Exchange Assurance Company, with its ever-recurring demands, must have broken in most unwelcomely upon these beloved preoccupations, and to escape from its claims became by degrees his dream of happiness. It is the more to his credit that he remained a punctual and industrious, although by no means an uncomplaining, servant until the day when circumstances opened a way of release. Patience is seldom the virtue of the imaginative person, and imagination was always building castles for George Cumberland.

Richard, still cheerful and hopeful, wrote on September the 12th:

12 *Sep*^{r} 1778.

Dear Brother,

Molly Timbrell brought me yours of the 27th yesterday in the afternoon, for which I was more obligd to her than for her company—Your Zeal for my service has led you to mistake the meaning of the postscript to my last in which I hinted I coud stay a little longer, which was not (as you seem to have understood it) mentiond for fear of putting you to any inconvenience, because I am sensible of your Inclination to assist me, and accept it cheerfully, but was really the case, tho I had not time then to tell you the reason, which is this,

R. L. has lately received 20 pounds to purchase a Horse, as soon as he can meet with a good one, and readily accommodated me with the cash till then, otherwise I shoud, as you may imagine have been distressed indeed —and my Intention was to put off if possible drawing upon you till within two or three weeks of Mich^{s} and then a month after Date, by which Time you might have had money of mine in your Hands. Read my last Letter over again, and you will see it in this Light—however as it is I am obligd to you for what you have done, because well meant, and if any I was to blame for not mentioning the above circumstance—I have the pleasure to tell you we celebrated harvest home last Teusday— The Crops one with another good, and remarkably well got in—Consequently at less expense than usual, being only three Weeks on hand. it stood me in about 6£ besides Ale etc which for near 30 acres of corn, is very moderate. and I think myself extremely fortunate in having got over the first year, without meeting any material disappointment tho not without Difficulty, being so much straitned for money. To stock and sow a farm of 60 acres, ½ arable requires according to computations 300£^{s} at Least, 200 the nearest way. and when you consider I began with only 100 and have not yet received 5£ back except in Housekeeping, and have 90£^{s} worth of Live Stock, besides Implements and a years produce, you cannot say I have been a Bad manager. By this account you will see, had I farmed on so slender a beginning for a Livelihood I must have been ruined and starved, what has enabled me is, the having no Rent to pay and a maintenance besides. The Thing I now aim at is, to be able to pay M^{r} C. with 50£^{s} due at Xmas from M^{r} L. and 50 from the Farm, which is as much as I ought to thrash out by that Time—however am in no anxiety on that Head, as there will be enough either way—

I think I told you I had reced a Letter from Hey informin^{g} me I might withdraw my Name and consequently my Expenses whenever I pleased and put it on

Miss Susan Balchen

again when I take a Degree this will be very convenient, but I think it will not be amiss to make a Journey to Cambridge to settle my accounts there and take receipts. Leave of absence and Cash are the only things wanting —the former I propose to get by taking Long with me, if approved of at Home, upon his acquainting them with the reason of my Journey and my Mother to take care of the other two—about a week will be sufficient—It must be before Xmas, if at all, and this is the Reason I am desirous of knowing when Mr Cross comes—Had he persevered in the plan he proposed when I saw him last—to go from hence into Cambridgeshire, we woud have made ourselves of his Party—but that is too precarious to be depended on—The Danger is, his coming just when I have contrived to be absent—I depend on you for Information. I am affraid indeed poor Susan will be cut off by the first Wintry blast—but why are you alarmed for her Sister, I hope there are no symptoms of a Decline, tho no one need be surpriz'd if there was —Distress of mind, confinement, and Fatigue are enough to ruin the best constitution—you say John is better. Should he be too much affected at the Loss of his Sister, and there is a circumstance in her case, that may deeply affect him I intend to give him a hearty and pressing Invitation to join his old companions at Driffield—You may remember the Time, when you and I had serious thoughts of connecting ourselves with that Family— to own the truth they were the last time I thought seriously on the Subject—some trifling Disgust or rather a new Turn of thinking put an end to them, yet still there remains some Degree of affection and regard, beyond what we feel for [ ] acquaintance, which without talking of Natural affection, [ ] suppose to arise from our being acquainted from our Infancy and now we talk of a new turn of thinking I cannot help [ ] notice of the astonishing alteration that has taken place in you within these 4 or 5 years—you need not be surprized, if it had not been for the better, I woud have mentioned it in softer Terms—but you must allow you

are far from being the same man now in sentiment manner and expression that you were then, and that your Genius which is the most extensive I have any where met with, did not discover itself except in the article of Drawing, till very late. This I am convinced was for want of opportunity, and am very sure, had you had the same education that was thrown away on me, you woud much earlier have shewn those abilities which lay so long conceal'd. For my own Part I must own, at going to College I saw nothing of the World, little of Books, and had scarce allow'd myself to Reflect —Since that Time I have with pleasure perceived a slow but gradual Improvement in useful knowledge, and at the same Time from the various Situations in which I have been thrown, have gained a variety of experience. Both of us have met with success in Life beyond our expectations, and notwithstanding little crosses have great Reason to be thankful. I have not room to say more on this Subject, so will break of with assurances of my sincere and lasting Friendship etc.

Yours,

R. D. CUMBERLAND.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

Letters from Mr. Lucas, for whom George had acted as agent, are plentiful in the first volume, but grow rarer in the second. He wrote, however, on the 15th of this month, and was apparently in a happier condition than a few years earlier.

DEAR SIR,

I have just dispatched a servant to Exon with a small Basket, containing a fine young Hare, and a Brace of —— Rooks which you will do me the Honour to accept of.

I wish I could have said of Birds too; but the Truth is, the Farmers here have been so very busy with their Nets, that there is [ ] a Partridge to be met with.—

It shall go hard, however, but I will contrive to send you a few Cocks as soon as they shall *venture* to visit us. And in the mean time, that I may be certain you have the very identical Puss I was this morning at the Death of,—let me beg of you to examine her right Ear, which, that you may not be put off with a Starveling, I have, like a profane Priest as I am, marked with the sign of Baptism.—The Parcel will go to-night by Lands Post Coach, which will arrive at one of the Inns in Friday Street on Thursday next about one o'clock. It is directed for you at the Royal Exchange ; for to tell you the truth, I am, at this present writing, as intirely ignorant of the No. of the House you lodge at,—as if I had never been hospitably entertained there. However, Sir, notwithstanding appearances, I am, with great Truth,

Your much obliged
and most obedient Servt,
W. Lucas.

N. Tawton,
Sept. 15. 1778.
Mr George Cumberland,
Assurance Office,
Royal Exchange,
London.

On September the 27th Richard was looking forward to a visit from his brother, who was to accompany Mr. Cross for a part of the journey, that gentleman intending to take the vicarage in his return.

Should the Weather continue as fine as it is at present you need not fear finding Amusement enough for a Longer Time than you propose staying. A Day in the Woods, another down the Brook, and a look about Driffield with a Game at Cards in the Evenᵍ will pass away Time agreeably enough.

Richard, after the departure of his visitors, escorted his pupil Richard Long to Oxford and went on to Cam-

bridge, where he wound up his affairs and transmitted to London various boxes of books, china and other effects which George was in due course to see despatched to Driffield. The return journey of our young clergyman was not without incidents. Riding somewhat out of his way to visit a mansion and gardens at Stow, he found himself in a network of lanes and bad roads, where he enquired his way of every person he met.

at the turn of a Corner, I overtook a Lady on Horseback attended by a Servant, of whom I again took Directions, and slackening my Pace endeavord to pass the Lady with as little injury to her Petticoat as possible, but coming nearer was so struck with the gracefullness of her Person and the Beauty of her Face, that I dreaded the thought of losing sight of them, and almost stopt my Horse. She turned out of the Track to make way for me to pass, which I was thus obligd to do, by the Way making a slight apology, and taking notice of the badness of the Roads—Coming into a more open Country I contrivd to break out of the Path, [and] so that she might come up with me, and had then an Opportunity of surveying her more minutely. She was well mounted and wore a scarlet Riding Dress trimd with Black, the Colour of her Hat. Her Hair, a dark Brown, hanging in small ringlets on her Neck, she might be about 16—there was such a mixture of health and chearfulness in her Countenance, accompanied with the utmost Delicacy, that I thought I had never seen anything half so beautiful and determined to know where she lived—in this manner we passed thro several Gates, her servant opening them for both, till we enterd a little obscure Village, a little on one side of which stood a remarkably neat Parsonage —to which she rode up, and before I lost sight of her coud perceive an old Lady on the Steps receiving her with great Expressions of kindness. On Enquiry I found the House belonged to a M^r^ Farebrother, the Rector, with whom this Lady had lived from an Infant. This was

all I coud pick up, and enough to make me wish seriously to be better acquainted—such an eccentric Genius as you might perhaps have introduced Me.

The name of the "obscure Village" appears in Richard's orthography as "Leckhamsteed," and he rode thence to Stow, "full of pleasing but provoking thoughts."

This letter from Richard preceded one which had, perhaps, been expected for some days before it reached Driffield. On October the 18th George wrote as follows:

Sunday 18. *Oct.* 1778.

Dear Brother,

The kind and friendly reception I met at Driffelde deserves a return, my peevishness at my departure an apology—both should have been made perhaps sooner but a thousand things have prevented my telling you before how much I was obliged, and a thousand contending passions have made me indifferent about the latter—to be plain with you, I came full of the idea of consulting with you on an affair that came close to me, and found your mind otherwise engaged, at least I suspected so—perhaps I wanted an enthusiast and found a reasoning trusty man and found a judging one—this I confess, I have always trembled at your judgment not to pay you a compliment, and I dread the fate of J[ ] by consulting it; when my imagination has overcome all difficulties, your prudence destroys my hopes—in short I grow weary of the bondage and yet have sense enough to prefer the yoke of reason, miserable as it sometimes makes me by its severity:—it is strange language to you—but the world and every thing in it is more than ever a paradox to me, and I do not unfrequently wish for any event that might explain it—You will with all your gravity say that this is but the wish of a moment, but can you, from your discernment, pretend to know any thing of the constitution of this

frame of mine ? and why things operate differently on my senses ? what provokes me most of all, is, that with some contempt for human nature, I can never bring myself to act or speak as I think out of the common road, unless you will say this is an instance, and am as servilely dependent on manners and customs as if I did not dispise them What does all this lead to ?—guess ?—your abominable judgment has already—I feel an attatchment which I can neither counteract nor account for, considering the arguments my wisdom has bestowed upon it, and because I think in the worlds opinion I may be blamed or in my own deceived, I dare not discover it—this may all arise from my paradoxical feelings—I am, I some times think, the true [ ]

I told you of my present attatchment to T—— even when I had resolved not to do it—I had a paper in my pocket which I likewise thought to consult you about—but three wise words from your lips made me think you an inhabitant of another country—I could as soon have talked with a peasant about painting,—you have the art to set me at a distance by three words when I am with you, and to draw me to you at a hundred miles off by the same method—to save you the trouble of perusing any more of me, and to make you if you are the solid man I suspect you, hold me in utter contempt —I dared not when at Ciren see a green girl lest it should shake my attatchment to a woman—you made me dread to be deceived by that woman without saying any thing against her.—I have wished and feared to tell her what opinion I have formed of her—at the same time apprehensive of a refusal and to sum up all my inconsistencies in a word—I am not now sure that I love that woman with an attatchment that is proof against accidents—a new face may make great alteration in me and my susceptibility in this case, will I fear cause me many uneasy moments—do not be surprized if I should now be in love with the lady in the red riding habit—whom you so feelingly describe—may I be abandoned by all the world if I have not a secret pleasure to see your

phlegm so moved when I read the Letter, I said, " this will do "—and I have some reason to think you owe the freedom of this epistle to your gallant descriptions—I have now some hopes of you, and delight so in this kind of folly that I make account of cargoes of delicious nonsence—if it does but continue, you will be the happiest miserable upon earth—that I may see thee look like a shotten herring with love is my earnest wish, so that you lose no more blood than can be " recovered with good eating " to use Benedicts phrase and however inconsistent I may be, believe that I am at least certain of one thing that you are deserving of my friendship, and whether it is worth any thing or not will always have it—

G. Cumberland.

P.S. I write this from Richmond, and Mr Cross who has just popped into the room, says, when you make your duties to your Mother tell her I wish to be drinking Tea with her—they are all very well and not at all frightened tho their house has had a narrow escape, as you will see by the papers, I was there by 7 o'clock when the fire was out, and saw the party wall and staircase fall, being in the Hall at the time, but fortunately no lives were lost nor any thing damaged and the family all out of town—they will get in I think this winter—I suppose you know Mr L's brother is dead.

Revd Cumberland,
Driffelde,
nr Cirencester.

The following undated letter was probably Richard's reply :

Dear George,

Your Silence began to give us pain from which we were releived to night by the receipt of your Epistle. Considering it as coming from a man in Love, it is to be sure extremely consistent, and (I have no

Doubt) an exact copy of your mind at the Hour you wrote it.

However exprest, the Drift is plain. There is a tout-ensemble in T. that has made an Impression on your mind, but not quite serious enough to make you do a thing not to be remedied. Perhaps you think T. has all the qualities of the friend and Companion, but not possest of all the Domestic Virtues—For my own part, and speaking without Disguise, I have neither seen nor heard any thing of that Lady, that could be any way construed into the least Reflection on her Character, tho I am acquainted with some who are far from wishing her well, but still before I can heartily approve your Choice I wish to be better acquainted, with her myself and to examine with an impartial Eye into the real motives that influence her Conduct—She is now situated in a Boarding School at Bath and employ'd as I am told in learning French—as I have thoughts of spending a week or two in that City, while the Boys are in Town, shall be oblig'd to you for her Direction, and if an opportunity offers of having half a Dozen Conversations with her, will then give you my Decisive Opinion on this Subject—

A Word or two on Business if you please. I had the Farmers here yesterday and received a good Part of my Tithes, but not more than sufficient to satisfy the Bills I expect betwixt this and Xmas so if you see a probability of settling with Mr Long and can pay off the money I have drawn for without it, I will omit sending you Bills for that Purpose—otherwise let me know—If possible I would have you able to tell Mr Long, there was no occasion for the permission he gave you to advance me part of what is owing, and not to be too pressing at this Time, but leave it to him, as he cannot well defer it much Longer.

In your next be so good as to let us know how the Chancery Suit goes on, and when likely to be finished, and pray send me the Account of what I paid you when last in Town, as the want of it prevents my making up

my Books. You say nothing about poor Susan, nor any of our London Friends but considering all think tis very excuseable.

Adieu,
R. D. Cumberland.

Wed^ny Night 12 *o clock.*
M^r Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

It is clear from other passages that Miss Townsend was not popular with the Gloucestershire ladies; they thought her disposed to monopolise attention, and considered her town manners rather too *dégagé*. My own impression is that she was a delightful woman.

On November the 16th a letter with a black seal acknowledges the receipt of one from London, giving the news of Susan Balchen's death.

Two days later Richard was writing again:

Now Long is returned we pass our Time very agreably, and indeed I find the larger our Number, the easier to keep up proper Discipline. We dedicate the whole Morning to Business and an Hour or two in the Evening —the Afternoon's are too short and Dark to do anything to the purpose . . . I have the pleasure to find my Expenses lessen every Day, my Farm supplying us plentifully with Mutton, Pork, Bacon, Butter and Cheese, besides Malt and good part of our Firing, and enables me always to have a Horse in the Stable, and room for a Friend so that my principal Expence in Housekeeping is Wine and Tea.

The minds of both brothers were evidently much occupied still by the idea of marriage, and in this letter the elder once more expounded his sentiments:

Say what you will I am proof against mere external Figure and Accomplishm^ts unless accompanied with a

good Disposition and am in more Danger of being captivated with the Beauties of the Mind than either Face or Fortune. A few Days ago I was in some Company at Ciceter, where the Conversation turning on a Clergyman in the Neighbourhood, who lies dangerously Ill, a Lady took occasion to mention the tenderness and Affectionate Care and Sollicitude of his only Daughter, about 20, in a manner that made me half in Love with her—and induced me when I came home to ask a Servant of ours who has lived in the Family, how many Children Dr Sanford had—she replied only one Daughter, and added, She was the best temperd Young Lady in the World—This is every syllable I have heard—and tho I have never seen her, nor know whether she is tall or short, fair or Brown nor have the least Idea of her Person, she has already rival'd the Lady in the red Habit, and stand's at present uppermost in my Affections.

George was still of opinion that, for his part, he had discovered " in T. " his ideal wife ; but was afraid of declaring himself before " matters where ripe," and hoped that if Richard went to Bath and saw her, he would put in a good word for his absent brother. December the 9th being Richard's birthday George sent him a letter.

Roy. Exchg *Dec* 9. 1778.

Dear Brother,

Tho I wrote so lately as Sunday I must take up my pen again, that was about, me and myself—this you and yourself—

Yesterday afternoon I had a message from Mr Long that he should be glad to see me in Bishopsgate Street, when I came he took me into the parlour, and there made following proposal in your favor. He said he had conversed with his Son Richard since his return who expressed himself very well satisfied with his treatment as did William, but Richard said he thought Mr Cumberland had too much care on his hands to manage for them all when at home, and lamented the difficulty you had in

the country of getting a servant fit for your purpose, as they were all so ignorant there was but little to be made of them—he said himself and Mr Dawkins had considered this and as it was their wish to make every thing easy on your part, they should be very ready to add a servant to your family at their own expense and Mrs Long had been thinking if it was agreable she might as well send one down from London, as she imagined they were more likely to get a good one here than you can be in the country—

To all this on your part I returnd them thanks, and told them I would venture to say the offer would meet with your approbation, as from what I could judge you might very well employ her and that I would write you word of their consideration—they said their principal end was to lessen our Mothers trouble, and that when you came to town it might be settled, in the mean time they wished you to be informed of it—Mr L. said it would not be worth wile to send Richard down till Oxford term in January that then Willm might accompany him part of the way and you take them with you—and then I took my leave—but not before he had told me how much he approved of my instructions to Mr George which by the by is a lucky hit for me, as it will put I think a few Pieces in my pocket about Xmas, when I shall really want them—for what with one piece of expense or other I shall just make the ends meet, unless my tickets are prizes and I get an addition to my salary—dont say I shall never get anything by my drawing —I had today a very handsome present from Miss Ekins of a most elegant worked silk waist coat of her own doing—for which you may be sure I have wrote her a most elegant epistle.

I had a most friendly Lettr from Mr Cross today by Mr Balchen who has been there two or three days—in which he [ ] if we are to be very merry at Xmas on the Hill [ ] take that opportunity of calling on Mr James who I have not seen since I met him in the street about [ ] weeks ago.

(Tare of this part or burn the whole.)

I tell it you as a secret—there is still some thing mysterious in the expressions of Mr and Mrs Tapp and Mrs Read, when I am mentiond with my cousin M—— I know not if you have observed it, but I [ ] other reasons to imagine I have been thought on there, yet I am sure it cannot arise from any behaviour of mine—it may be conjecture,—but I can no otherwise account for the [ ] on her part,—you may explain it, adieu—This is your birth night, I'll drink your health in arack punch and tell our Mother I wish I could send her a Glass,

Yrs sincerely,
G. Cumberland.

Revd Mr Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Gloces.

Richard's reply, containing as it does some interesting details about Miss Townsend, as well as about those domestic discomforts that arose from Mrs. Cumberland's temperament, is characteristic both of the writer and of his period.

Driffield 11th *Decr* 78.

Dear George,

I have to thank you for two very kind and confidential Epistles received this Week—for the generous and disinterested Sentiments they contain and the freedom with which you unbind your mind on the most delicate and tender subject tho I fear you will gain but little advantage from any thing I can say or advise, yet you may depend on this at least that you shall not find me undeserving the Confidence you repose in me. I think I am perfectly acquainted with the present state of your mind and am pleased to find it less romantic and more rational than I expected—your passion seems to have a great share of the platonic however, and if I am not mistaken, your delicacy shudders

at the thought of discovering that to be a mere woman where your Fancy has painted an angel. Was the object of your affections less endowed with the powers of mind than person, I shoud heartily advise you not to make so serious an Experiment. As it is let me beg you not to indulge too far in visionary schemes of Happiness, but persevere in the prudence and Caution you have hitherto shewn in this affair and while things are in their present Situation, consider well what you do before it is too late to retreat. That she is a Woman of Honour Taste and Spirit I agree—formed for Conversation, and capable of doing Credit to the most elevated Station —But you must allow there are other Qualifications necessary to produce Happiness in common Life such as Economy, prudence, a love of Home and Domestic Amusements—in short the Character which Solomon so feelingly describes, in his last Chapter, of the Virtuous Wife—that *she* is defective in any of these I do not say—that she has *good sense* enough to be convinced of their necessity I have no doubt—the only Question with me is—whether after the gay Life she has lately led, she will readily submit to the domestic Duties. Her fortune I conceive is just sufficient to enable her to live genteel and independant, to dress well, and as a single Woman to keep the best Company—Her Family Connections are good—in all these respects you are precisely on an equality with her, as well as in many others I coud mention of temper genius, Disposition and Education. I mention the last because as I have been informed she has had but small advantages of that kind, tho she writes better than any woman I have yet met with and speaks with propriety—and I hear is now employed in learning French—so far your Situations are alike—The Question is will your united Incomes added to any reasonable Expectancys you may have, enable you to enter the state of Matrimony without experiencing any of those self Denials which I suspect you are neither disposed to submit to— Supposing you had Encouragement to make proposals,

in what Manner woud you propose to maintain her—I woud have you consider this coolly and impartially, and not treat these things as beneath your notice for you will find them of great Weight in the scale of Happiness after all your Philosophy. Indeed if I was sure such an Enquiry, woud be attended with any great Discouragement, I coud not have the Heart to mention it, and I rather flatter myself with the Contrary—Your present circumstances are far from mean, and you have many Resources to improve them. But you must resolutely determine to try those resources and to use your own words, to divest your self of your Levity, and condescend to launch out in the World, and *submit* to be treated like a man. I saw a Letter of J. T. to Timbrell the other day in which she says she passes her Time very agreably and enjoys in moderation the amusements of the place—an intimate acquaintance of hers, a Miss Hale was married lately from Cicester to a Rev^{d} White and is now at Bath with her. This is all I have lately heard of that Lady—I am not yet certain whether I shall visit Bath before Christmas as the weather still continues very rough and cannot think of seeing London till after that Time—if I am able to come at all it must be the latter end of this month—You will easily account [ ] interfering in our Family affairs when you consider the Temper of a certain person. In Truth it is high Time somebody did interfere, as I have not been able to keep a servant in [ ] above 3 months, since I came hither, and what adds to my misfortune, all this is done with a View to my interest [ ] and Kindness—I shall think myself much [ ] to M^{rs} L. if she can recommend a clever Woman to manage the cooking and look to the Dairy, with a younger serv^{t} under her—but hope by adding a servant they do not mean to pay her wages, which will never do. Am glad to hear of any little advantage you make by drawing, as I hope it will provoke you to turn that Faculty to some account—you might easily I am convinced, make a handsome addition to your

Salary by taking 2 or 3 pupils in the City, or at least employing one Hour in the morning before office in that way—

On reading that part of your first Letter where you say Mr L. Mrs L. Mr R and Mr B. supped with you, it immediately ocurrd to me that something like what you mention was in agitation, and I hinted the same to Mother, who you know is violently prejudiced in favor of such an alliance. Your last has almost confirmed my suspicions—tis natural and therefore probable—and was your Heart unprejudiced I see nothing to be alarmed at—most matches are made up in this manner —and considering the improved situation of my affairs I shoud not be surprized if a certain prudent Friend of ours had marked me out for one of his Neices, unless the embroiderd Waistcoat shoud prove a Gage d'amour. What say you—shall I come to Town and like a true Friend endeavour to take these attacks upon myself as being better prepared for them. Or will you like another Paris toss the apple to the Fairest and so decide the Contest—last Teusday for the first Time since I came hither, I went to the Town Ball, and passed a delicious evenᵍ. We danced till 2 in the mornᵍ and were exceedingly cheerful and good humourd—The success of this new attempt has given no small turn to my way of thinking and you must not be surprized if you hear of me at another. Excuse the roughness of this Epistle and accept it as coming from one who is without Disguise your sincere Friend and wellwisher,

R. D. Cumberland.

I must have the Discourse you mention.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Royal Exchange Insurance,
London.

This allusion to the "embroiderd Waistcoat" fixes approximately the date of a bit of *marivaudage* in George's best handwriting, which has been placed with several other drafts of letters by him—none of

them bearing any external indication of the period at which they were written—at the end of the letters of 1777. The precise nature of the waistcoat's decoration does not, unfortunately, appear.

I was not a little puzzled when this Morning presented with a paper neatly pinned up, to guess the Contents. If it had been a brown paper bundle tied with coarse pack thread it would have been such a packet as I am more used to receive—I have unpinned it with great caution, examined and admired the performance, yet all I can say in return is—you have treated me very ill on this occasion—nay I can prove it—In the first place then, as if you envied me the satisfaction I enjoyd at having given you some little information from the most disinterested views, you have contrived to let me down most ingeniously, by recompensing me, not in the common mode—because that way you saw I should defeat your purpose by a refusal—but by overpaying me with something I could not purchase. If you doubt of the injustice of this conduct I refer you to Rochfoucault who says " to overpay an obligation is ingratitude in the extream."

This is not all, lest I should still find an escape from your civility you work it yourself and so make it impossible for me to make an adequate return, to cover me entirely with confusion, it comes before I have sent my promised work.

Forced in this manner to become the obliged observe the injury done to me—when it is praised by the Ladys my friends, which I foresee it will be, in spight of my wearing it, I shall become insufferably conceited, my resentment will give way to vanity, and I shall out with it that it is the performance of a Lady, they will naturally enquire the cause—which told—they will say, " What a charming thing it is to have the effrontery to make people believe it is in one's power to instruct them."

Thus mortified on all occasions, the only revenge I can obtain will be to try and praise the work above

its merits, and so get you the envy of the females, yet here I have little hopes of success, for from the judgment I possess in these matters I am forced to acknowledge that I have never before seen any thing of the sort so every way pretty—after this confession it does not signify if I do tell you I am your obedient humle Servant and notwithstanding the share I suspect Mrs Banks has had in the project to humble me, I beg she will accept my best Compliments.

George, sending, as usual, the latest London news, informed his family on January the 21st, 1779, that "Garrick died yesterday"; various enumerated ailments

and 7 Physicians did the business . . . I may be called an enthusiast [a word, it must be remembered, of reproach in George Cumberland's earlier days] but I would have the public go in Mourning for him and a Monument erected in Westminster Abby, with an inscription purporting that for once the people of this country honour'd a great Genius before he had been dead 100 Years. To anybody but yourself I could run on thus for a Mile—but I have found out that this kind of writing gives you no pleasure, and am sorry I have said so much on the subject. I[t] pains me too, when you talk of agriculture.

Among his multifarious occupations George had lately been painting ribbons for ladies of his acquaintance, and had got "into much grace, favor, and employment"; he began, indeed, to fear having too much of his time thus taken up, unless he desisted, "however, I will paint one more set, and send them to T., and send them soon."

In one of the innumerable parcels that travelled from London to Driffield George included a measuring-tape for his brother, and an almanack—omitted from a previous package—for their mother, "a thing," as Richard informed him,

She has worryed Me about a good deal, and, which is a good deal, the only thing she is in want of. . . . I lost My Seal tother Day, and wish[h] You woud endeavour to get Me eith[er] a Cypher of R D C at Tassies, or our Crest or Coat of Arms done by him, if Mr Cumberland will lend You a Seal.

This commission George faithfully fulfilled, as is testified by a letter still existing, upon which the desired seal is impressed with such sharpness that it might have been made but yesterday. The arms are displayed with a perfection which, considering the minuteness of the detail, reflects the greatest credit upon Mr. Tassie's workmanship. Readers of Horace Walpole's letters will remember to have met his name in them.

On March the 22nd George wrote a long letter in two parts, the former destined to go by post, the latter to travel in a parcel of clothes. These garments were those cut from a piece of dyed velvet, about which George had written some months earlier, and which he now describes as :

the long expected Waistcoat &c which I got on Friday only. The Taylr complains of the difficulty he has had in making them out, and he has lined and backed them with the Silk of the Waistcoat . . . so that now I think your drapery matters will go on flourishingly, at least for the Spring.

There was news, however, of more serious import than the advent of Richard's new clothes. George had been stopped in the street by Mrs. Smith, who had been very friendly in her manner and in her enquiries ; but he could not forgive what had been said by her about his brother,

and I will not promise you, even if I could bring about a reconciliation (which I have some hopes of this Summer) that I will ever be a favourite or much there.

The second half of the letter is full of family details, mostly trivial.

Mr Cumberland's Comedy or Masque of Calypso was pretty well received on Saturday. I could not go to support it, being quite tired that week with hurry—however to-day the scribblers are at him in swarms—they have settled on it like a legion of Ants—every criticism *different*—and all the *Same*—viz. abusive.

George was now planning a tour in Wales with some friends, to take place in July or August—indeed, at this time of his life he was always planning such a tour, and being disappointed at the last moment. He favoured his brother with details of each stage and of the distances which he proposed to cover,

in all 330 m. measured in 13 days, rest with you 2 or three more, and dilligence away to London—our pockets full of views, our heads full of mountains, and stomachs as keen as razors, and our hearts as light as corks.

The box containing the velvet clothes had been somehow delayed on the road, and had given Mrs. Cumberland a fine opportunity of being anxious, since a trunk belonging to young Dawkins, and "containing all his Cloaths and Money," had been "stole out of the Waggon coming down," and she was "affraid" that Richard's possessions had "gone the same way." Sad to say, they did not, on their belated arrival, give entire satisfaction:

pray tell Seagill he is a Bungler to spoil the Breeches by seaming them across the thighs, especially as there was no necessity for a Waistcoat which I mentioned in one of my letters—take notice and tell me in your next whether Black Velvet Waistcoats are worn by young Parsons in Town, as I can find no precedent for it here. Horses may be hired here [this is in answer

to an enquiry as to the hiring of steeds for the journey into Wales] for 2/6d the first and 1s every other Day for Journies, and better than at Gloster.

A letter from Richard, which must have been written soon after April the 7th, 1779—although inserted in the collection at a later stage—dwelt in considerable detail upon the imaginary nature of Richard Long's ailments, of which, nevertheless, that poor lad died a few months later. It proceeded :

You have made the Old Lady happy at last by your long expected Letter and kind Remembrances, which suppose we shall receive tomorrow—in spite of all her Afflictions and imaginary Misfortunes there is a Colt's tooth still remaining for a little Finery, and I am glad to see it. She has great Spirits or great Health being the first up and last in Bed and trots about all Day long, as you may suppose now she has two Maids to look after.

After writing the above I took up the News Paper, and read the tragical account of poor Miss Ray's death, which affected me the more as I have frequently enjoyed the Pleasure of hearing her Sing at Hinchinbroke, and as well for that as her personal Accomplishments and engaging Manner allways thought her the most accomplished Woman I have seen. Her Behaviour on those Occasions, on which for Six Nights together, she alone supported the female Parts in different Oratorios and did the Honours of Ld. S's House to every one's Satisfaction, was surprising and (if any thing) might in some measure Apologize for his Attachment. In short I look upon her as a second Cleopatra—a Woman of thousands, and capable of producing those Effects on the Heart which the Poets talk so much of and which we are apt to think Chimerical.

Miss Ray, who had been for many years Lord Sandwich's mistress, and was the mother of several children,

was shot as she came out of Covent Garden Theatre by Mr. Hackman, a clergyman, who had long been in love with her, and whom she had refused to marry.

Dear George,

Since my last I have been busied in calling together my Neighbours, fleecing some and feasting all, according to the ancient Custom of the Place at Easter. Upon which occasion my Ears were a good deal Din'd with the low price of corn, the scarcity of money and the impossibility if things go on as they do now of Farmers being able to live—but not a single syllable of the uncommon continuance of favorable Seasons, the prodigious Crops last year of all sorts of Grain, and the blessed prospect of another plentiful Harvest now before our Eyes—which are the general topics of conversation amongst Farmers, unthankful in prosperous Times, grumbling when things are in their natural state—However, bad as Times are they have most of them brought in their Tithes and I hope in a few Days to see the remainder.

As soon as I can get a Bill on London I will remit 20£ to you for Mr Cross, in the meantime pray give me a Letter with the Balance of my Account—Shoud you not have done it already go immediately to the Tenths office and pay for Driffield 16^{s} $8\frac{3}{4}$ as I am in danger of being mulcted—

If Mr Tapp is about to settle our Account, there will be some money for my Mother, which you will let me know of, and I can regulate my Remittance accordingly. We are at last beginning to repair the Outhouses and I hope this Summer, you will find things in better order within as well as without—my Garden is kept in better Repair than it used to be, by the Ingenuity of a very valuable Fellow who works for me and can turn his hand to any thing and we are extremely well settled in Maid Servants. Mother enjoys great Health and is as happy as she is capable of being, but so much taken up with her little Family cares that it is impossible

to persuade [ ] to stir out on Foot or on Horseback this fine Weather—Farming you detest so will say nothing of that—Loveden is returned from burying his Father at the Family Seat in Wales—It is reported Price died worth 10000£ a year and 100000£ in the Funds—I have just heard that Miss Townsend is at Buscot on a short Visit and returns this week to Bath, tis very probable I shall see her—Dont let this news drive the rest of the Letter out of your Head especially the Tenths. Write to me by return of Post and set me down as one of your sincerest Friends and wellwishers,

R. D. CUMBERLAND.

Easter Tuesday 1779.

This £20 was in partial repayment of a loan made by Mr. Cross to Richard for the purpose of such furnishing and necessary outlay as were required for the reception of his pupils. The mention of Mr. Tapp's being probably "about to settle our Account" seems to indicate that Mrs. Cumberland had at last been able to dispose of her bonds, the sale of which had been "hung up" by the absence—and presumable death—of one of her trustees. Mr. Tapp, helpful in deeds, though generally ungracious in words, had advanced money in small sums for the support of Richard at college, and perhaps for other unavoidable expenses.

George must, this spring, have made his mother a present of a dress, for, on April the 15th, Richard wrote :

I cannot let the Box go without a Note to tell You we are well, that my Mother is much pleased with her Gown which is grave and genteel and will serve her to ride to Ciceter upon a Pillion this Summer.

One of the younger pupils had

given himself a great many airs since he came down last, and expects to be treated like a Man of independant

Fortune while he behaves with the Coarseness of an unlick'd schoolboy.

A letter, marked in tiny characters at the top " not all this for our mother," shows the inflammable George in a condition of great admiration for a young lady whom he had recently met for the first time :

such perfection of form, such sweetness, such regularity of countenance, such innocence, such ignorance of her own good qualities, good nature, neatness and delicacy of Frame—never have these eyes beheld before—I have known her *three days*, spent one with her, had her with me at three public places, given her a breakfast at my rooms, painted her picture, gained the preferance of her attention from the man who introduced me, led her under my arm—kissed her—hand—been envied, cursed, suspected, and what not, all in this short space . . . she is 17, well behaved, has no fortune perhaps, and is the daughter of a Bookseller of Bury St. Edmonds.—her name is Sally Green, and . . . she has not been twelve months from the village of Walton in the Willows where she was educated.

From this lady George had secured a promise of letters and many drafts of his to her appear in the collection, as well as some charming replies from her. I think neither was in love with the other, but a genuine regard must have existed on both sides.

The following letters belong to this spring, and tell their own story :

Driffield 23rd *May*, 1779.

Dear George,

This is the second Letter your unusual Silence has extorted and if you woud not wish me to grow serious on the Subject you will answer this by return of Post. I have pleased myself to Day with the Idea that you intend to come upon us unexpectedly these

Witsun Holidays, and beg we shall have the Pleasure of seeing you this evening or tomorrow—as I cannot think you would deny me the Pleasure of hearing from you, unless you intended a greater—Mr Long is return'd, in pretty good Spirits, and flatter myself we shall pass an agreable Summer—the Weather is delightful and I want nothing to make me happy but your Company or at least Correspondence—If you beleive this you will write instantly to your sincerely affectionate Brother,

R. D. Cumberland.

My last was sent on Monday.

I know my dear friend, it will give you pleasure to know what I am doing, because I am happyly employ'd—I will therefore get over my indolence, and give you a tale of a tour of four days—

Thus far I found I had written at an Inn at Maidstone, when supper being set on table and my Company refusing to set down without me, I was obliged to leave off, and from that moment to this, with all the inclination in the World to write something to make you amends for my long silence, I have not been able to find a moment for during my excursion besides walking 15 miles a day, I took and finished 20 views from nature, which could not be neglected—and at my return yesterday, had Three whole Days work to fetch up, before I could think of any thing else—In short I have been a tour of Kent in 4 days and seen more, done more, laughed more, eat more, and every thing but spent more—than I ever remember to have done in the same time—

To give the Journal as I intended, is now impossible because I have no time, and you must be answered immediately. But why will you still be that old —— (for I must rectify your too feeling disposition, or to give its *less* good natured title, your want of Phylosophy, (tho at the same time I sensibly feel my obligation to you for it)—to be uneasy at not hearing from me, when a thousand circumstances might cause it besides

illness—indeed I look upon it as the strongest proof of a person being either remarkably well, or happy, or employed, and subscribe heartily to the old Maxim —not that I can commend the person who takes advantage of this sentiment to save himself trouble. Tho in fact I should be sorry even to recive a line that bore the mark of labour, and would rather submit to your silence for 6 mo^{s} than give you a moments uneasiness in writing to me.

Situated as I am I could often afford you a letter replete with matter to gratify your curiosity (tho' I think I give you about two sheets for one) but I have no contrivance to transplant my thoughts on paper but the common one of tracing them with pen and Ink, and that operation, to a person always dabbling in it, on books and papers becomes disgusting—then I get so fully engaged, and see so much company, that all the moments which I call leisure, are taken up by it—

But I have made a tour—not into Glocestershire—and that I foresee must be cleared up—if it could not, it would be wisest to say nothing about it, but the fact is, my intentions were to have breakfasted with you on Saturday morning last, by getting into the Herefordshire Dilligence on Friday afternoon—but this and an Oxford, and Glocester one, were all filled a week before—and to have spent two days out of six in going and coming by the vile stage, would have been too great a trial of my patience—and given you no satisfaction neither.

I may with reason be unhappy at the silence of a correspondent of mine—for I have written 4 times without receiving any return, and Letters, some of wh. deserved one—indeed it begins to break in upon my mirth, and were it not for that phylosophy I have mentiond, which always induces me to conjecture well, till I find the reverse, I should I believe feel it more sensibly than you would wish me [ ] —and I am a little displeased at the silence [ ] quarter of the Globe —Willis has not wrote a line to thank me for 4 Letters

and 5 Parcels of Pamphlets—these may be lost,—but the others cannot be so—

The end of all this is you must be patient, and if I have not forgot it—I will tell you a great deal of news by and by—in the mean time give me some of the lively thoughts of your heart to make me amends for the silence of others, and if you can tell me that T. is reserved for me.

Adieu Yours most affectionately,

G. CUMBERLAND.

Thursday, 27 May 1779.

P.S. That last paragh but this sunk my heart. Pray give me a cordial—a long friendly letter when you can.

Rev^d^ Cumberland,
Driffelde, near
Gloces. Cirencester.

A new character now comes upon the scene in the person of Mrs. Mole, a wealthy lady with whom " Mrs " Sarah Cumberland, the aunt of Richard and George, was living. Whether she was a distant relative or not I am not certain ; but it is evident that George soon became indispensable to the two elderly women. They depended upon him to write letters, to do commissions, to talk over their business affairs ; and no doubt they found his young and cheerful society pleasant. A faint reflection of his relation to them appears in a draft (dated May the 30th, 1779) of a letter to Mrs. Gooch, which he had the chance of sending by " a M^r^ Copley, well known to M^r^ Gooch, who is so obliging as to undertake the forwarding of this to you."

The person indicated is probably John Singleton Copley, the painter, who was at this time in London and may have talked of returning to Boston, but who, as he never did so, cannot have carried any letter.

Your worthy aunt Cumberland is living and but for

the circumstance of a disorder in her leg which she bears with the greatest patience, in a situation such as she by no means complains of—thro the friendship of a Lady, whose kind conduct to her deserves more praises than she would chuse I believe to hear, indeed it is so generous as in a great measure to make her amends for that hard fortune which you well know she has experienced.

In a later part of the letter George, who cannot possibly, having been born but six-and-twenty years previously, have remembered a relative unseen for thirty, declared that

while the memory of my esteemed father remains, I shall never forget that warmth with which he recommended you to my regard, my brother shares the same sentiment with me, and my mother talks often of one who used to be her favorite.

Between George's letter of May the 27th and his brother's answer to it, written on June the 2nd, a fuller account had been received at Driffield of the Maidstone jaunt, but does not appear in the collection. Richard was anxious to hear more about Miss Green, and expressed an opinion that George's attachment to "Miss T." had more in it "of Platonism than of Passion."

George, however, rejected with indignation the suggestion that there was

any of that vile platonism in my regard for T—— and if I was not convinced she is the woman whom I could take without fortune, I would not suffer myself to think about her—yet I do not believe the loss of her (if I may talk in that stile) would destroy my future happiness, and while I am in a state of uncertainty I take every opportunity to amuse the thought of her from my mind.

After a considerable dissertation upon the folly of encouraging unhappiness and upon the character of

" this girl," presumably Miss Green, George returned to family news.

I have wrote to Sally Weaver (Mrs. Gooch)—the Old Lady [whether Mrs. Mole or his aunt is intended I cannot tell] is pleased with it ; *she* has presented me with a work which cost her 5 Gui[s]—*I* have sent her Spanish Snuff. I have wrote another Tale, another sermon, Squibs, poetry &c (and have some thought of commencing Editor of a news paper)—but of this not a *word* to anybody.

Richard had grave doubts as to his brother's suitability for editorship.

The generality of papers I have seen shew very little Ingenuity in the Editors and I conceive the Labour of it too great for a Man of Genius . . . Whatever you do be civil at least to the old Lady and kind to our Aunt who is certainly (even by Mother's confession) a good woman at the Bottom.

We may hope that they were both good women, but it is clear that the sisters-in-law could not endure each other at close quarters ; some old grievance rankled, and there is plenty of evidence that both were troublesome ladies to deal with.

George wrote, on June the 14th, from Grove House, Camberwell (where, I believe, Mr. Long lived), and declared that he was spending his time there partly that he might have leisure to write to his brother, and

to effect my purpose I have retreated from the gay assembly of females in the great tea room at this house and am retired into a little hole that overlooks the Stables, where I am sure no living Soul will Molest me.

His morning had been largely wasted, partly by his having invited some ladies who lodged in the same house to breakfast, partly by the uncertainty of his own mind.

I wanted to see Mrs Cumberland, to dine with Mrs Petty, to do the Same at Newington, to drink tea at Westminster,—to ride to Morley, to call at Camberwell —to write to you, to compose a new tale that I have in my head to complete a Journal of my Kentish tour, to finish two Miniatures and a Landscape—and to enquire after the health of my acquaintance Townley (a son of your old master) who is dangerously ill &c, &c.

Finally, he had gone to Newington, and the narrative of his experiences is as remote from any that could have befallen a Londoner to-day, as though they dated from the Middle Ages, instead of being less than a century and a half old. He had begun by seeing one of those brutal spectacles which still disgraced English life; "about 200 people at a church door on the other side of the bridge" were

attending to see a woman come out of church from standing in a white sheet—she came and no pickpocket could be worse treated, an intelligent green grocer told me her name and the woman she had defamed, of whom he said she was jealous, but what made me smile at this indecent farce was, that the people round, liberally bestowed on her the same epithet which had brought her *into* that disgrace—and which yet, they all seemed to think just!!

The adventures of the day were not yet at an end; on leaving Newington, where he had given Mary Balchen Richard's invitation that she should spend a month at Driffield, he

turned up at Kennington a pathway which had often tempted me, it brought me to the neatest little farm house imaginable, but what an owner! he was leaning over his hatch and by him lay a large dog, the most respectable animal; for in return for my civilly asking him if I might pass through his yard to Camberwell,

he bid me go back the way I came, follow my nose &c, and threatned me if I offered to go into his [ ] would set his dog at me, to w^h his man added, I had better [ ] learned to swim, for there was a brave ditch to cross—I answered that his age and ignorance was his best protec[ ] if he dared to send his dog that way, I should instantly dispatch him, which I could have done having my sword stick about me,—however he did not think proper to put his threats in execution,

and George, continuing his walk, and " passing through all the trespass paths I could find to avoid company," arrived

at the top of that hill near Denmark Hall which gives so fine a view of the country and London.—It was a feast; so I sat down on the grass, took out Spencer, read his Hymn to beauty, made a virtuous resolution and walked on—seeing some peapickers at work, I called across the field where they were, intending to ask them some questions and give them something to drink—but was rudely called after by a fellow to return—I took no notice but coolly walked on, just as I came up to the opposite Hedge, a most ill looking Ruffian with a bludgeon in his hand, jumpt out to stop me, and with oaths and menances, bid me not attempt to pass over. I immediately advanced to him, and he jumpt back, two others calling to him not to let me cross it, which I did immediately close to him, at the same time with an air of authority, said I was going that way and, if he dared impede me, I would severely punish him, they still threatned me with the most horrid imprecations that I should go before the Justice for trespassing, and the first offered to take hold of me; upon which I told them as this was the case and as I found they wanted to rob me, if the persons who where coming up would assist me, they should be taken before a Justice—this manner of turning the tables has a vast effect on such fellows for on the party happening to be strong enough for the purpose, they drew in their horns and hoped I would give them something to drink?

nothing, tho I had before intended it, and as they were fit for Soldiers, I should recommend them to the Commissioners—and so I walked off.

A man might walk many miles to-day without finding a farm, neat or otherwise, or a party of pea-pickers, between Newington and Camberwell—while as to the view from Denmark Hill, or the open grass upon which a pedestrian might seat himself to contemplate it, only a sprinkling of octogenarians and nonagenarians can still, in their dreams, recall such wonders.

On July the 10th Richard bestowed upon his brother a long, gossipping letter, better sealed, it is to be hoped, than some of his sending, since it contained pretty severe strictures upon some of his neighbours. With his own situation he expressed satisfaction :

I begin to have a pretty Circle of Acquaintance in this Neighbourhood and am more and more attatch'd to My Situation the longer I stay in it.

He can hardly have anticipated, however, when he wrote thus that he was destined to continue in it for six-and-forty years longer—the remainder of his life.

Four days later he was writing again :

I admire your Regularity and abstemiousness as I have long felt the good Effect of living cool especially at this Season, and in spite of the old Ladies Admonition seldom drink any thing but small Ale, never eat Meat Suppers and devour a much larger Quantity of Vegetables than comes to My Share. . . . Now things begin to wear a more promising Aspect I often congratulate Myself on having escaped a most dangerous Temptation, that of connecting Myself with a Partner for Life, for the sake perhaps of a few Hundreds to begin it with, a very common Case with Young Men in My Situation.

Towards the end of July George came to Driffield

for a week, accompanied by his friend, Richard Collins, a miniature painter. In the hope of finding Miss Townsend there, he went to call at Buscott, but she had gone into Warwickshire. A draft appears of a letter which he must have sent to her about this time, possibly from Driffield, in which he lamented and wondered that he had not heard from her.

Yet might I not have been gratified with a line after five Lett[ ] What am I to think of your Silence? nothing will I hope but that you have some how not received them (tho they were all posted to M^rs^ Mainwaring Bath) for I will never believe your good nature would refuse me so great a pleasure at so small expence of time, till I hear it from your own lips.

The next letter from George, after his return to town, repeats his suspicions of the opening, or at least the inspection, of communications,

not that I know of anything we say to one another which might not as well be published at Charing Cross, yet not perhaps at the moment they are said. . . . I have met with a book lately translated from the german of M Gothé called "*The Sorrows of Werter*" which delighted me above all things—it is a masterpeice; a tragic tale handled with all the force imaginable, in some places touched rather too strong but original, and containing a moral Lesson on the moderation of the Passions *very interesting*.

In Werther he perceived a marked resemblance to his own character,

and have seen my mind represented as in [a mirror]—it is not vanity, for I do not pretend to his good qualities but I have too many of his foibles.

While at Driffield George had begun a portrait of his brother, who presently enquired whether it had been

George Cumberland.

from a Contemporary Pen-drawing.

finished, and also whether Collins had completed one that he had made of George. At a later time George announces that he is sending Richard's portrait to him, but none which can be identified, even conjecturally, as this is now in the possession of his descendants. That of George, here reproduced, certainly represents him as a young man, and may, not improbably, have been etched by himself (at a later time) from Collins's work. The silhouettes reproduced in this volume belong to the year 1773 and were made by George.

On Friday, September the 17th, George gave further details of his journalistic industries :

If you want news I have none to give you, it is true I do compose paragraphs every week for the General Evenᵍ Postscript and have for some time, but they are seldom news—little essays on the times, conjectures, encouragements &c—In short I try to lead the public sentiments right. [He was a strong Tory.] I have an assistant who is the ostensible Man, and am not supposed to have any thing to do with it—so now any article of country intelligence will be acceptable and you may have the pleasure to hear the remarks on your own observations—I assure you the paper looks the better for them—but you will be as silent as the grave.

Later on in this letter appears a most characteristic paragraph :

One day last week I learn'd the Greek Alphabet and began to spell but somebody undertook to teach me to play at Billiards, and now Angles and Cues are uppermost —I have played 3 times and beat my teacher already.

In the beginning of October he was making up his mind to a change of abode. Many indications of dissatisfaction appear in the letters for some time previously, and now he becomes explicit :

I have got out of humour with my lodgins [George systematically denies a "g" to this word] and not without reason, they are really grown intolerable.

All the servants were sluts and "theives," the mistress idle and cheating, the master a noisy brute, and the house "a scene of dirt and Litter and crying of children." To crown these offences a new set of lodgers had been taken in, bringing the number of inmates to eleven, "and the Man seems to be as noisy and Vulgar as my Landlord."

No. 37 Friday Street, which had thus become so deplorable a place of residence for an impatient and fastidious young man, was probably not the house that now bears the same number—very few London streets have escaped renumbering in the course of a century—but most likely resembled the few flat-fronted Georgian houses which have preserved the main features of their original appearance. Some of these seem to have possessed small shop windows, and "my Landlord" may perhaps have been a tradesman.

The month of October relieved Richard, his own letter will best tell how, from an anxiety of a twelvemonth's standing.

DRIFFIELD 9th *Oct*r.

DEAR GEO,

Tis ten and I am tired with my Journey, but cannot go to bed without acquainting you with my success—my last mentioned Mr Smiths being here at Cicester, and the uneasiness it gave me, tired with forming Schemes of promoting an Interview with Him I gave it up and set off yesterday to meet the Longs at Oxford, call'd on Loveden by the Way, who was out hunting but returnd soon after and proposed taking a ride with me to shew me where he is going to build, this detain'd me a little longer and just as we were talking on the subject of Mr S. being in the country, who shoud come up

but himself in a chaise with his wife and Miss Read—you will conceive my sensations—I retired into the next Room till he had been informed of the occasion of my being there and Loveden had prevailed on him to see me —when I came in he received me very civilly enquired after my Mother etc—we sat down and talked on indifferent subjects, till I found an opportunity of taking him into the Garden and there set the matter in such a light that he had nothing to object, but heard me out with patience and good humour said I might call upon him when next in Town and that they woud come to Driffield the next time he came into the country, was glad to hear the success I had met with in pupils and did not wish to remember what had passed—Mrs Smith seemed pleased with our reconciliation and after promising to call the next Day on my way back I took leave and proceeded on my Journey—*Rejoicing*—Dined with Rawbone and rode with him to Oxford, arrived just as the Longs came in and supped together at the Star—This morning got to Buscot by 12 o clock, met Loveden and the Party arrivg and accompanied them home to Dinner—every thing was easy and cheerful precisely as if we had never had the least Difference, passed a most agreable afternoon, parted in the most friendly manner—These are the Heads of our providential meeting and unlooked for reconciliation—It has made me compleatly happy and will you to hear it. When I have Time shall be more particular on this subject. At present adieu and accept this as the best account your sleepy Brother can make out—In a day or two I will answer your Letter—Drew on you last Thursday for Six Pounds at six Days Sight to my order All well and Good Night.

Yours sincerely,

R. D. Cumberland.

Miss Townsend is well enough to get a Horseback.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Royal Exchange Insurance Office,
London.

Richard's serenity, however, was very soon disturbed by a report of the kind to which unmarried country clergymen are peculiarly liable. The local gossips were telling one another—and Mr. Smith had actually been informed by his tenant, and had repeated the statement to Richard—that he was engaged to Miss "Sukey" Timbrell. Of the Timbrell family there were at this time two main branches, one established permanently in Cirencester, and one at Ewen, a few miles off; and each group—a circumstance most bewildering for the biographer—possessed an only son, called Robert, a daughter called Susan, or Susanna, and two more daughters. This parallelism among the cousins renders it often difficult to know of which set Richard is writing. The Cirencester household was afflicted with a father whose old age was by no means worshipful, and who appears to have separated himself—greatly, I should suppose, to their relief—from his wife and daughters. It was Miss "Sukey," of Cirencester, whom the tittle-tattle of the country-side had selected as a spouse for the vicar of Driffield. She must have been older, I think, than Richard, and was less attractive in his eyes than her cousin and namesake at Ewen, which cousin

used to joke about my going there—a sweethearting as she used to call it, and I joined in the laugh, till the joke grew stale and I began to perceive a little jealousy at the bottom.

All this gossip was very annoying to him: "I see at last I shall be compelled to marry in my own Defense."

On November the 2nd George reported that he had, with great reluctance, called upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith and that the visit had turned out well;

in half an hour I was privy councellor, and set out to find a proper place in the Garden for bee Hives—I need

only add that I stayed till 8 o Clock and came away with the following Commissions—*To* leave 2 oz of Mustard seed at Mr Heming's, *To* put a Lettr in the Post, to call on Mr N. Paice, and negotiate with him for his vote for Dr Harvey in the room of Dr Higginson of Guys who died that Morning, To go to Mr Reads in white Friars and order 10000 Dutch clinkers to be left at Mrs Calthorps at Camberwell, *To* ask Wildman's of Holbourn the price of two sets of Bees, and *To* buy a box of Irwin's fruit Lozenges.

Evidently George's readiness to dispense with the favour of the Smith household was not without its reasons.

On December the 2nd the vicar of Driffield had an exciting experience to report. He and his pupil, Dawkins, had paid a visit to

a Mr Parsons on the Gloster road. . . . Bob Timbrell and his family were of our Party—We rompt and Danced and Sung till near Eight o' Clock and then set out in high Spirits for Ciceter, but had not rode 3 Mile before we met with the most terrible storm of Rain, Thunder and Lightning. I and Dawkins luckily got Shelter at a little Inn but poor Mrs T and her Daughters, who were in a Chaise and drove thro it suffered inexpressibly —Bob who kept with them, lost his Eye Sight for some Minutes with the Lightning and they got home in a sad Condition being obligd to keep the Glasses down, and had been near over set by the Horses jumping out of the road —mean while we regaled on Bread and Cheese and Ale and after Staying near 2 Hours, the Moon Rose, the Storm ceased—and we had a charming Ride to Driffield tho late—to give you an Idea of the Lightning here—our Thos and Hester going just before the Storm to drive a Cow to grass were both struck down by the same Flash. The Boy got up immediately but could not see which way he ran and tumbled over Hester, who lay senseless and he thought her Dead and was going to leave her—however she came to herself soon, and they ran home, but so terrified you would have pitied them.

On the 16th of the same month Richard and his pupil, on one of their jaunts,

met with 1000 French Prisoners on their March to Lichfield—Sea officers on their parole. They had only a Conductor with them and march ten Miles a Day—they seem a set of poor spiritless Fellows, but much more orderly and decent in their Behavior than ours generally appear. Shoud any of them stay at Ciceter, I shall scrape acquaintance with some of the genteelest looking Men for the sake of Information.

Towards the end of the year Richard made a stay in London, and took the opportunity of calling upon Mr. Smith before seeing any of his other friends, wishing "to make a merit of going before I have made my Visits in Town, which I know will be taken well." He reached home on Christmas Eve, and

had the Pleasure to find every thing as I coud wish.—Mother in good Spirits, making great Provision for the Poor, both of Bread and Meat, our usual Donation on this Day.

A mysterious paragraph appears later in this Christmas Day letter :

The Grecian Lady has excited my Curiosity (to call it by no other Name) and if you love me, get some more Intelligence about her I am interested more than you can Imagine in her Adventures, but pray do not mention mine, with her, to any one. Seen from this Place [it] looks like the Summit of Impudence and if I ever see her again it must be on the Strength of a better Introduction.

From various scattered hints I am disposed to believe that Richard had met this lady at a masquerade, where, possibly, she had worn what a contemporary dressmaker would have denominated "a Grecian habit."

George, writing on the 29th to thank his mother for sundry articles of Christmas cheer, and for "your kind letter . . . open as the hand which writ and warm as the heart which dictated it," sent a reply in the following form:

Tell my brother that I will take care and enquire after the Grecian Chart he m[ ] to me, and I believe I have met with [ ] who can put it into my hands in a few day[ ].

Sad to say, he had, in unpacking his hamper, overlooked "the chine," the subsequent fate of which remains unrecorded: "in future never send me anything but Plumb Cakes, they will keep, and I have a better scent after them."

Miss Green's letter—apparently her first to George—reached him probably a few days earlier. It is written in an excellently clear, rather masculine hand (perhaps Miss Sally kept her father's books for him) and is far more correct in the matter of spelling than any of Mrs. Cumberland's, although that lady had been educated by a wealthy relative of good social position. In respect of punctuation, however, it must be owned that Miss Green was eccentric. Evidently George had confided to his distant correspondent those newspaper engagements which he had bidden his brother keep so profoundly secret.

Who shoud have thought of your becoming Writer [ ] *Ordinary*, and *Extraordinary*, wish I cou'd see the paper but we do not take them at Home and as there are no Lady's Coffee Rooms It will not be in my Power by the Bye, I wish somebody of *Consequence* wou'd set it on Foot I'm sure it wou'd take what a Comfortable Thing it wou'd be a nice large Room and Fire and Newspapers Printed entirely for our use none

of your *Dry Stuf* fit only for Starched Politicians, quite different !—we woud have nothing but dear Nonsence a few Deaths, Marriages with a little Wit and News and perhaps a Mixture of a *little Scandal* all this with our own Chit Chat would make it charming and I think now and then you woud Honour us with a *Fragment.*

Her letter concludes with amazing conciseness for an eighteenth-century correspondent: "Adieu. Yrs. S Green," and she dates with admirable completeness: "Bury Dec. 23 1779." To this letter George appears to have replied promptly, for a draft answer occupies the next pages of the collection; and is succeeded by the rough copy of one to Miss Townsend.

After having written more Lett[rs] than I can recollect without the satisfaction of knowing that you have received them, you must not blame me if I add to the list another to expostulate with you on your silence. It is not in my power to express how happy it will render me to be releived from the various surmises I have formed on the reason of your not writing. None of them have been to the prejudice of your good temper, but many have arisen from my anxiety for your health —I have heard of your illness but not of your intire recovery, and I wish to have it from your own hands— My brother who has been in town a few days, tells me you are now or will be very soon at Buscott—this has induced me to direct there in hopes that out of the leisure of a long visit an hour may be allotted to me. You are not perhaps acquainted how kindly M[r] Loveden has interfered in the dispute between my brother and M[r] S. —he acted the part of an old friend on the occasion, not of a new acquaintance, and I have the pleasure to say his endeavours were not ineffectual—I beleive I told you all the source of their dispute, it was as unexpected as the reconciliation—as both seemed in some measure to be accidental, only with the difference, a designing man exited his animosity and [ ] well meaning

person healed the breach—But this is nothing to the subject of my Lett. wh. is uppermost and wh. I must resume.

Considering the proper freedom with which you express your sentiments on all occasions in conversation and the little apparent difficulty you seem to have in telling us your feelings at any time, I have often been at a loss to account for that shyness which you seem to possess when you should take up the pen—you complain of that as a labour wh. should be a relaxation and talk of want of time to perform what every body finds time for. For this reason I cannot accept of such an apology wh. you twice made, and must rather think you have been persuaded that it is improper to correspond with a person of my sex and that some prude or censorious person, who wants the proper feelings of humanity, and is absorbed in the narrow prejudice of education, has taken advantage of your respect for her opinion, to instill into your mind such a doctrine, for surely your reason never told you that a virtuous communication of ideas could be reprehensible on account of the sex they were addressed to—on the contrary the reason why it is commendable is too obvious to escape the notice of any sensible person, and the pleasure it produces too reasonable to be censured by any thinking one. If this suspition of mine is a true one do me the justice to confess it, and if my Letters are become irksome to you, be equally candid, as you may be assured, that however flattering the continuance of them may be to me, your inclination will ever be preferred to my own—Wishing you and Family all the good wishes of the Season, I remain . . .

One seems to read in his entreaty for at least an explanation instead of the baffling silence to which she had condemned him, the cry of poor George's flickering hope. The truth appears to be that from the receipt of that letter which was intended to lead up to an avowal of his attachment, she had decided that the correspon-

dence could not continue upon the footing which it was assuming—George had said too much not to say more. He, on his part, feared to say more without some sign of encouragement, and that sign she would not give. Whether, if he had made a definite proposal, she would have accepted it can be but a matter of conjecture; it is even possible—though there is no evidence at all to that effect—that he did make such a proposal, and was refused. I rather believe, however, that this was one of those love affairs which from a sort of shyness or unreadiness fail to come to their crisis at the natural moment, and gradually fade away, leaving often a pang behind on both sides. That his failure to marry Miss Townsend was the greatest misfortune of George's life is the impression left strongly upon my own mind. She was a woman who would have developed the best parts of his character, and when, a few years later, unexpected prosperity befell him, she would have been a wife suited to his position, who could have been the centre of such a social circle as he loved. At this point, marriage still seemed to hang in the balance, but another weight soon fell into the scale, and, almost unconsciously perhaps, George came to be entangled in stronger claims.

The New Year had its gaieties in Gloucestershire. Richard wrote on January the 3rd, 1780, that he had attended

our Assembly last Wedn^{y} and an excellent one it Was. You have heard of Miss Sparkes—she was there, in all the Pride of Health and Wit and Beauty, at fifteen—I have dined there in her Company since, and had such a Bout at Romps with her as makes the London Girls seem mere Babys in Comparison—All this has not been able to drive out the Idea of my lovely Incognito, but rather on the contrary improved my Opinion of her Merits—and more I must know, before I can be Satisfied

—Your Opinion of her Person—an account of her Situation Character and Connections, all these I expect from You . . . If You coud procure an Introduction, thro any other Family than the Reads, it woud be best, but let me beg of you not to mention the Side Box Adventures to them or any one else.—As to Greece I suspect it was a Blunder of your Friend the Butcher—she is more probably a Creole. . . . The great Fault I find in our English Women is want of Sentiment . . . they have no Expression in their Eyes; except to indicate the more violent Passions and seem little disposed to form those tender Attachments of Love and Friendship independent of Selfish Motives.

And he proceeds to complain that

it is impossible not to observe a want of Delicacy especially in the Article of Marriage that lessons our Opinion of them greatly.

Considering our young gentleman's own cold-blooded attitude towards matrimony and that he had written:

I cannot help thinking it an advantage to be unprejudiced and impartial in an affair of so much consequence to our future happiness as the Choice of a Wife,

the censure comes with rather an ill grace. But the idea that women should, in equity, be measured by the same standard as men had not dawned upon the eighteenth century.

In this month had occurred the death—in the workhouse, I think—of "Nancy" Balchen, and Richard reported that his mother had been much affected by the sad end of her sister and had wept; although the event must, in one sense, have been felt as a relief by all surviving members of the family.

A subordinate of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company had embezzled money and absconded, after

leaving his wife and young children unprovided for. George, as might have been expected, had been active in collecting a little fund for her, and in finding her employment. This conduct Richard praised, and George retorted :

You hurt me a little where you mean to praise for to be highly pleased to find me above common prejudices looks as if you had been uncertain about it before . . . when you see me help a beggar over a Channel in St James's Street or run across the way to pick up an orange-woman's hat, and return it to her without blushing or looking round me, then I will give you leave to say I have not a vulgar soul. . . . These are Matters, however trivial they may appear, which mark the great distinction in the species the *Man* of *Sense*, and the *Creature* of *Custom*, and he that cannot do thus will rarely do a great action from Principle. . . . I supped last night with Henderson the Player and staid till One o' Clock, he read us three acts of a new tragedy of Mr Cumberland, on the Old Story of Tarquin and Lucrece he did it great justice in the reading, and [ ] the first and 3rd Act is fine, but they will never get performers for it. Mrs Henderson is a most agreeable woman, and he seemingly, a gentlemanlike good natured Man—he hoped to see me again, and I shall certainly go. Mr Ireland with whom I went to spend the evening introduced me—they are a happy cheerful couple, possessing Judgement and talents, and are acquainted with Most of the Wits, Male and female in Town.

A little letter written by Miss Green on February the 1st may serve as a sample of the manner in which young ladies wrote to gentlemen in London about the year 1780.

What ? I suppose you think we are in want of *amusement*, in the Country, this Christmas, that you must send Enigmas, what a Letter was your last, I mean that by the Post, the one you sent by Mr Holl, was the last received, tho it should have arrived before, but when

Richard Cumberland, the Dramatist.
from the Painting by Romney in the National Portrait Gallery.

we trust to the kind Hand of a Friend, we must excuse them if they are not quite so exact, as a Post whom we Pay, and consequently expect Punctuality from.—

I thank you for my Almanack, it will serve for my Purposes, besides that you mention, I dont want to be put in mind, that a Letter is *due* to you and has been this month, but I know not how it is I am Idle, and have been in the Country a Week, where we were as merry as its Possible quite a young Party, visiting a Gent. and Lady, who take no other delight than in such Company, and exerting all their Powers to make them Happy, I always Pay them a visit at Christmas, and enjoy more satisfaction in it; than such a visit generally Produces, Old People are apt to be Crabbed, and ilnatured, but these, are an exception from the general Rule and they have their Reward, for they are I truly believe, as Happy as they appear to be—

I beg you'll write soon that I may have a *White* mark in my Almanack. My Comp^{s} to M^{r} Highmore, tho if I have Time I'll write to Him to Day.

Yrs,

S. Green.

Bury *Feb* 1st,
1780.
M^{r} Cumberland,
No 56 Friday Street,
Cheap Side,
London.

On Lady Day Richard, regardless of his brother's dislike to letters about agriculture, wrote in a most pastoral mood, reciting the births of "a fine Calf" and of "30 sheep."

These are Matters of no small concern to Us in the Country, and afford an amusement innocent at least and somewhat cheaper than any of your London ones. The fine Weather makes us all alive and in Spirits and we envy nobody whilst it lasts.

Among the many tokens of George's genius for friendship, with which the correspondence abounds, is the following letter from a despairing lover whose name it seems kinder to withhold.

Dear Cumberland,

It is only to you I dare venture to lay open a heart burdened with sorrow, which I should do much readier were you not to take a part of it to yourself, as I could only wish to disclose, and not to make you a partaker of my affliction—I have endeavoured to sleep but cannot and the only satisfaction I have found for some time, is that my fire will permit me to light a candle at 3 o clock in the morning. A sight of my dear Harriet at the Exhibition has over set all my phylosophy—By nature I was meant for a deceitful villain—I pass'd by her with the most seeming indifference, and although they, or Shelley, or some one of the Party spoke to my father I was mad enough, in a damned kind of side sneer upon my countenance, vociferously to joke Mrs Meanling (who attends the Exhibition) on some triffling affair. They did not permit me to insult them any more, as they left the Room two minutes after, tho they had not been ten in the Exhibition Room: Surely some infernal deamon is resolved to make me appear contemptible in the eyes of the only girl, who can make me happy—

O my friend did you know what I feel, I should excite your pity—but I do not wish it—If you permit me to ease my mind by writing to you, it is all I desire of you; as I trust you will never let a second person see the contents of my letter. I certainly shall go mad if I am not so already—I do not know what to wish—was I capable, which I never shall be, to clear up the affair, and was permitted again to hope to gain Harriets consent for my happiness, what a distant prospect I have to look to for the compleation of it. And should she consent from interested motives—I was doomed to be miserable and I must conform to my fate, however I trust that a good

and merciful God will ease me of my misery by shortening of my existence I am affectionately Yours ——.

It was with confidence of your secrecy I wrote the above—as I find myself much better from this indulgence of my sorrow—I flatter myself you will admit it as a sufficient excuse for my troubling you with it. Let me hear from you—Friday 3 o clock morning—

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Insurance Office,
Royal Exchange.

A letter from Richard Collins marks approximately the date of George's removal from Friday Street (where he seems to have lived first at No. 37 and afterwards at No. 56) to No. 1 Church Court, Clement's Lane. The lane runs between King William and Lombard Streets, and is a quiet nook easy to be overlooked; the court which runs round two sides of St. Clement's Church is quieter still, and No. 1 lies at the least frequented corner. Some part of the house is evidently old, and the wooden room on the first floor may well have formed part of George's particular abode. The landlord of whom he hired his rooms I will call Carter (although this was not his actual name), and I rather think he had some connection with the Royal Exchange Assurance Company. He was a married man—his wife being, I suspect, of better family than himself—and the father of two or three children.

A lively letter from Miss Green shows that in April, 1781, his correspondence with that young lady was in some danger of giving rise to local scandal.

It is so long since I wrote that I'm almost asham'd to acknowledge I am still living, I must not think of it nor look back, if I do, I shall never dare to trouble you with another Letter—tho I have a charge against you which will almost ballance it, you forget you have taken up the

very Charactar you had appear'd to despise, nay, even written against—*Punctilio* you pretended not to bear the Idea of it, and yet, no Letter to me because I had not answer'd your last—You can preach but—you know the rest—

Your Epistle which came whilst I was at Norwich, was carried to a *Miss* of 50, who bears my name, who in a huff, was going to commit it to the Flames, (luckily it was summer and no fire near her) but she recollected there was a Child, (as she terms me) in Cook Row of the same name—very much astonished that my Father should suffer me to write to *Male Creatures*, who she said, " as he might see by the Letter " " thought of nothing but Dogs and Horses " if you remember it was a Dissertation upon *Hobby Horses*, she never was so prophane I dare answer for her as to turn over a Shandy—of all the follies in nature, nothing is so detested by me as prudery, I hope never to go beyond the verge of Delicacy, but I do pray I may not become a Prude—

I hear Mr Highmore is very bad, I am exceedingly sorry for it, its a most dreadful hardship so young as Mrs H. is to become a widow—

I expect to have a very long Letter from you soon, by way of acknowledgment of your transgressions, and forgiveness, of mine—Pray are we to see you this summer ? this is the third season since your promise was given, our Family will all be happy in your company and particularly

Yr. hbl Sert,

Bury *Apl* 3, 1781. S. Green.

P.S. My Father and Mother desire their best Respects—I have desired the Post Master to send all Lrs directed for Miss Green to me as I can always tell by the writing whether they are mine—

Mr Cumberland,
Church Court,
Clement Lane,
London.

From a draft in his writing we may conclude that George wrote in reply :

Your relation of the Fate of my poor Epistle has diverted me not a Little, and I Marvel how it happened that it was not handed about the Town as a warning peice to all young women shewing how a booksellers daughter of Bury was detected in a familiar correspondence with a youth of London City, by a virtuous Maiden of the same place The whole being a Monument of God's revenge against Scribbling, and a lasting example of the licentiousness of the times.

Richard about this time paid a visit to his brother in London—whether he met the Grecian lady does not appear—and went thence to Cambridge to take his degree (he was eventually a Doctor of Laws), returned for another brief stay in town, and finally went home in time to take three services and a christening on March the 5th. His mother he found well and cheerful.

You will scarce believe Me, but in the Course of 4 weeks the Good Lady had expended only 4s 6d of the Money I left with her and yet assured me she had wanted for Nothing. . . . To account for it You must Consider we have always a Stock of Necessaries, such as Corn, Bacon, Poultry and Liquors in the House and there is neither Temptation nor Opportunity to trifle away Money.

On March the 21st Richard had heard from his brother the news of another cousin's death—that of Mrs. Read, who had been Sarah Balchen. George, he supposed, would attend the funeral.

Be so good as to attend to Cozen Mary's Behaviour on this and any other occasion that falls in your way, as You know I have the highest Opinion of Your Judg-

ment and am interested more nearly than you can conceive in the Family since my last Visit—Something whispers me she is the good Woman I have been so long in search of—that without many shining ones she has all the good Qualities necessary to make the Married State comfortable—of a serious Religious turn without Melancholy—of a tender Disposition and passionately fond of Children—Her Education not amiss and Situation in Life sufficiently humble, by which I mean, such that being taken from an uneasy Dependance on a mean Selfish Woman to be Mistress of My House and Family woud be an Elevation rather than the Contrary, which is a Circumstance I lay great Stress on.

At Easter George made a short visit to Driffield, and after making one of the little tours to which he was so much addicted, returned to London, where, in the early part of April, he received the following letter :

Driffield 7th *April* 1780.

Dear George,

We are exceeding happy to hear of your safe arrival in Town from your romantic expedition for such I must call it, and hope you found benefit from the change of air and exercise. You were very fortunate in weather as we have not had a fine Day since you left us, nor have I been able to pay my Visit at Buscott, tho intend setting out tomorrow. To match your adventure at the little Inn, I'll tell you one that happened here this morning. Before I was up Alice Howell called here to tell us they had had a strange visit the yesterday from a young man, a Brother of Dyers who was Curate here, that they knew not what to make of him nor how to act by him—He was dressed she said in a kind of Livery, very dirty, wanted to get to his Friends, but had no money in his Pocket. That they had heard Mr Dyer say he had been extravagant and were afraid to trust him with any but thought it woud be as well to give him a trifle and send him away. I did not know what to make of it,

as I had never heard of his having a Brother, so bid her send him to me to Breakfast and tell him I shoud be glad to see him. He came and instead of the strange Figure I expected to see, there appears a young naval officer in a full suit of Regimentals the rather the worse for wear and excepting being a little shorter and thicker so like his Brother I wanted no other certificate. I received him accordingly and entering into Conversation learnt that he was Masters Mate of the Eagle—was taken Prisoner at Fort Montgomery 2 years ago, and had just made his escape from the Rebels and got back in a Prize Ship to Bristol, where he was set on shore last week, and not knowing his Brother had quitted Cicester had traveld to that Place on foot and enquird for him at his old Lodging, but the man of the House was Dead and he coud get no Intelligence—he then rememberd having been with his Brother to Dine at Howells, which induced him to go there and having got directions to his Brother near Southampton must endeavour to get there as well as he coud. All this time he said nothing of his Distress for money and woud have taken leave. I desired him to stay a little longer and turning the conversation to his method of traveling, enquired how he was provided. He then told me, he had set out from Bristol with only 8 shillings, that he had been obligd to sell a clean shirt he had in his Pocket and changed his last 6^{d} at Cicester—I asked him if a Guinea woud be sufficient—a Guinea! he reply'd, it was more than he wished or hoped for—I put one into his Hand and he seemed overjoy'd and told me from being the most miserable man in the World I had made him the happiest. The first use he would make of it woud be to buy him a pair of shoes—No says I that will cut too deep I have a pair will fit you—On trying them on I perceived his Stock^{gs} were wet thro in coming only from Howells—He received them thankfully and I added an old but clean shirt stock and Handf. to appear in among his Friends at Winchester, which is above 60 miles from hence cross the Country, and if he had not

met with this accidental releif he was setting out with only 2½ in his Pocket, scarce any shoes to his Feet and not a spare rag that he coud sell. I gave him a Letter to his Brother and he took leave with a very different Countenance from that he enter'd with—Before he left the place he went to Howells and magnified the civilities he had met with and they tell me he seemed greatly distressed all the Time he was there coud neither eat nor sleep, and tho' he said he wish'd he knew the Clergyman, woud have left them early in the morn^g^ without calling if I had not sent for him as he said he was ashamed to appear in so dirty a dress—He told me he was a good deal mortified at being sometimes taken for a foot boy or a Mountebank on account of his white Sleeves, which made the Country People who know nothing of uniforms suspicious of his Character. He woud have been more so, to have beg^d^ his way thro Wiltshire a most dirty inhospitable country—In America he had been quarterd on a Farmer up the Country and escapd with two Sons of the Farmers who wished to leave the provincial service and get into ours—they took a Black Servant to carry provisions and travelld [ ] miles thro the Woods without daring to go near [ ] Houses and had he been taken woud have been hanged immediately for carrying away the natives—What strange visisitudes are some men born to suffer.

I expect a Letter from you this week with news from Newington—Mother is well and begs her Love, remember me to all Friends, and beleive me yours most sincerely,

R. D. Cumberland.

M^r^ Geo: Cumberland,
Exchange Insurance,
London.

This was the year of the Gordon riots, and George wrote, dating his letter merely " May 1780," to assuage any fears that might be entertained at Driffield concerning his personal safety.

May 1780.

Dear Richard,

I suppose by the exaggerated account you have in the country of our riot here you imagine that the city is in Ashes, and the Inhabitants in arms but I am sure you know too much of Mankind to believe more than half on these occasions, however to make my Mother easy, who no doubt supposes me in emminent danger and in the heart of the mob, you may let her know that it is out of my power to be there as I am confined at home by a violent cold which gives me pluratic pains and makes it dangerous to encounter the air which is uncommonly keen, that I am setting in a flannel waist coat before a good Fire and comforting the two good women who have flown into my room for protection from their own fears —this cold I caught by standing the greatest part of Sunday night in a wall near the Romish Chapell in Moor fields witnessing to scences wh. made my heart bleed, without being able to prevent them—it was the most singular and unhappy sight in the world—a mob encouraged by *Magistrates* and protected by *Troops*— with the most *orderly injustice* destroying the property of inocent individuals—Next to Lord Gordon, for whom no punishment can be too great the magistrates of the City deserve an ample share of vengeance from a basely deserted people, having abandond their proper authority of the government to their own opinions, and sacrificed their Duty to their prejudices, or their fears—to this wicked and scandalous neglect on Sunday evening may all the riots of yesterday and to day be attributed grown bold by sufferance they yesterday burnt Sir G. Savills and a Chandlers who had taken one of them besides 2 schools and many private Masses—to day they burnt Lr^d^ Peters Furniture M^r^ Hyams etc and armed with clubs to the amount so I am informed of 5000 are at this instant going to the D. of Richmonds L. Shelburns etc they have broke open Newgate set the prisoners at large and at the moment it is in flames, however as it is of stone there is no danger of a communication—the

Mansion house it is said is to share the same fate for what reason no one can tell, however of this I am certain, that no City in the universe can be more deserving in general to suffer by mobs, the soldiers its said laid down their arms to day on being ordered to fire, and the fact is there are not wanting people in abundance who bribe them with money and liquor to so shameful a pitch has all respect for good government arisen in this unhappy place of discontent and rebellion—no matter, I set and [ ] philosophically, I consider it as [ ] our irregularities, and however severe the remedy may be if the constitution is the better for it—of what consequence is the destruction of 20 or 30 houses, or the loss of 50 ragamuffins if the civil authority is strengthned by it—you are of my opinion I know and therefore I say this —adieu I must leave off as the Post is going out if any thing new occurs I will write tomorrow or send a Paper —you got my Morng Chronicle—Adieu.

Yours faithfully,
G. Cumberland.

Rev: Cumberland,
Driffelde near Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

On June the 8th George was able to report himself well enough to go out, the town under military law and the riots in course of suppression. He lamented that he had not "learnt my Exercise last Summer," and, on the other hand, rejoiced that the "scoundrelly Magistrates are superseded by a more absolute authority." In short, his letter reflects fairly enough, no doubt, the agitation, alarm and indignation of peaceful and conservative Londoners at that troubled period.

Richard was of his brother's way of thinking, but perceived grounds for further anxiety,

but for your authority coud not have conceived it possible in this enlightened Age, that things coud have

been carried to such horrid Length. Not that I think the Mob actuated by any real Fears or dread of Popery, which can be nothing but a Pretense for Violence and therefore the more dangerous as it will be difficult to give a turn to their Spirit of Mutiny and Rebellion—Depend on it they are encouraged and Supported by that abandond Party who have long been publicly diffusing the Seeds of Insurrection and the Danger is that having tasted the Sweets of Power and indulged their Propensity for Plunder, however a superior Force may overawe them at present, it will soon break out again whenever a plausible pretext offers itself.

Towards the end of June Miss Townsend was once more in the neighbourhood of Driffield. Richard soon met her, and immediately afterwards wrote to his brother :

You remember the Conversation we had about that Lady after You were here last—let Me know Your Mind on that Subject and whether supposing You had no thought of succeeding Yourself—You woud have any Objection to a Friend making the Attempt. But don't imagine that I have already made up my Mind and then ask Your Opinion as that is not the Case, since there are few things I woud not give up to promote your Happiness.

How far Richard was serious in this question or how far he was, perhaps, setting a test before his brother, in order to measure the depth or shallowness of his feelings towards "that lady," cannot be decided. That it greatly disturbed George is shown by his not very coherent reply. Evidently he desired to be quite just, evidently also he prized the frankness with which the question had been put to him ; but he was not able to conceal the pain which it gave him. He tried to analyse his own feelings.

I tell you then again with undissembled plainness, that she has caught my regard in a Manner wh. at the same time that I am not able to account for, I am unable to oppose—If interest had swayd me, I had not written the Letter I showd you—If absence had lessend it, I should not now be writing this—My esteem for personal ornaments has given way to it, for I do not admire her person—my favourite quality of Meekness is not there—I fear wit, and she possesses it—I hate Pride —and think I discover it in her—what I admire in her I will not enumerate to tire you—but still I love her altogether—This therefore is an honorable, a respectable attachment—and for this reason only deserves fair play —and which perhaps is singular it desires no more; for agitated as I felt myself by the bare account of her being at Buscott and slightly enquiring after me and warmly as I take anything like a proposal to erase her from my imagination—I would not at this moment ally myself to her if it was not in my power to affect her heart. . . . I wish to see her once more before I set about the task of forgetting her—and then if I have no thoughts of succeeding in my wishes—there is no man living to whom I would more readily resign my pretentions—that my sentiments may remain unaltered at that interview and that hers may meet them is my real wish.

The next letter in the collection was written in July, and seems to show that George had been in Gloucestershire, probably with the intention of having that interview with Miss Townsend which was meant to be decisive. If he had it—which I rather doubt—it must have left matters much where they were, for it is clear that his hopes were not quite extinguished. Somewhat later Richard was able to tell him of a conversation, in which she had mentioned her fear that George must think ill of her persistent failure to answer his letters; she had, however, been advised that it was scarcely

proper to keep up such a correspondence, and was sure that if Richard had seen some of his brother's letters, he would be of the same opinion. George expresses the strongest satisfaction at this news, and for some weeks in the late summer of 1780 was perhaps as happy in his thoughts of Miss Townsend as at any time of their acquaintance.

The visit of Mary Balchen to Driffield so long desired by her aunt and cousins, took place in July, 1780, and the reason for her coming was alarming. George had been informed

that this measure had not been adopted till her apothecary had pronunced her life in danger without a change of Air. 3 weeks ago she took a sore throat by being out late in an evening, which turned to a Cough and tho not apparently dangerous at present is very alarming to any one who knows her family. This I am sure you will take no notice of, as it should be every ones business to dispel in her the Idea and I think there is great hopes that your air may recover her.

On August the 9th George's renewed hopes concerning Miss Townsend were fading again.

Aug 9 1780.

It was half an hour my dear friend before I could discover the reason that your last letter (which found [ ] in the best of tempers) had put me out of humour with every thing, and that I could not read it without a deal of dissatisfaction—since I got it I have been into S^{t} Pauls Church Yard in a broiling sun, and quarrelld with all the booksellers prentices in Paternoster row, because they did not know the tittle of book lately translated by some body from Philostratus—G^{d} forgive me! but I looked sour upon happy people, and shoved every one that stood in my way, and walked fast, and struck the Posts, and sent the carriages to the Devil—however I had no spight against any one for I took the pains to call

on Mr T. and Mr Read to let them know that Mary was better. wh. gave me pleasure in the midst of it all—yet here I am come home to my dinner, without any appetite, and snapping the maids nose of, because she tells me it is ready—and what do you think is the cause of it all ? *out with it*—because your Letter does not say that T. asked after me, or mentiond my name.—And after having cherished an idea that you would be able to tell me something after your visit, I only learn from your silence that you have no good and perhaps some bad to tell me wh. you conceal—What Demon is it that spight of my senses, my rebuffs, my absence still chains me there —be so kind in your next to tell me how old she is ? that she has a high shoulder—that she has been some years I know not where, and done I know not what—that she despises me so much that she does not think it worth her while to tell me so—You may add if you please that she has pride, and no fortune and is extravagant—but dont say for the world ! that she has understanding, and thinks for herself, and has an expressive countenance and wit, and good nature—

If you have a grain of sense now you will like this Letter ; it is not every body that will thus shew you the workings of the mind, but for my part I care not if it was posted at Charing Cross, since it is no disgrace to be as we are, and I see no method of cure in any case without going to the bottom of the disease—do me the favour therefore to make no ceremony, but tell me that she spoke contemptiously of me,—wh. will convince me she has no feeling, or say any thing you can think of to her prejudice if you know any thing ? and then I shall resolve never to see her any more—but if you have really forgot my interest there, and neglected the offices of friendship at that interview, tell me so at once, I shall easily forgive it—and will make a point of once more visiting your country that I may in person be relieved from an insupportable suspence—but now comes the *cream* of the Lettr you may draw upon me for £10 —more when you will paying the whole any time in

November punctually and thats more than I would lend myself—but you know I must settle, if I can do better I will let you know when I have examined my cash—In this as in everything else I have vain fears—Adieu.

G. Cumberland.

Rev[d] Cumberland,
Driffelde near Cirencester,
Glocester.

Driffield vicarage was a gayer place when inhabited by a young lady visitor than when it had housed three hobbledehoy pupils, and in August Richard wrote, amid a chronicle of other junketings :

I had the honour last Thursday of escorting 7 Ladies to a public Breakfast 2 of them the most Beautiful I ever saw—the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, L[d] Bathurst and Lord Asb[ ] and their Families were there—at Night we had an excellent Ball and a deal of good Company. I was told today M[r] Cumberland has been taken great notice of abroad—pray tell me what You have heard of his Business there—wish he had taken you for he is gone in a public Capacity tis a good Road to Preferment.

For Mr. Cumberland, the mission (to Spain) led to little more than vexation and the expenditure of large sums of money upon the expenses of the journey, which were never repaid to him by the English Government.

George was gradually making friends among those intelligent and artistic men whose society was congenial to him ; he reports that he had been

within this twelvemonth Introduced to some Geniuses and Men of Science—Sancho, M[r] Ireland (this was John, not Samuel Ireland) D[r] Solander who has given Me an order of General admission to the Museum, M[r] Townley, the greatest Collector of Antiques in England—M[r] Henderson the Player,—a M[r] Smeathman lately whose

account [ ] hope to assist with plates—with whom [ ] tomorrow and Meet the arch Bishop of Canterbury, Mr [ ] &c he will likewise introduce me to Mr Banks [ ] Royal Society and Moses Harris the great [ ] whose paintings I have long admired —and to be int[ ] extraordinary Character as a painter Barry whose genius [ ]uld get at Mickle, Dr Price, Dr Johnson Young Sheridan [ ] it, and have refused invitations where they have been of the Party—but the first I am told is stiff, the second political—the third Pompous, and the fourth free thinking and over bearing—for which reason I have refused to be introduced to a Club at Slaughters where he is a Member.

Some political animosity must surely have inspired the description of Sheridan, a man of singular amiability in ordinary intercourse, and whose tongue was always free from profanity.

In one of his letters about this time, George mentioned that he had " now £150 a year clear."

In October Richard had made a visit to London, and after he had gone home George wrote to him the following characteristic and rather touching little letter :

Nov 3. 1780.

Dear Richard,

If you had not promissed at parting to write on your *arrival*, I should not have been surprised at your silence, and if you were not thoroughly acquainted with the share of Phylosophy I possess, you would I am sure by no means neglected giving me a Line,—You know it is a leading Maxim with me to meet no evils—and that I think it a mark of a little mind rather than of an affectionate spirit, to be apprehensive of Danger to those we esteem because they are not with us—that it gives pain to others, and is irreligious in a supreme degree I am confident, and therefore unworthy a gentleman and a Christian,—yet all this conviction does not prevent me from owning that I feel somewhat surprised at your

silence, not to say uneasy, and therefore I must beg the favor of you to remember your promise, and give a confirmation of your welfare by return of Post and of that health, which in the hands of Him who gave you existence, is I *feel* better protected, than by bolts or bars, or watchmen or Guards.

Adieu and believe me ever yours,

G. Cumberland.

Rev^{d} Cumberland,
Driffelde, Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

In December Richard was consulting his brother about

an affair that is likely to give me some uneasiness. Chester the successful Candidate at our last contested Election died yesterday which is likely to produce another Contest, as Berkley stands again. The other Candidate is M^{r} Dutton, Brother to M^{rs} Lambart. I am personally acquainted with neither but cannot [ ] being strongly inclined to favor the latter as well on account of the Party by which he is supported, as from the personal Knowledge I have of his Family and Connections, which are by far the best in this Neighbourhood—so that when M^{r} Lambart called on Me this Morn^{g} to beg me not to engage my Vote, I should very readily have given him the promise of it without reserve, but for the Recollection that M^{r} Smith promised his Vote on the other side at the last Contest. The case was this Joe Small [whom, it may be remembered, Richard suspected, justly or unjustly, of having made mischief between Mr. Smith and himself] who distinguished himself by his activity in Berkley's Cause had sollicited him (Mr. S.) so strongly that he was very much affronted M^{r} S. did not come down on purpose to Vote for his Friend as he expected. I expect therefore that he will be no less uregent with him this Time, perhaps for his Interest with Me—and I should be glad if possible to counteract his Influence there, which is by no means great, at least so far as to be left

at Liberty to dispose of my Vote as I think fit—Were Mr S. to be so far interested in Favour of the Opposite Party as to serve them with his own Vote I coud by no means think of rendering it void by voting on the other side but shoud beg leave to stand neuter. How far Gratitude obliges in these Cases [ ] but shall not like to be made a Property of by a certain Person (J. S.) who woud be ready enough to take the whole merit to himself, while I am opposing my own Sentiments and disobliging a Family whom it is my interest as well as wish to keep well with. You who are at a Distance from these Matters may think this of less Consequence; but nothing more frequently creates a Difference. Do you know whether Mr S. is disposed in Favor of the Popular Party or otherwise. I fear he is—To morrow I shall take a ride to Buscot and see which way Loveden inclines. He has always been looked on as a Government Man—how far a Quarrel he had with Dutton some Years since may operate, I can't say, but as he commands a good many Votes in this County, it will most likely reconcile them.

His visit to Mr. Loveden did much to relieve Richard's anxiety, for that gentleman

told me that had Mr S. voted last Time it woud have been on his Side (Chesters) and himself proposed writing to secure his Vote and Interest for Dutton which is just what I wished, and I have great hopes from his Influence there, that My Conscience will be unfetter'd, which is one of the greatest Misfortunes incident to a State of Dependence.

A letter of this December from George's artist friend Irvine, then in Rome, presents an early instance of a slang expression generally supposed to be more strictly contemporary. Irvine had been ill of a fever " in which your humble Servt was within an ace of kicking the bucket."

Richard's report a few days later of a funeral at Driffield in a style that he plainly considered shabby, may remind us how much we have happily dropped of the pompous ceremonies once thought becoming on such occasions.

Today the Corpse of Lady Coleraine was brought hither for Interment by the side of her late Lord. Nothing coud be conducted with more frugality a Hearse and Six—a Coach with two or three Servants —neither the Pulpit nor Chancel Hung—My Portion exceeded what I expected 5 Pieces a Scarf and Hatband &c The Six Farmers who carried her a Guinea, Scarf and Hatband each—The Mourners just staid to see her deposited in the Earth, and away—the Undertaker left 50s with Me for use of Poor, being half the forfeit for burying in Linnen.

The law ordered the burial of the dead in woollen shrouds, as an encouragement to English manufactures, but the wealthy, as shown by this instance, used linen and paid a fine.

George's Christmas was to be spent at Richmond, probably with Mr. Cross, but " were it not that it would look singular," he would gladly, he said, stay at home,

for I have so many jobs pland and so little time to execute them that I can hardly afford 4 days Idleness—as it is I mean to dedicate all the time possible to exercise and health and to read and think as little as possible for Reading has already brought on a serious complaint in my Eyes, and thinking on a certain persons unaccountable Conduct racks my Mind. In spight of a train of occupations and engagements that have exceeded this winter any thing I have ever before experienced She still holds her place in my private hours, and drives cheerfulness from them.

The next letter exhibits a handwriting that has not

previously appeared. It is very careful, very regular, very long in the loops, and belongs to John Balchen, who writes in the following terms—no doubt exactly the proper ones for a young man writing to a relative whose hospitality he had recently enjoyed.

London 4th Jan^{y} 1781.

Dear Cousin,

A Letter, when one has no particular subject to write about, is generally to a Poor Orator a very difficult task, especially when it is divested of all the ceremony and Compliments, which is so much made use of in letters, and which I think between near friends, had better be omitted—I shall therefore without any further apology proceed, with thanking You in my Sisters name for your kind letter—which she received just after she had sent one to my Aunt—she would certainly have acknowledg'd it herself before, (and I dare say will soon, if she dont see you in town, which we all expect will be very soon) but when you hear of her great anxiety and una [ ] dilligence in the illness of Poor little Hannah and her affliction at her decease —I am sure you will excuse her—upon my word she stood greatly in need of Your usual kind advice to keep her Spirits up—however, she is now much better—but I am running on without mentioning the chief cause of my troubling you with these, and that is to beg your acceptance of a cask of some of the best Jamaica Rum this city can produce, have sent it by the Cirencester Coach to be left for you at the Ram—hope it will prove acceptable—All friends here are in good health and desire their best Respects to Aunt and self—could almost swell a volume about Mrs R. but think had better do it when we meet—hope My Aunt continues in her usual good health. Pay my best respects to her and am not without hopes of seeing her in the spring here—being in haste must conclude—with wishing you and my Aunt not only a happy new Year but a succession of that

felicity which good hearts must always enjoy—and remain,

Dear Cousin,
Your sincere friend,
J. Balchen.

The Rev[d] and M[rs] Cumberland,
Driffield near Cirencester,
Gloucestershire.

Although this epistle was addressed conjointly to the "Rev[d] and M[rs] Cumberland," the lady cannot have taken her share of it until later, for she was at this the time of its arrival on a visit at Richmond Hill, where she seemed likely, according to the report of her younger son, to "continue some time . . . for my part I marvel what can make amend[s] for so much self denial." The family being in a disturbed state over a love affair of the daughter, George himself had avoided a prolonged visit,

in which I should have been harrass[ ] with consultations and Cabals, been vexed with our Mothers oddities, an object of family suspition, and incapable after all of serving any one of them.

Miss Cross's lover was about to leave England—on military service, I think—she, although she liked him, refusing to marry with no larger a fortune than the £1000 and £500 a year which her father offered her, and which "she spurned at, and said it would hardly by her necessaries."

Richard's anxiety in the matter of the election was most happily set at rest. He was able on January the 10th, 1781, to inform his brother that he had received a letter from Mr. Smith

which gave me a sincere Satisfaction. He apologizes for not having answerd my last with thanks for Turkey

&c—says Mr Loveden has applied to him about the Election—that he takes it very kind in me (his own words) to give him the Option—wishes well to Mr Dutton but if otherwise woud have Me oblige My Friends in this Neighbourhood and concludes with Great Civility indeed . . . so now I shall not only be able to vote according to Inclination but have some share of merit in serving Mr S. on that side.

In a letter of some ten days later, Richard speaks feelingly of the neglected condition of a village in which he had been taking a service. His sense of the duty of the clergy towards the poor of their parishes and his esteem for the virtues and good-will of his poorer neighbours are very attractive points in his character, and must have served to win him much affection.

I am returnd from serving three Churches and find myself less fatigued than I expected, having no occasional Duty at either [i.e. no baptisms, catechising, &c.] The last afforded a more moving Scene of a Deserted village, than that Picture of one painted by Goldsmith. Deserted not of its inhabitants but by its Lord and Pastor and thereby reduced to a State of Barbarity and Savageness, a Neglect of the exterior Duties of Religion and consequently but a slight Sense of the moral ones. You know I am no Friend to Superstition, but coud worse Effects flow from that even of Rome, than are to be apprehended from the negligence and Indifference too visible in the established Church. Can it be expected that a proper regard to Religion will be long kept up among the Vulgar by the appearance of it among them one single Hour in the Week which is the Case of half the Country Parishes in the Kingdom : Like this I speak of. The Proprietor of the Estate never comes near it and as one of his Tenants observd neither knows nor cares whether there is a Church in it. He sold the Living which consists intirely of Glebe, the Purchaser considers how to make the best interest of his

Money—reduces the Duty to once and that in the afternoon, hires half a Curate who resides in the nearest Market Town, who being barely paid for Sunday Duty thinks himself under no Obligation to do more, arrives dirty and fatigued at the ruined Edifice created by the Pious Hands of long forgotten ancestors, now distinguished only by repeated Marks of the Rage of Reformation and instead of inspiring awe and reverence by the neatness of its Stile or the Richness of its Architecture partakes more of the Filth and Dampness of a Dungeon than a place of public Worship. Disfigured by a torn and draggled Surplice he mounts the Desk and labours to edify the yearning Souls by reading the stated Services, in the provincial Dialect perhaps of Antient Brittain, renderd still less intelligible to his illiterate [ ] by tropes and figures with which he endeavors to embellish it in his Sermon—or even at the best all his Arguments unsupported by the irresistible influence of Example. The task over he hastens home for that refreshment which he is seldom invited to partake of by any of his Flock, as they usually retaliate the Vicars neglect of them on his half Starved Curate—an Instance of this, I have heard mentiond in the late Curate of the Village I have been speaking of, and coud not help reminding some of the Farmers on their complaining of Duty only once a Day, tho Mr Hall who had but £20 a Year did it twice—Yes, says I, I have been told so and in return'd You sufferd the poor Man to eat his Dinner in the Church yard, for want of being asked into any of your Houses. They coud not deny it.—After all I am sensible that the Fault lies at our own Door, and that all this might be rectified in great Measure by the zealous Care of the Clergy, but however easy it may be to keep things in their Place and prevent their degener[ating], every Man is not qualified for a Reformer, and where [negle]ct of Religious Things has once taken root [it] is not [easily re]moved.

Mrs. Cumberland's satisfaction with her stay at Richmond was, after all, but short-lived. On January

the 28th Richard reported "a Line from Richmond in the usual complaining Stile, by which I perceive she is already tired of the place, and wishes to come back." That she should return to Driffield as to a permanent home was not his intention :

in the Way of a Visit My House shall at all Times and as long as she pleases be at her service and I will do all in my power to make it agreeable to her, but then she will have a home to retire to as soon as it grows otherwise. I set too much value on my health and Character and peace of Mind to wish to have them disturb'd by the familiar contests of which you have lately had a specimen—I wish to love and honour, as well as to assist my Parent and to do this a proper Distance is absolutely necessary. . . . I am happy in my present Situation I have leisure to correct my Faults and make Good Resolutions without being in Danger of Breaking them by sudden Gusts of Passion, excited perhaps by triffles but in some Tempers more easily avoided than suppresst. An accidental Circumstance has procured me these Comforts [this phrase, I think, must signify that Mrs. Cumberland had, of her own motion, expressed a wish to give up residing altogether at Driffield] and am determined if possible to make them lasting, in which I flatter myself with your assistance—but, at the same Time wish to do it with as much Tenderness and Delicacy as the Case will admit. I have wrote her a long Letter with a good account of myself, but taken no Notice of that Part of hers in which she talked of returning as I coud not bear to give her pain by a denial . . . you must acknowledge that the Situation she is in, is by far the best for her, at least for the Winter, as it will afford Time and Opportunity for settling her Affairs in such a Manner as may give Us all Satisfaction. Not that I have any Objection to make up her Income a clear 50£ˢ to commence immediately and the sooner it is done the better, but you know her way of thinking and the less we make her feel the Obligation the better. You own the Family

are glad to have her with them, and if they find no fault with her peculiarities, never mind them once a week or less, especially as they see no mixed Company, and she is far from the greatest Oddity in that House. For herself I have no doubt she is as happy and as when she was here she was continually regretting that she had ever left London and complaining of the Place—so for the rest of her Days she will do Driffield more than Justice.

That Mrs. Cumberland did, nevertheless, return to Driffield, for a time at least, is evident from the letter written by Richard immediately upon his home-coming after a visit to London, in which he speaks of finding "everything . . . to my entire Satisfaction—our Mother well and in Spirits."

"To-morrow," wrote Richard in the middle of April,

I am to couple an old Fellow of Sixty Seven to a Girl of 25. She lived Servant with Us last Summer and was called Betty—but being an Anbaptist has taken advantage of that Circumstance to be lately baptizd in the Church by the Name of Mary to entitle herself to the Reversion of 25£ left to her Intended and his Wife Mary, whom I buried last Year.

In the same month came news to George of "poor Cotton's fate." This young man, serving with his regiment in India, seems to have been killed in battle. George, helpful as usual, had been looking after some property in Westminster, for the benefit of his mother and sister. As usual, too, he was making new friends and complaining that he had already more than he had time to see. Among "my Male new acquaintances" he enumerated Mr. Hoole, "treanslator of Ariosto." Mr. "Micle," in whom, but for the mention of his having translated the Lusiad, we might fail to recognise Mickle, and Mr. Webber, who had accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage and had brought home drawings.

In the middle of May his friend James Irvine (whom George constantly calls Irwin) wrote from Rome an account of the finding of an antique statue :

About a fortnight ago there was found a Statue of a Quoiter which has made a great noise but is more valuable on account of its singularity and fine preservation than the merit it possesses. I shall make a sketch of it to give you some idea of the attitude.

The small sketch on the side of the letter shows Irvine to have been a thoroughly competent draughtsman, and the statue to have been that in which the head is bent, the right arm raised and the left hand supported on the knee.

It is quite compleat except the leg it stands on. The sculpture is hard and meagre and as it appears at present it is not in equilibrio : but perhaps the sculptor might intend it so as he is in the act of throwing the discus. That a man should put one hand on his knee while he was going to throw with the other does not seem very plain to me and the attitude altogether appears to be rather forced. The left foot is bent under him and has a bad effect.

A postscript is added, however :

Since I wrote the above account of the statue I have seen it in the sculptor's study He has cleaned it and upon a more exact survey I like it better, but it is, not yet put upon its feet and the leg restored which will be the time to see it properly. Adieu.

On May the 26th George reported that

For the present I have taken a Bed-room at Chelsea near the Church, at the house of . . . Mrs Carter's Father whose wife is as good a woman as her daughter, and crams me every night with Cream and Custards. I breakfast with them in the Morng and get to Town either on foot, by water, or in the Coach.

But this is only for a little time—Mrs Carter is there to recover her strength wh. has been much weakened lately by her attendance on her Children and we spend our time very agreeably as her Brother and sister, a young Couple live very near and the Old Man has a good garden that produces everything—this is a convenient situation for me in many respects, as in going to it I have 4 or 5 Friends in the way that are always ready to [accomp]any me thro the Park or as far as Ranelagh [ ] can easily trip over to Richmond and back [ ] a Sunday.

The visit of his cousin Mary seems to have awakened Richard to the pleasure of a good and gentle young woman's presence in his house, and before she came away he had framed the hope of inducing her to return as his wife. The fact that Mrs. Cumberland was fond of her niece, and would probably have liked to have her as a daughter-in-law, may have tended to favour the scheme. While Mary was his guest Richard would have considered it a breach of propriety to make her an offer of marriage, but I imagine that he allowed his wishes to be perceptible to her.

In August Miss Green wrote to George the letter which appears next, and which shows that he must this summer have made his long-promised visit to Bury St. Edmunds.

I consider myself greatly your debtor for the last obliging letter you sent me with the entertaining narrative of your expedition into Wales—Your sweet little picture of nature in her brightest colouring I was delighted with, and wonder not at your sensations, such a figure with native sensibility has the power of magick over a heart like yours, you certainly have her picture, and the next time we meet I hope to see it. To own to you the truth, I was both hurt and offended at the french leave you took of me—I had promised myself your company the next day—and so few have been my

days of happiness for these last six months that to lose one which I had reckoned as my own was an actual misfortune but your reason for doing it was just, and the consequence of it fortunate—therefore I have nothing now to say—

You may recollect our conversation during the walk we took—the impression it made on me was strong—it had long been my wish to quit home—but it was impossible to leave a mother who doated on me and a sister whom I almost idolized, while I was sensible that my services were necessary to them, and for them I endured all the tyranny of my father and all the misery and anxiety that his imprudencies occasioned, but necessity at length enforces what had been so long my desire—for my unhappy father with an encreased disgust to his family but more particularly to his children—has taken the dreadful resolution of disposing of all his effects into ready money and sinking it in an annuity for his own life—with the greatest difficulty he has been prevailed on to take it for two lives—(his own and my mothers)—cruel and unjust as it is to us, it was infinitely more so to her, who is past the age to help herself—to dispositions of softness and humanity this must seem almost impossible—but he really appears perfectly happy with the certainty of his income for life, and totally unconcerned for the present or future situation of his children—If they can agree—I believe my cousin Mr Gedge takes his business—and as we cannot with propriety but quit the house *when* my mother does tho not *with* her, I pay a visit to Miss Browne and my sister to another friend till we can determine what to do—there is nothing left for us but to enter into the same employment as my eldest sisters—and for which purpose I have written to her and to another friend—

To you I make no apology for this letter of my misfortunes—I know your friendship for me and that I have promised with the truth and confidence of a sister to consult you—Adieu—I shall be happy to hear from you soon—I want everything to enliven my sunk spirits—

do not blame my weakness I am sorry for my want of fortitude, but it is not in nature to support such usage from him who should be our protection—and to whom we have been accustomed to look up for every want—Good night for I have written away day light, and almost my eyesight—

Yrs.,
S. Green.

Bury *Aug.* 31 1781.

P.S. When you have leisure to write, direct as usual.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
Driffelde,
near Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

Miss Green's affairs were not long in so unsettled a condition; within three weeks she wrote again to announce a decisive change in her plans.

You will wonder at again hearing from me in so short a time, but as events the most important have followed so close on each other I content myself with writing you an account and imagining that you approve my actions tho the distance between us, prevents the pleasure I should have in consulting you—I hoped the business this month at Ipswich would again have brought you into Suffolk.—I should at this time have been particularly happy if it had. You must remember your raillery when here, little did I then imagine how very soon it would be verified, in fact I was extremely hurt at your want of confidence in my assertions, and supposing that I would, in any case, tell you an untruth—These late alterations in our affairs have brought on me, what I did not wish at present to think of—and from the two inhabitants in our house, Mr Gedge and Mr Docker—I found the highest compliment, a woman can receive —the first, I never even suspected—the last I could not avoid knowing of, as for these two years he has paid me a marked attention, and done for me and all our

family every service in his power. The Principles and disposition of Mr Docker I very much dislike, and I as highly approve of Mr Gedges—but I did not love either of them—and consequently as delicately as I could I refused them both.—I have acknowledged to you my first attachment—which, tho it no longer gives me any uneasiness, yet it has left a somewhat upon my mind that will I am persuaded prevent my ever being so strongly attached again—Of course, whoever has endeavoured to make themselves agreeable to me, I could —without being blinded by partiality, examine whether their hearts and minds were such as I really thought could make me happy—Gratitude has at length done what apparently nothing else could—my cousins affectionate and generous behavior to my mother in her present distress, his disinterested conduct in agreeing with my father, and his proposal to my sister of living with us and providing for her, opened to me a plan of happiness, that I could not have looked for in any other situation—I firmly hope that what I have done is right —let me hear from you once more and see you as often in our lives as a journey to Bury will suit you—Adieu, I ought not to conclude without warmly thanking you for the pleasure I have enjoyed in our correspondence and which to me, has been so highly beneficial.

With every kind wish that friendship and respect can dictate, I remain unalterably yrs.,

SARAH GREEN.

Bury *Sep* 13.,
1781.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
at the Revd Mr Breedons,
Bere Court,
near Pangbourn,
Berks.

George sent her a kind, almost an affectionate reply, without a word of dissuasion or of apprehension, but to his brother he wrote on the subject in a very different strain.

This day I had another Letter from Bury and S. G. is by this time Marryd to her Cousin,—if you had seen that Letter you would have been lost in admiration of her conduct as I was—the nobleness of her Love never appeard to me before, tho I knew much of her sense and Judgment, and I have wrote her my last Letter, which has this day wrung my heart, and made me curse that susceptibility of friendship, which is perpetually leading me into connections that are not to last beyond a few years.

Such a sacrifice! and yet I dare not forbid it, for I dared not offer that which would render it unnecessary, to mistaken notions she is a prey, I fear, and another is added to the List of wives who marry for convenience, and forget how inconvenient it is to live with people whom they do not love—but I have acted in all my correspondence with her in a manner so intirely to the satisfaction of my conscience, that I ought to triump altho uneasy at this event—my sensations are painful but they are unmixed with reproach.

I hope, however, that Miss Green's marriage was a happier one than George anticipated, and that her husband continued to love her as much as she certainly deserved to be loved.

This winter brought fresh unhappiness to the Balchen family. It will be remembered that Mrs. Read, the married sister, had died some time previously; the widower, after quarrelling about his late wife's fortune, had married again, not, it would appear, wisely, had become involved in financial difficulties and had now disappeared from London. Mary Balchen at once took charge of her little niece, and probably, since, as we know from Richard's account of her that she was "passionately fond of children," found happiness in doing so. The next misfortune was a return of John's illness; he began to spit blood, and was sent under his sister's

care—the only sister now—to Clifton, the " hot Wells " of our ancestors. Richard met them, saw them to lodgings recommended by Miss Townsend, and was constantly running over for a couple of days at a time. He had now once more undertaken the instruction of a pupil, but upon a different, and probably a more agreeable, plan. " Mr Jos. Crips," of Cirencester, had expressed a wish that his son might take lessons with the vicar of Driffield, and Richard had replied that he was not intending to take any more pupils, but would be happy " to see the young Gentleman on the footing of a friend." My impression is that he had already refused some other boys. How the matter was at last adjusted does not appear, but it is certain that the lessons took place and that Driffield was the scene of them. Richard speaks several times of his pupil, always in terms of high praise. The lad was fifteen, and " a promising youth," who in later years fulfilled the promise. His lessons began early in the year 1782, and he must have ridden out regularly through cold and dismal weather to the vicarage.

On April the 12th Richard wrote from Clifton :

> our Cousins are settled much to their Satisfaction, and think both have received benefit from the Air and Waters, but especially John who has had no return of his Complaint and is in much better Spirits, but still languid and incapable of bearing Fatigue.

The young man himself was not patient enough to stay very long, but went back sooner than was prudent to London and to office work. Before long he was failing again, and Richard's entreaty that he would come to Driffield was successful. John seems to have liked the place and to have been happy with his cousin, whose manners, I suspect, were calm and soothing ; better

reports soon began to be sent, and as the weeks went on John became strong enough to share in the cheerful, neighbourly gaieties that the young vicar loved.

The letters of this and the next two years are so much out of order that it is not easy to follow the course of events very certainly, and by ill-luck it is precisely those which do not mention any public incident, by which they might be fixed, that are undated. It must, however, I think, have been in the spring of this year that George wrote a letter from " one of Lord Spencer's Benches " at " Wimbleton," and described the rural aspect of places now long since covered by bricks and mortar. He has admired

Battersea Field, rich as North Holland in verdure . . . the Rye 2 foot high, and Pease almost in blossom, were pleasant to begin with, But when I came to the enclosures beyond them coverd with apple, Senna, and white Laylocks, the scene improved. Crossing Wandsworth a green shady lane brought me to Garratt and the Cooper Mills with torrents of water washing thro the Locks— a Shady lane again reached this Place, and since Church having dined alone on a Shoulder of Veal, Leg of Pork, Rice Pudding, Gooseberry Pye and Sallad (for one Shilling only my eating, which I think beats all I have heard of French ordinaries).

A friend of George's, however, who visited the Lakes, a month or two later, reported a meal even more cheap and copious :

our Dinner consisted of Veal Pie, Ham, Hung Beef, Peas, Goosberry Tart, Bread, Cheese, Butter, Ale and Pint of Port, and Hay for Horses, for which we were charged 3/6.

This for a party of three men and their three horses !

About a week after his jaunt to " Wimbleton "

George had a very different tale to tell. His mother and he were both ill in consequence of the bad weather, and he declared with manifest inaccuracy that a dry day had not been seen " this two months."

You would think if you were here that a plague had swept away the inhabitants, as the streets are remarkably thin, and not a family in which there are not two or three ill in Bed—yet I do not hear it has killed any body yet, tho I make no doubt it will if the weather continues bad, as those who are just recoved go out and contract fresh Colds. . . . Adieu I write only to say I am alive.

Richard and John (still a guest at Driffield, and reported in every letter as gaining health) made a little tour together in the last days of July, and on August the 1st an account of it was despatched to George.

On Sunday we rode to Cheltenham . . . went to the public Breakfast next Morning, met with the Prescots there and above a Hundred People besides, thence through Tewkesbury to Worcester, the neatest City I have seen a great while, from thence to Bromsgrove, where being the second Day of the Races, we dined with the County Members and about 40 more at the Ordinary, went to the Races in the Afternoon, and through a beautiful Country to Birmingham, a Town almost entirely new built and containing near 50000 Inhabitants but in general little better than Spittal Fields, the Houses being run up in a slight irregular Manner, on short Leases, we were extremely entertained with Clay's Manufactory of Japan and Buttons and some others, dined with my old Friend James, who accompanied us to the Theatre equal in Elegance to Covent Garden within and far Superior to any other Theatre without, indeed this and the new Church are the only buildings worth attention. Next Morning we took leave of Birm^{m} and rode to the Leasowes, which is fully equal to the Description given by Dodsley and pleases me more than anything of the kind I ever saw . . . I never wished

more for Your Company in my life than during our Walk. An Hour's Ride carried us to Hagley, the Seat of the late Lord Littleton. The Prospects from the Park are beyond Description, and the ground being irregular varys them continuelly we spent three very agreeable Hours here and then rode to Kidderminster, a fine Country, all the Way and got to Worcester that Night. We found the city crouded with Company, at the Assizes, but got excellent Accommodations after Breakfast rode to Malvern, a public waterˢ place, on the side of a range of the most romantic Hills imaginable, immensely high and commanding a fine Country—dined at the Ordinary with a very genteel Party of Gentleman and Ladies, who all live in Houses near Buxton and dine together—Slept [ ] at Gloster and home next Day, perfectly pleased [ ] Expedition in every Respect.

The little difference of interpretation and consequent disappointment that arose over a request from George that his brother would bespeak horses at Gloucester to be reserved at the end of July for himself, Mr. Charles Long and a servant can be read clearly enough in George's letter of the beginning of August.

Aug 7. 1782.

Dear Richard,

I am extremely sorry that my two last letters should have occasiond you so much trouble and disapointment—the latter I share with you, for I find after all the pains I have taken that it will be impossible for me to accomplish the journey on various accounts :—which repeated disapointment will I believe cure me of ever attempting any scheme which includes above two days, and since like the Galley Slave I share his punishments, without his crimes, and am condemned to tug at an oar all my life, I will endeavour to mortify my mind to my circumstances, and never look beyond my miserable Dungeon—(" somewhat too much of this ")—What

expenses you have been at, let me know and I will pay you with thanks—but how in the name of common sense came you or my Mother to think of seeing us at Driffelde, after I had repeatedly told you both that it was incompatible with my scheme, may I appeal to the Miss Timbrells if I did not tell them at parting that I should not see Driffelde this year, but would get you, or their Brother, to hire horses to meet us at Glocester, in order that we might not lose a moment of time, as my scheme was extended to 400 miles at least in Wales, and I did not know if I could have a month to execute it in—

But it seems, I am destined never to be understood, for which I can no other wise account, than by supposing it is absurd and singular, to keep ones word, and never break an engagement, which I pride myself in saying *I never did in my life with any created being, even in the minutest trifle.*

The reason I did not write before, I gave in my last, but you seem incapable of conceiving how a man can be so engaged as not to have time to write a Letter,—Shenstone said " it was the apology of a Shoemaker with 6 children "—but you should remember I am more employd than a shoemaker, and have 60.

Thank you for your account of your expenditure—I made one to assist a friend who was to be tried by a court martial—Got into the Gravesend boat Friday eveng. saved tide at Rochester by the coach 3 o clock breakfasted with some officers going on board same ship (the Rainbow at Nore) 9 got into the Chatham boat had a charming sail up Medway to Sheerness, got a luncheon walked round the lines and embarked on same boat with the officers and a fair wind for Nore, on board by 2 o clock, found my friend 1st Lieut[t] honourably acquitted, by a Court of Enquiry who blamed the Captain (Trollope) playd at Backgammon with the Surgeon and romped with the Officers Girls till 2 in the morn[g] slept in a Cot in the Gun room, jumpt out of the stern Post at 7 morn[g] into a tumbling Sea, scrambled

in again by the help of a Rope, spent the morn^{g} in viewing the ship which is the only frigate in the Navy that carries *Carronades* of 68 pounds in her lower Deck 60 above, afterwards saw the horrid form of whipping a deserter who came along side from the admiral to receive 60 lashes attended with 4 armed boats, he had reced that day 190 and the Surgeon on examination declared him incapable of suffering any more, thus we were relieved, and sat down to our Roast Beef et^{c} jolly—at 4 a Chatam vessel came along side and we parted (Stotherd and I) from our friends, a heavy squall helped us, and we ran Gunwhale under all the way to Sheerness, 8 miles, enterd the Medway and got to Chatham 9 o clock, slept at Bull Rochester Monday walked to Dartford thro the villages 18 miles slept at Carringtons, and Tuesday morn^{g}, got into the London stage at 6 o clock and arrived safe at 10 in the borough—God save the King!

Adieu Yours,

G. Cumberland.

Rev^{d} M^{r} Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

The next letter brings us into close touch with a catastrophe not yet forgotten. Richard Cumberland and his cousin John Balchen, both hereditarily connected, by many links, with the Royal Navy, took an expedition to view the Fleet before its sailing. On August the 29th Richard wrote from Portsmouth to his brother:

I told you in my last we had thought of an Expedition hither and set out for that purpose last Sunday Evening. —we got to Winchester the next Day thro an exceeding fine Country, visited the French Prison &c, thence to Dyers at Bishopstoke who accompanied us to Southampton—After Dinner took a Cutter and Sailed to the Isle of Wt. with a brisk Gale 16 Miles in an Hour and 40 m. Slept at Cowes and viewed the Island as far as our Legs

woud carry us—thence next Morning in the Passage with good Company to this Place crossed to Gosport and called on Mr Collins—only his Brother at home.—next walked round the Yard—an astonishing Exhibition indeed in the Afternoon took a Wherry and went aboard the Royal George at Spithead—as being one of the finest Ships in the Fleet, we met with the most civil Behavior from the Officers; who shewed us every Part worth seeing, introduced us to each other in their little Births and were very communicative—we took notice of the number of Women on Board and they assured us there were above 200 and near double the number of Men.

At this period, when the Navy was largely recruited by force, seamen were not permitted to go ashore when their ship was in port, and wives who wished to see their husbands had to go to them on board.

We were above an Hour seeing everything and then returnd to our Boat and thro a rough Sea to the Point —in the Evening we went to the Theatre the worst of Strollers—the Boxes full of naval and military Officers with Ladies of the Ton [town ?] and we frequently heard and saw their rough Salutes This Morning we strolled round Works at the Camp off Spithead and whilst talking with an Officer saw two Guns fired from the Men of War, which he observed was previous to their sailing as [ ] waited to see them under Way we walked to South Sea Castle and found a number of People on the Battery eagerly looking at the Fleet—They told us a large Ship had just founderd and shewed us the mizen and main Masts lying sloping out of the Water and a croud of Boats busy about them with the help of a Glass I distinguished a blue Flag at the Mizen Mast, yet we flatterd ourselves it was only a Transport—we returnd to the Camp with the melancholly News and before we reached Portsmouth were shocked with a confirmation of its being the Royal George admiral Keppenfelt and scarce a Man saved. You cannot think how much we were

affected. It was the identical Ship in which we had begun to take an Interest—the genteel treatment we had met with on the preceeding Evening—the more than possibility of our having delayd our visit till this Morning or perhaps renewed it and the recollection of every Face we had seen on Board struck us at once—we walked to the Point and came up just as they had brought one of the poor Fellows on shore and were rolling him on a Barrel in his wet cloaths and in the Rain—we thrust ourselves among the Mob and made them carry him to the next tavern assisted in pulling off his Cloaths procured warm Blankets and pursued the methods recommended by the Society [Richard's propaganda on behalf of the Society for recovering the apparently drowned will be recollected] —but they were applied too late—finding him in good Hands and hearing other Bodies were brought ashore, we went out and found a Woman in the same Condition on the Shore and no one attempting to do any thing to save her. We orderd them to take her up and follow us into another public House, where we shut out the Mob and put the People on the same method of Treatment, before the Fire whilst a warm Bed was got ready— with great difficulty I made them persevere in the frictions, fumigations &c and left Balchen to see it continued, a person coming in and saying that a Man was just carried into a House with signs of Life. It was a Distillers I got in with difficulty through the Croud and saw two Bodies a Man and a Woman lying on the Stone Hearth without any Fire. I applied to the Master of the House for a Fire and Blankets and had they been applied in Time, think it woud have been successful as he was the stoutest made Man I have seen—I next procured proper assistance at another House for the Woman and no means were left untried, but in vain and after the greatest exertion I ever made for two Hours had the Mortification of only leaving the Bodies in a more decent Situation than I found them—after making the People Amends for their trouble I returnd to our Inn, and found Balchen there as much Fatigued as Myself. The careless In-

difference, to call it no Worse, of the generallity of People here on this truly mournful Occasion has given me a worse opinion of Human Nature than ever. I had before been Witness of such Scenes of Debauchery as are not to be paralleled in any part of London. From Seven in the Morning till Night the Streets swarm with common women of the most abandond Cast, Gosport is if anything worse still. In every other respect they are tolerable good Towns and together with the publick Buildings, Fortifications, Camps and Fleet have a beautiful Appearance from the Sea. Being disappointed of a vessel to Southamton, we are going there in the Coach to Night—I just hear—the Captain and above 100 Men were saved, but the Admiral is lost. The Occasion of this Calamity is said to be this. The Cock which communicated with the Pump wanting Repair they had hove all her Guns out on the opposite Side to careen—when a slight squall of Wind taking her, the Sea washed in at her lower Tier and she went down instantly. A Victualling Cutter along side went with her, the master of which saved himself and the captain on a Hencoop, the latter leaping out of the Stern Gallery into the Sea. The Tide was strong and most of the Boats to leeward or more might have been picked up. I cannot help mentioning a Circumstance that has since made me smile. It was the False Delicacy of the Point Ladies at the publick House we were in—who coud not be persuaded to strip and rub the Bodies till a clean Shift had been procured and then their Lamentations over them were curious indeed—One of the poor Creatures left two Children at Gosport, the other lost one from her Arms. Very few of the Women were saved being below Decks—many of them Sailors Wives who kept a little Market on Board. Whether considered in a publick or private light, few greater Calamities have ever happend, where there was so little reason to expect any Danger. It has made a strong Impression on me that will not wear off for some Time. Don't send any Extracts from this to the Morning Post as it is wrote in a hurry and I cannot

be certain as to the Numbers lost &c You will have a better account in the Papers.

There is no allusion in his letter to the even greater catastrophe of the loss of the *Victory*, thirty-eight years earlier, in which the great-uncle (as I suppose) of Richard and of his cousin had gone down, but it must inevitably have been recalled to the memories of all the family, and Richard must surely have thought of his uncle, John Cumberland, blown up at sea, with the vessel of which he was in command.

Richard, his mother being now away from Driffield, resolved to spend the winter months in lodgings in Cirencester, and I presume, to shut up the vicarage. He mentioned that he paid 7s. weekly for " one of the best Lodgings in Ciceter," so that his change of residence cannot have been a great extravagance, and he certainly found himself less solitary.

It is impossible to pass one's time more agreeably or more innocently than I do at present in well mixed Circles—I studiously avoid all Clubs except one for new Publications which I have set on foot myself—and never want a Book to read—a Friend to chat with or an Object to draw me abroad. The Ladies condescend to visit me at my Rooms, and that is more than I expected in a Market Town. [The term " Market Town " signified, in the vocabulary of both brothers, a hot-bed of gossip.]

Another removal, in which we may be sure that George was an active helper, had taken place some months earlier, when Mrs. Mole and Miss Sarah Cumberland established themselves at No. 11 Old London Street, Fenchurch Street. The house must have been demolished ; but one or two contemporaries remain sufficiently unchanged to suggest the kind of flat-fronted Georgian house in which the two elderly women lived among the well-made and often

beautiful household appointments of that day. "They have a comfortable house," wrote George, "but it lays terribly out of my road, as I have not been three times to the bottom of that Street this twelve month."

Mrs. Mole did not live to enjoy her new abode very long. In the month of December she died, and her will altered the whole course of George Cumberland's life. She left £600 a year and the Old London Street house (probably leasehold) to Sarah Cumberland, and as far as I can comprehend his letter to his brother, the rest of her property was to be divided among three executors, of whom George was one. He expected that each would receive about £300 a year when all claims were paid. From other letters it rather appears as though there were some additional bequest to George personally, but about this point I am not certain.

A nephew of Mrs. Mole's immediately disputed the will and took proceedings to get it set aside, whereby George was kept out of possession for two years. The prospect of being able to escape from the Insurance Office, of which he had long been heartily tired, led him to the imprudence of mentioning to some of his colleagues the probability of his resignation; there ensued —or he believed so—machinations to obtain the reversion of his office at once. The precise details are not easy to follow in the absence of the Company's records, but a letter from Richard shows the general position.

On my return last Saturday from a Visit of three days at Fairford I found yours of Two sheets on my Table— I am pleased with the Freedom with which you give and ask advice—and have Reason to be pleased as the advantage of the Exchange is so much in my Favour. I do not think you have much reason to be alarmed at Bells malicious Conduct, as there appears but little

Danger of his succeeding in his Designs against you—and yet situated as you are, you cannot be too Cautious in your Conduct. Shoud you (as you hint) resign to prevent the Disgrace of being superceded, before you are in actual possession of your Fortune, it woud be attributed to the Impatience of a mind too much elated with the Prospect of newly acquired wealth, and every Delay of Possession, much more a vexatious litigation, woud be more severely felt—what I woud wish you to do in this Case is to act precisely, *for the present*, as if you were wholly dependant on your office, and had neither Genius nor Fortune to set you above it, and then you will have little Room to fear what Bell may attempt to disappoint you, as I am much mistaken if your Interest among the people you have to deal with is not stronger than ever, now you stand less in need of it.

I am glad to find you have a warm and steady Friend in Charles—his Intelligence will be of use to you in the affair and two such Heads as yours, may surely undermine all their plots and stratagems.

Since writing the above I have received another Letter from you on the same subject—and as far as I can judge from the slight sketch you give, must own I think certain people have been more hasty than they seem to be warranted in presuming you woud resign, and making Interest to succeed you and have thereby drawn from you a premature declaration to which they were by no means entitled. Would it not have been more prudent to conceal your Intentions, till you were enabled to put them in practice, and perhaps have an opportunity of making a conditional resignation in Favour of your Friend—or to have waited till Bell had first given up and quitted as Secretary—but this you are best judge of—only let me entreat you not to run the slightest risk of quitting a Certainty for an uncertainty—With regard to Mr Cross' Business, instead of throwing it wholly up, might you not have retained it in favour of my Mother, as was once proposed, during her Life—as you will most probably pass part of the Year

in Town and have no other Employment—or been yourself Security and got it done by proxy ? There is something in Mr Cross' behavior on this occasion that hurts me extremely—he seems to think you are now utterly spoiled for a Dependant, and too much of a Gentleman to be fit for his Service—but this he might have discovered long ago—How thankful shoud we be that we are neither of us obliged to bow Down and do Homage to such a Man who can hesitate to serve a Relation, in a material Point for fear of offending against punctilio—Apropos —Have you any Interest with Ld Thurlow or do you know any one that has—The Living of *Ampney Crucis* adjoining to Harnhill with about 80£s and in the Chancellors Gift is just vacated, by the death of Dr Sandford, now as He is going out of office, and has a number of Livings to dispose of—why might not your humble Servant stand as good a chance as another—If He was not so strange a Character, Mr James is surely entitled to ask for such a thing. I have a mind to write to him about it—Your Friend Ld Clarendon is I fear in the opposite Party. Tell me what you think of it and shoud you see Mr James mention it to him—it will come better from you than me and I wish you woud call on him for that Purpose—but there is no time to be lost, and as the Preferment is of little value unless to a Person who has something contiguous, who knows what a proper application might do—It is tenable with my own and indeed with any thing being under value. How is Dick Cumberland situated with respect to the Chancellor.

I have had a kind Letter from my Mother and will answer it in a day or two—I am glad the multiplicity of your Concerns have no effect on your Temper—pray dont let them injure your Health and you may bid Defiance to them all. Adieu.

R. D. C.

Mr Geo: Cumberland,
No. 1 Church Court,
Clements Lane, Lombard Street,
London.

Whether this letter of Richard's preceded one of George's, dated on February the 6th, I cannot be sure. He wrote :

Now I know you want News, I can tell you none about my affairs, and next to the vexation of the Law's delay is the perpetual enquiries of well meaning friends—they are so kind as to be always reminding me of what I want not to think of—I jog on easy and secure till their apprehensions make me fret at delay—and why should I fret at what I cannot accelerate, once for all believe no tales, our cause is clear, and we must submit as other people have done to the Delays of Legal forms —Mary is gone to Pottrills.

Whether this is a local or a personal name I cannot tell at all ; in any case, Mary had gone to join her brother.

John wrote me word he is better, but Mr Balchen told me to day that he does not think he can live. He is going at last to Spain with Harrison—may it succeed. Mother is as well as usual but seems to Miss the Company of Mary, with her cheerful letters, your last made her cry.

John Balchen's proposed voyage is explained in a letter from himself :

my Apothecary here advises another Climate ; and the peace being at length arrived Mr Tapp has an intimate Friend Captain of a Ship that is going to Cadiz (the New Betsey ; Carbin) and a Mr Harrison who once lived with Mr T. and was afterwards his Factor at Cadiz is coming from Ostend to go with Captain Carbin to Spain.

Mrs. Cumberland was at this time established in lodgings near to the Balchens at Newington, and had made and unmade as many arrangements before finally coming thither as before her original departure for Driffield, so that George had been kept going to and fro with messages to the people of the house.

The news of his approaching prosperity brought him some annoyances. Letters appear from two friends who desired to borrow money of him, and a draft reply to one of them, in which he said :

Will you believe me when I tell you that since I have been supposed to be Worth any Money in the world (for when I lent you that trifle you mention it was all I had) I have had so many applications for it that had I complied with them all I should now have been considerably involved and after all I have not yet touched 1/- but have been considerably out of pocket.

In March George was informing his brother that

at present, in order that I may enjoy the moment, which you know is my Maxim, I try to forget that any alteration has taken place—Our situation there [i.e. at Doctors' Commons, even more dilatory, doubtless, in 1783 than in the days when Messrs. Spenlow and Jorkins practised] is just as it was and must be till a certain set of forms are gone through, but our Title is so undoubtedly good, both from our own knowledge and the opinion of the learned, that I have no apprehensions—however should our Cable give way, You may expect a pensioner, for I shall certainly petition for leave to come and inhabit the Harnel [Harnhill] house and beg permission to set a few Potatoes in the garden, and to feed a few Tame fowls in the close. Transporting Myself and all my little moveables there, and once a Year going to town on foot to sell the annual products of my Pen and Pencil.

Mr. Gooch's last letter to George—which greatly irritated its recipient, and drew from him very scornful comments—was written in April of this year.

Boston *April* 29. 1783.

Dear Sir,

the agreeable sound of Peace haveing reach'd our shores, and restrained the sword from longer de-

ludging the soil of America with Blood and adding to the fertility of her Fields by the manure of Foreign Carcases, affords me the happy opportunity to re commence a Correspondence that has so long been interupted by the malignant Dispute a Correspondence I shall always endeaver to Cultivate with the greatest attention you no doubt concluded in such a War no man of Spirit could remain an idle Spectator he must be active on one side or other, I naturally and from a principall of Duty I was conceous [ ] Country joind the American standard and altho I have sufferd greatly from the Wounds I have received in several severe conflicts I have still been happy in reaping some small harvest of honor and ever met the approbation and favr of our amiable Commander in Chief whose name by the faithfull Historian will adorn the most shining pages of History and be transmitted to lattest Posterity with the most Brilliant Character—To know him is to Love him—the Cause and efect are inseparable—

I am sometimes ready to conclude to visit your side the Attalantic as my Physicians tell me the sea may tend to restore my health which has been greatly impaird by wounds and the fatigues of a Camp the Wounds are not yet all well and I suppose my face will be much disfigur'd but that can give no great pain as it never was an handsome one.

Mrs Gooch has been very unhappy in not hearing from you in so long a time we have wrote several Letters but never recived but one from you she is very anctious to hear from you and especially from her Aunt Sally, Mrs Gooch's health is far from being in a good state but I hope the Return of Spring and a Journey will reinstate it Mrs Marriott is living and injoys a Tolerable good share of health.

All kind of Business is at present at a Stand but must soon revive and in all probabillity this part of the World will share largely of the general Commerce and of Consequence grow immencly rich, and we must adopt the Policy of improving our Commerce by the cultivation

of the *Olive Branch* and we are under no obligations from any alliance we have Contracted of ever being concern'd in any future War as they are wholly Commercial and it will always be for the Interest of America to form no other, an Interest it is the Wish and hope of every American may always be adher'd to in all her future engagements.

In all probabillity there will again commence a large intercourse between the two Nations in the Commercial Way though not so large as formerly as our trade for a Number of years having been thrown into diferent channells where meeting with every indulgence and Reaping large profitts will Remain irrevocably fixd at least a very considerable part of it—At present I'm undetermin'd wether to enter into trade or retire wholly from business and Live on a plantation but I'm in no hurry to determine as I expect to be able to form a Proper Judgment of things when affairs are a Little more settled but I imagine I shall enter into the European trade and perhaps take up my residence in the Vicinity of New York where I have a plantation hower if that shall happen I shall give you an early intimation of it in the meantime must earnestly intreat you to Write Mrs Gooch by first opportunity and let her know how all her Friends are especially her Aunt Sally She joins with in most respectfull Compts to yr. Mother Bror and Her Aunt Sally and remain with sincer Wishes for your health and happiness,

Your affectionate
and most obed. Servant,
John Gooch.

P.S. Please to give my Respectfull Compts to Mr Copley and his Bror Mr Jonn Clark if you are acquainted with them.

Mr George Cumberland,
Insurance Office Royal Exchange,
London.

At about the same date George was writing with great

exasperation, to give a further account of their young cousin's affairs :

John was going abroad, all settled and the Passage even agreed on, when Mr T. came down to demand his final determination, his wavering spirits here failed him and he refused to go. He was taken at his word contrary to mary's entreaties and no time allowed to recal the resolution.

Shortly afterwards George had met the brother and sister at his mother's lodgings, and

John declared with vehemence that it was not his fault he did not go abroad, as he did everything in his power to accomplish it, but that Mr T. had been with the apothecary who seemed not to approve it, and added that if he lived till the autumn and got better, he would get himself pressed as a common Sailor sooner than stay another Year in this country.

George hereupon interviewed Dr. Smith—is this our old acquaintance, Mr. Smith, of Camberwell and of Guy's Hospital ?—and tried to get Mr. Tapp to meet him, but the latter came to the appointment too late. Dr. Smith advised the voyage, but when George repeated his opinion, Mr. Tapp " remarked that it was a family disorder, that nothing could save him, and appeared averse to the measure—adding that most likely Mary would soon go too."

Whether Mr. Tapp had learned more precisely than George the total hopelessness of John Balchen's case, or whether John was robbed of his last chance by the ill-timed dictation of his uncle, no one can now declare. Less than three weeks later George wrote to Driffield, to announce that

on Saturday last at 6 o' clock poor John died in his Sisters

arms—who has been very ill ever since tho prepared for what was to happen.—I wish you would come to Town on this occasion, as it is a very critical time indeed and you may judge from your own observations—Mary it is hardly thought will live—but if she does she is to be taken to Hackney—for security and preservation. Mr T. said if she left her mother she could not go anywhere but to him with propriety—this I denied as she was of an age to live anywhere with reputation. It is rather remarkable that I dreamt I saw him dying the evening he died—and that he recommended Mary and his neice to my protection—When I told Mr T. this, he said, they were taken care of that he had been present at making his will when he had left what he possessed between his Mother, Sister and Neice—with legacies to Himself, Mrs Tapp, Mr Crowley and his two Cousins Richard and George. . . . But come to Town, if possible, you may be a comfort to Mary, and it will be respectful to John's memory.

But Richard, having not long before offered himself to Mary and been refused, thought that his coming up would be liable to misinterpretation and remained in Gloucestershire.

In June a crisis arrived in George's business affairs. The secretaryship of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company was becoming vacant in July, and he felt that the succession to this post ought, in justice, to be his. He intended, indeed, to retire whenever he should enter into possession of Mrs. Mole's bequest, but there was a possibility that the decision of the court might deprive him of that possession, in which event he would remain as secretary in the Company's service. Under any secretary promoted over his head he was not minded to remain, whatever his financial circumstances ; and he saw reason to believe that some among the Governors were inclined to put that affront upon him. He there-

fore consulted his brother as to the advisability of resigning at once.

I think with my other business &c I can make shift to hold out till the settling my cause, or at the worst borrow a trifle on the strength of that security and live in some village in Wales during the Summer.

He had talked with the son of one of the Governors, who was very much his friend, and whose opinion indicated a probability of George's not securing the secretaryship,

and you will I believe be of his opinion that I had better retire quietly than in a Storm.

Weigh all these matters impartially and do not let any idea of a little profit sway with you or be taken into consideration but let my credit if not my pride have its due place in the scale, and then decide for or against the proposition but add your reasons if you differ from me in order that I may examine them.

If he resigned at once, he could take his often-projected and often-postponed tour in Wales,

which will reestablish my health and at my return finish my ground Rents, and prepare my affairs for going abroad, or in case the Caveat is not withdrawn, sit down quietly to design for a living In which occupation I have not the least doubt of acquiring easily much more than I at present can earn by my Pen. The very thought even of this situation revives my drooping spirits and produces tranquility at the thought of Freedom and a respite from the almost incessant injuries that I have suffered for almost eight years, and which, a foresight that they would end in my disapointment of success in life did not make less painful—how I have borne them you can in some degree I daresay remember and I beleive I have not tired you or any one with complaints which they could not releive. . . . Another reason is that we are not very anxious to return to that employment which is

totally unfit for our turn of Mind, and habit of thinking—Nor indeed could I feel much satisfaction in the prospect of remaining always confined to the City the air of which has been for years, in spite of the most guarded Temperance, undermining a very good Constitution and which I foresaw would consign me to an early grave, or lay the foundation of a diseased old age.

In short, George was, after fourteen years of it, heartily sick of his present occupation, and had, as there is evidence to show in his letters, come to regard two, at least, of his official superiors with considerable dislike and contempt. In both cases there seems to have been pretty good reason for his sentiments.

Richard thought his brother's proposed course of conduct would be wise,

on the Supposition that a certain Majority of the Directors are determined to oppose Your being Secretary even after you declare your Intention of resigning all Claims to the Office as soon as in Possession of your Expectancy. You may find it necessary to resign before the Election to prevent the Mortification of being Superseded—but why shoud you so readily entertain the Idea that this will be the Case. . . . On the whole this is my Opinion that you shoud leave nothing undone that can be done with honour, to get Yourself chosen Secretary.

He added many good reasons for supposing that George could hardly fail to be so chosen, and concluded :

Do not think my Dear Brother, that I am careless of Your Credit, and make no allowance for your feelings on this occasion—It is not for the sake of having You retain your Salary a little longer that I give You this Advice—but I woud not have You the Sport of Contingencies, nor quit a Certainty, if it can be held with propriety till You are actually possessed of Independence.

The letter ends with a very kind message to Mary Balchen,

that if it will be of use to her little Girl [the orphan niece] to change the Air this Summer I shall be happy to see her come down with my Mother—she will be no addition to our trouble or Expense, but a great one to our Satisfaction.

To this letter (which had also contained an invitation to exchange his proposed cottage in Wales for one in Gloucestershire) George returned a warmly grateful reply :

indeed your goodness affected me to tears, and at this moment I shed them in reflecting with the highest pleasure that I am not alone and unsupported even should the worst happen.

Somewhat against his own convictions, and much against his inclinations, George followed the advice given by his brother and his friends—with the worst possible results. He endured an interview with the Directors which he reported, as he assured Richard, with absolute accuracy, and in which he was baited by some of his professing friends, who, having evidently resolved not to elect him, refused to hear the testimony in his favour of the outgoing secretary, and, in fact, appointed a man who seems to have been officially his immediate inferior. George, not unnaturally, regretted that he had not obeyed his first impulse :

And so ends the Farce In which I have been a principal performer to oblige my Friends, nor am I on that account sorry that I undertook the part at so short notice, as it will I hope remain as a testimony that I am not guided by my passions on every occasion.

Yielding, however, to further advice he consented to

take a brief holiday before sending in his resignation, and his next letter comes from Driffield and is addressed to his aunt.

My Dear Aunt,

I take the first opportunity, since my arrival to acquaint you that I am well and happy at Driffelde, and that my Brother is also in the same predicament which I know to be the news you most wish to hear—how much pleasure it would procure us to have you of the party you may easily guess by the pains I have taken to persuade you to the measure of coming down—Indeed you can hardly imagine the benefit I have already received from residing a few days here both in my looks and feelings, and this you may suppose does not help to strengthen my resolution of returning to the Exchange —however the necessity which there is of being in Town on account of our suit have decided the matter, and I certainly return once more to my drudgery in hopes that every week will relieve me from it for good— let me see you also a little more patient and I shall but little regret my share of the delay which I have hopes will now be shortly terminated.

We have tolerable Weather here and a prospect of good Crops, I ride every day and sometimes think of settling hereabout if I should meet with a good bargain of Land, these speculations amuse me and agreably fill my lazy day, and to keep me from anxiety my friend our Proctor writes me word that all goes on well in the Commons.

My Brother joins with me in dutiful respects and I remain,

Your affectionate nephew,
G. Cumberland.

Friday July 1783.
Mrs Cumberland,
No 11 Old London Street,
Fenchurch Street.

Again friendly pressure was put upon him, and he

consented to return to his post instead of instantly throwing it up—and very much he disliked doing so :

but this is the least,—the degradation I feel in this *prudent* but *mean* action, hangs on my mind and will ever hang there, insomuch that it is very likely I shall never do any act of becoming spirit so long as I live—In submitting to the advice of others contrary to my Judgment and feelings I have broke the Pale of honour which I had set up, and how far I may stray after that God only knows.

It appears to have been in August of this year that George wrote to Mr. Loveden (the brother or brother-in-law of Miss Townsend) a warm recommendation of the sculptor Banks, together with an entreaty that Mr. Loveden would fill an empty space in his " Salloon " with a " Plaister Cast " of the Cupid that Banks had sold to the Empress of Russia,

and my reasons are that you may perform by that means an act of Patronage at a very trifling expence by shewing to your County a very Singular proof of Merit in a Modern artist which perhaps may be the means of calling forth a Man whose Talents lost, are a Real loss to the arts in this Country.

To this request Mr. Loveden, after desiring to be satisfied that the statue was quite free from " indelicacy," seems to have acceded.

A letter addressed to Mr. Kekewich, who was George's official superior at the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, was probably kept by the latter on account of the particulars contained in it about the island of Lundy. As these may still be of interest to persons familiar with that island it is reprinted here.

Barnstable 19 *Aug.* 1783.

Sir,

In reply to your favour of the 16 Inst, The Island of Lundy is inhabited, by two farmers and their

familys only, who rent it of Mr Clevland, our present member of Parliment, for about fifty pounds a year, I am inform'd that Mr Clevland some time since bot the fee of the Island of Sr J. Warren's Assignees for nine hundred pounds, and was esteem'd a good bargain for the Purchaser,

I am Sir in all your
Commands your very
Hum. Servt
(for my Father),
F. H. Gribble.

Wm Kekewich Esq,
Royal Exchge Assurance Office,
London.

Mary Balchen had apparently heard of her cousin's great indignation against some of the magnates of the Assurance Office, and had written urging upon him a more charitable frame of mind. The draft of his reply shows that she had at this time gone to Margate.

It afforded me the highest satisfaction, my dear Mary, to hear at last of your health improving—I assure you without flattery I have suffered much anxiety from your silence and the difficulty I found of getting any intelligence about you, however we are now made amends etc—

Next to your account of your health returning I am delighted with your remarks on my return—You are right, we shd overlook little Injuries and great ones, my little Saint.—But how few of us can do as we should? in fact my Injuries have been of long standing but I resolved never to trouble others with them, and as little as possible to suffer them to trouble myself—If you and I should ever be permitted to meet in a certain better Country than this, we will talk about these and many other things, and then they will serve for amusement, but here there are some subjects which are better never entered into, as they only help to disturb the small share of tranquility wh. our philosophy procures us,

and for my part I have resolved to try to be as happy as I can, if I cannot be so happy as I wish, now this is the Doctrine I would recom[d] to you as you can neither prevent the Loss of good, or hinder the existence of badness, either by arguments or retrospection, e'en take things as you find them.

All that is in our power almost is to live inoffensively, and while we do so we have a right to make the best of our situation—but I have another Idea which is that to live inoffensively, we must not only shew ourselves content with the good things allotted us by partaking of them, but we must make use of our understandings to perceive that they are *really good*, for very few people I believe are sensible that Existence, accompanied with health and the means of continuing it is a Portion of inestimable value—

Do not therefore again slight this valuable enjoyment, but labour to repair your own of this sort by labour[g] to recover y[r] health, look around you and you will find there is much good to be enjoy'd yet, and if you would be happy look neither before nor behind, but around you and believe me if you do this impartially, you will find no cause to envy the Lot of others, and much to be satisfied with in your own.

I don't care who calls this a Sermon it is the lang[ge] of reflect[n] and Truth and such only will I ever use to you on all occasions—bruised as you have been with afflictions, I hold you sound and would not for my breath utter a Word of unseasonable Levity, or flatter you with false reasoning.

Aug. 1783,

MARY BALCHEN,

Margate.

His philosophy, however, was not proof against the deliberate policy of annoyance that seems to have been adopted by some of his colleagues, and it must be owned that he had ground for resentment. His young friend Charles Long, a brother of Richard's former pupils,

had revealed to him that his father, who was one of the Directors,

had told him that Mr Forster made great complaints against me alledging that since my return I had been so totally inattentive to my business as to neglect every thing, attending only when I pleased, and making it so much an amusement that it would be necessary if I did not alter to get somebody to supply my place. When I tell you upon my honour that every syllable of this business is false and groundless, and that I have not only been uncommonly vigilant and attentive in order to keep myself out of the power of these scoundrells that watch eagerly for some opportunity of maligning me but have never been absent a day since my return you will suppose the rage and vexation this filled me with.

I saw plainly that the snare was laying and the arrow prepared to destroy me, and saw in a Moment the danger of my situation without a prospect of escape . . . As I predicted some base step I was not disapointed At twelve o Clock today before the Court Mr Long comes out and very gravely asked me for the notation of a Certain Commi[ ] (that which I mentioned in my last) [I can find no such mention] I replied it was ready but waited for a frame and immediately gave it to him. He took it seemingly with great satisfaction and immediately walked with it into the Court room, and returned in about 5 minutes and said he had done with it. I have since found that Mr Norris had made a formal complaint to him and Mr Forster on the subject, alledging that he had asked me 4 times for it but could not get me to do it, and desiring Mr Long to interfere—what the foolish knave built upon, must have been the little probability that I could have finished it, the work taking up near a day, and having only been ordered on Friday night—but knowing my Man I was vigorous in my execution and the result must for the moment have covered him with shame if he had been capable of feeling any. . . . After this I hope I shall have nothing

more to say on the subject till I let you know I am free and in a position to retaliate—for which happy moment I sincerely pray.

Richard expressed " uneasiness " at this account

of the unworthy Treatment you have met with . . . your return has evidently disappointed them and this is their method of shewing it—But you own You gained an advantage in the Attack and with a little Caution now You are on Your Guard may defy their Malice and come off with flying Colours at last. If ever it was right or allowable to Temporize it is so in Your present Situation. A few Months hence may make a most material alteration in Your affairs ; then you may turn the Tables upon them and all the world will think You right. I wish you would at present try to despise their Efforts and give all your serious thoughts to succeed in your Suit and forward that happy period by every contrivance and exertion in Your Power, rather than waste Your Spirits and Time in lamenting the depravity of human Nature, which it is not in Your Power to amend, or forming vain and fruitless Scemes of Vengeance, so contrary to Your own Nature and Disposition.

George continued to repine, but remained yet a little longer in his uncongenial office. He had soon another trouble to report.

Our aunt grows only worse and worse—what is to be done I know not, she exclaims so loud the servants say the neighbours hear her—Her disorder seems a little like Mr . . . [a friend of the family who had been temporarily deranged] With respect to the suit we are just where we were, that is our antagonist has done nothing. . . . I go on as if nothing had happend employing myself with optical Experiments, riding and Society . . . I have just found a Method of Throwing opake bodies on plain surfaces Magnified to about 50 times their diameter.

Replying on September the 9th Richard remarked, concerning their aunt :

my Mother says her Aunt Cumberland was taken exactly the same Way a little before her Death, which happend when she was about her Age. Great attention shoud therefore be paid to her, and every method be taken to divert her melancholly and rouse her from the desponding way she is in . . . Suppose you were to endeavor a reconciliation betwixt our two Old Ladys —if possible it woud be a charming thing for both— ay and for all of us, as it woud releive us from a good deal of anxiety about either—You (if any body) coud bring this about and one, I know is extremely desirous of it.

George, however, was quite sure that " our two Old Ladys " could never be induced to live in amity, and Richard continuing the subject in a further letter, observed regretfully :

You say there are no hopes of bringing the old Ladies together it woud have been a most desireable thing if possible, and saved us a world of trouble. Strange that two such eccentric Families should ever have been united.—The Universe cannot find a third to match them—In one point our Mother and Aunt agree Not to be happy when Fortune has put it in their power, and most likely their living together woud enable them to indulge this favorite propensity.

The invention which George describes is not very clear to an unscientific reader, but I hope that there will be found persons who understand its nature from his account :

I perceived that all Mirrors projected Images in right lines (or at least it seemed so to me) and I thought if I could by presenting a small object within the focal distance of a Lens cause the rays it sent forth to diverge so as to be received on a Mirror placed at an Angle of 45 Deg. and pass that enlarged image through another

Lens placed likewise nearer the object than its focus I should get my Image projected of a considerable Magnitude—and I had the pleasure to find it succeed to my Wish—so that now I can at pleasure Magnify a head no bigger than a Shilling to the size of 4 feet in Circumference, and reduce it again to half its original size by which means an engraver or painter may in two Seconds increase or diminish a Picture with greater precision and certainty than he could have done it before in two days—You May act a Play or represent a Portrait for the amusement of your friends by my contrivance in which the performers will have colour light and shade and apparent solidity, instead of being composed as in the Magic Lanthorn of Flat Surfaces with dark outlines and which must be painted on Glass previously. This very scheme I communicated to Storer 3 years ago, as he confesses but want of time made me lay it aside, and now He is applying I am told for a Patent for the Instrument which made me resolve to erect mine out of hand in order to prove that I could do it which Adams and some other opticians Maintained to be impossible in Fact however plausible in Theory.

He mentioned that he had conversed with the same Storer

on the subject of Telescopes about which he was then employed. All those to whom I talked of encreasing their powers, represented the thing as impossible, on account of the tremor of the Atmosphere—however I caused 3 Glo[bes] to be filled with water, not chusing to go to the expence of Glass balls and with these I proposed to construct a Telescope making them my convex lenses, but the difficulty was how to construct a tube, which I proposed to be a leaden gutter—I reasond thus, if convex Lenses why not Lenses of the whole possible Convexity—haveing no time nor opportunity to try my self I gave them to Storer with my Ideas, and what he did with them I know not.

He now heard that " Hirschells new method of en-

creasing the Magnifying powers" was simply the use of glass globes for lenses.

George continued to be very uncomfortable at his office and very much annoyed at the methods of procedure at Doctors' Commons.

I now feel the cruelty of our Ecc: (ecclesiastical) Laws—for if we do not plead here, we are forever precluded from pleading at all, and without knowing the nature of our opponent's evidence, how are we to know if it be necessary—Yet if we do plead, we may occasion ourselves a Year or two's delay and without any necessity at all, but it is nonsense to declaim where we have no remedy—I have never consented to any of the Laws, but birth has placed me under this constitution—when I have any property, if I find a Country I like better I will become its Citizen, for to own the truth I never felt the Amor Pariæ at all, nor do I know what it means, yet I always hold it every Man's duty to be faithful and serviceable to the State he lives in. If by being an Englishman I inherited any one privilege or had even a voice I might perhaps grow partial to the spot that I was born on—but our wise Ancestors thought it I suppose unnecessary to give the children unborn to Property any reasonable ground for attachment.

A sarcastic letter from George to a certain Mr. Wiblin bears the date of November the 13th, 1783. Perhaps this particular copy was not sent because of an omission in the address at the top.

M^R^ Wiblin, Oxford, *Nov* 13. 1783.

Sir,

I ought to take the earliest opportunity of returning you my thanks for the friendly manner in wh. you received the poor Lad whom I sent to you and especially for the good advice you gave him to return to his trade etc, and the cautions you were so obliging as to bestow on him relative to trusting to Letters of recommendation.

Having been educated in the vulgar school of nature only, and all his acquirements being the result of Genius a good understanding and a turn for the arts obtained without the aid of Tutor or money it was certainly right to warn him against the presumption which commonly accompanys the self educated.

If Ferguson had met with such early advice he would not perhaps have troubled the world with so many books on Philosophy, and Chatterton is a second example of the danger of people pretending to exercise a trade they have not served a prenticeship to. Yet notwithstanding all this the young man is determined to persue that which he thinks his interest and has actually engaged himself to a Land Surveyor and architect who is so well pleased with his talents that he has taken him into present pay and good quarters—so there is an end of my trouble about him which I will own arose from my partiality to natural abilitys which are always respected by me in whatever garb they may appear.

I remain with truth Dear Sr,

Your sincere Friend,

G. C.

Mr Weblin,
No 312
Oxford Street.

George's ingenious but unprosperous friend Henry Smeathman was at this time living (by permission of his creditors) in Paris, whence he wrote many letters occupied largely, as were the thoughts of his contemporaries, French and English, with the subject of balloons. He was also useful in procuring various French books for his friend. Thus in one letter he noted the despatch to London of

Montesquieu's Posthumous Works . . . Broussouet has spilled a large drop of ink on the cover and which I hope you will excuse, as it is the work of so clever a fellow and your friend's friend at Paris.

The balloon descriptions George passed on to his brother at Driffield, and by and by forwarded him a miniature example to be filled with smoke, which the vicar succeeded in sending up to the admiration of all beholders. An idea of George's for " walking the water " by means of " Oilskin Boots hooped out " does not appear to have been brought to the test of experiment. Richard in return for his brother's interesting communication sent him an account of a lady

with whom I am well acquainted, who is sensible of an Earthquake at the Time it happens at a Distance that is almost incredible—I should not have paid attention to the Report, if I had not myself been witness to a Declaration she made that she was certain there was an Earthquake somewhere, which to the best of my recollection (for I paid little attention to it then) corresponded to the several shocks that were suffered in Italy and again I have made the same Observation with regard to that of which we have a recent account from Salonica. She is a Woman of good Sense and Education and far from being either whimsical or superstitious. I desired her to describe her Sensations on these occasions. She said it was a particular Sensation in her Head, caused she supposed by the State of the Air at the Time—and observed that her Nerves were extremely irritable—She has herself no doubt of the Truth of these Notices, but does not seem anxious what Reception her assertions on this Head meet with being of a most chearful Disposition, with as few prejudices as any Woman I ever knew.

The precise date of George's resignation must remain, in the absence of the Company's records, uncertain. A draft appears of the letter that he wrote to Mr. Kekewich ; and we shall probably not be far out if we attribute it to the last days of 1783 or first ones of 1784.

Dear Sir,

I shall not be able to come out today, you will therefore be so good as to acquaint the Court that I have resigned my Place. I need hardly on this occasion repeat, what I have often said with truth That if I ever think of the scene of my last fourteen years servitude with patience it is on account of the latter part of it having been passed with yourself, for whom (as I have always experienced friendship and politeness) I shall ever retain the sincerest regard and affection.

G. Cumberland.

In the beginning of the New Year (1784) the ingenious George sent to his brother a little copy of a poem to the nightingale, which presented all the appearance of having been neatly written with a crow-quill pen, but which was, in fact, reproduced by a method of his invention.

the occasion of my writing today is to send you the enclosed specimen of my new mode of Printing—it is the amusement of an evening and is capable of printing 2000 if I wanted them—you see here one page which is executed as easily as writing and the Cost is trifling for your Copper is worth at any rate near as much as it cost besides you are not obliged to print any more than you want at one time, so that if the Work don't take you have nothing to do but to cut the Copper to pieces or clean it.—But if it does, you may print 4 editions, 2000 and the[n] sell the Plat[es as] well. All this would be [ ] much if there was not some difficulty. A work [thus] printed can only be read with the help of a looking Gla[ss] as the letters are reversed—I know that would be none to you or any one who reflects, and knows that Glasses are always at hand—but it will be *none to the crowd* by and by, for we may begin with printing Debates or great news, and they will condescend to apply to the Mirrors for information, and so discover that it is no trouble—however we have a remedy for this defect also,

for in printing 20 we can have 20 more right by only taking off the impression while wet—in fact this is only etching words instead of Landscapes, but nobody has yet thought of the utility of it that I know of the expense of this page is 1/6 without reckoning time, wh was never yet worth much to authors, and the Copper is worth 1/0 again when cut up. In my next I will tell you more and make you also an engraver of this sort, till when keep it to yourself.

Soon afterwards Richard must have made a very short visit to London, and must have been already gone home when George wrote to his mother.

Dear Mother,

Be assured I have taken the first opportunity since my Brother came to Town of writing you any news—and first let me acquaint you that the Business of your Stock is at length accomplished, through the perseverance of Richard, and after a great deal of attendance on his part—He having persuaded your Sister at last to administer, and this day she received the Dividends and Transferred the Stock into *your name*. My Brother received on your account upwards of £30 Interest and has received half a Years Rent of Clay, so that when all things are paid we hope in the Spring to be able to buy you in, with your own savings, and the £225 Stock about £13 a year Reduced Anns for 28 years to come—so that whether my Cause is concluded or not by that time, you see with £13 a Year and the House you will be according to your way of reconing *Rich*. But I hope for better things, and that when I come into possession, you will not scruple to receive from me and my Brother, such an addition as will greatly encrease your income without injuring ours

On Saturday we dined at the London Tavern and invited our Proctors etc having got through the labour of the Cause (which I assure you has not left me a moment to spare for some weeks) and on that occasion Townley informed us that we cannot have the trial till

May next, unless the opposite party chuse to wave a ceremony in which case it may be heard the 26th of this Month.

When that is over I hope to pay you a visit with the news, for I have determined to stay no longer at the Exchange than till this trial, if there is a Jew to be found who will give me Credit.—

I called in at my aunts to day and found your China and Fowls come but the apples were rotten and the Cellery frostbit.

I afterwards saw Mrs Mann in the street, and she desires her love and Thanks for the Guinea which my Brother gave her this morning in your name for transacting the Business, and seems very well pleased.

Miss Cumberland is going to be married to a Mr Lewis a man of good Fortune, and The Captain, as it is said, to the eldest Miss Hubberd of Richmond.

I dined in Brook Street yesterday and they all enquired after your health &c.

For my own part I am half worn out with fatigue and bad hours, but I hope to recruit all in the Spring—especially my Cash of which I never knew the want before—I am therefore a perfect *Tantalus* but your affectionate and Dutyful Son,

G. Cumberland.

Jan 9. 1784.
Mrs Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

A letter written the next day by Richard gives us once more a glimpse of Miss Townsend, who was at Buscott nursing Mrs. Loveden.

She received me with her natural politeness, enquired after You &c, and in return to my Questions, informed Me that for the last Year she had been cheifly in the Neighbourhood of London with a Mrs Campbell who lives next Door to Mr James at Wooton, whose Character

and Person she seemed well acquainted with, tho he did not visit them—during all last Summer she was under the care of Dr Jebb who visited her in his Way to Windsor [where he attended members of the Royal Family] and has suffered a good Deal in her Health, tho in Appearance much the same as when I saw her last. She apologised for not calling on Miss Balchen when at Bristol by telling me a dreadful story of a fall down a flight of steps which confined her to her Bed for six Weeks and had like to have been fatal—and took an Opportunity after the Company were engaged in Conversation at the other End of the Room, to say she wished much to see me to account for her Behaviour to You in not answering Your Letters which she imagined you saw in a wrong Light—and asked me whether I did not think it would have been Imprudent in her to have kept up a Correspondence of that Nature—I reply'd that all I knew of the Matter was that you had once been her Tutor in Painting and if I recollected right the Correspondence begun on that Occasion—and as to the Opinion of the World in these Matters I had a better Opinion of both than to suppose either of you entirely governd by it. She [then] said If I was to see some of your Letters she was [ ] I shoud approve her Conduct—that she still had the same good Opinion of Your Merits as Formerly, and shoud be glad to see you at Mrs Campbell's when she was in Town and said she was glad to hear of Your Success. I said I was sure you woud be happy to shew her and her Friends any Civilities in your Power when in Town &c—Company coming up little more was said and as I only staid Dinner no other Conversation took place but what was general.

This interview reads rather as though Miss Townsend's previous discouragement of George's advances may have been due to a conviction that they could not afford to marry, and that now, when his prospects were so much better, she might have been disposed to accept him. But George, by this time, was entangled by an affection

for another woman. What he may have written about this meeting we do not know, for the earlier part of his next letter to his brother does not appear; not improbably the prudent Richard destroyed it lest allusions to the other lady should fall into their mother's hands.

From a contemplation of balloons—which he believed to be inherently impossible of guidance—Smeathman had proceeded to the consideration of other feasible means of aerial navigation, and by and by wrote to George Cumberland:

I have certainly found out the way of directing an aerostatic Machine . . . he certainly will not be able to fly if he and his apparatus are not heavier than the medium in which he floats. This is the secret. If he is lighter than the wind he will go with it, but if he is heavier he can oppose it, and in proportion to his gravity and the form of his apparatus he will make an angle more or less obtuse with the wind in descending. Now if his apparatus partakes of the mixed form of a Fish, a Bird and a Bat, it will necessarily, having a flat bottom and occupying by means of a sail cloth a large surface descend very slowly if it is not much inclined, and that descent may be very easily guided by a rudder in the form of a Bird's tail and two wings.

On February the 8th he wrote further:

On friday last I got a very civil and satisfactory answer from his grace of Dorset [the British ambassador] who I find a plain blunt man, and seemingly very well satisfied with my plan. He has signed a certificate of having read my Memoir, which in the hurry of my affairs I have defined "A Memoir proposing to conduct AEROSTATIC MACHINES upon INCLINED PLANES in the manner that winged animals fly by means of their GRAVITY; occupying wide surfaces and opposed to the ELASTICITY of the AIR" The Memoir is dated the 2nd of Feb^{y} and the certificate the 6th. On Saturday I waited on D^{r} Franklin [Benjamin] who

seems to think I have hit upon the true and natural method. Indeed what way so likely to be right as that which we see every day ? Vessels sailing on the sea are suspended on the surface of one fluid and impelled by another very different, or in other words suspended by one power and impelled by a second. Balloons in the air are also vessels suspended in a fluid or by one power, but the difficulty was to find the second power by which they might be impelled. That power is GRAVITY by which we can certainly impell an Aerostatic vessel properly constructed in any direction. The french philosophers are seeking for that power in the air itself, and have therefore missed it, turning the endeavours upon mechanic powers, as sails, fans, fliers &c. As soon as Dr Franklin had read my Memoir he took hold of half a sheet of writing paper and launched it from his hand, observing " that it was certainly true that a body with a wide surface launched on an inclined plane would go on in that direction as long as the ballance was preserved " The method I propose of sailing or flying is also like that of Birds, in that whenever the machine has made long descending flights, two wings may be opposed which by the elasticity of the air will throw the machine upward with great velocity.

In a somewhat earlier letter, wherein he had merely stated without further explanation that he had " hit upon " a method of guiding " aerostatic " vessels, he had declared :

The devil is in the English Philosophers I say, if they will not receive my invention may they be condemned to trudge a winter on foot through the dirtiest streets of the dirtiest Town I ever set foot in [to wit, Paris] God help poor authors I say, who are condemned to live on medium incomes in this place—no footways for those who have not carriages are obliged to mix with carts, waggons, coaches, horses, asses dogs and all sorts of people in the middle of the streets. If you would get forward as the coaches either drive close up to the doors or stop

there you are obliged to cross the streets, though ancle deep when after walking twenty or thirty yards one is obliged to cross again in the same circumstances—splash —splash—the streets on each side are lined with dunghills and so miserably lighted that one cannot see where to place one's foot—oh horrible !

Being the man he was, Mr. Smeathman had, of course, a scheme for the paving of the Paris thoroughfares, but, also of course, it was not adopted.

To the last week of February belongs the next letter.

Wed^y Feb 25. 1784.

Dear Richard,

The first good news I reced relative to my Cause I sent as desired, I was then too ill to copy the Paper, and therefore enclosed 3 Sheets of remarks wh Townley had made for my satisfaction but as I suspected you did not get them in time, I have therefore had 3 Notices of the £15 which is safe and sound—On Sunday I went out to our Aunts to congratulate her, on what I had heard on Saturday from Townley and the evidence, indeed I went on Saturday night that she might sleep the better—and the result was that on Sunday she seemed better in Spirits than I have rememberd her a great while —but nothing is lasting, on Monday she took to her old ways and has continued in them ever since, I not being well enough to go to her, hear all this from Sueky— That evening I wrote a Letter to our Mother that she might partake with yourself in my good news, and yesterday I learnt further from Townley that, He and Slade have fixed for the second of May to hear the Cause in the mean time I have wrote a note to D^r Harris to desire he will give me his opinion on the Evidence, in order that I may be able to convince the incredulous by other testimony than my own of the reasonableness of my hopes— when that is accomplished, which I hope will be by Sunday, I mean to resign as soon as possible, and quit an ungrateful and disgraceful office in that hansome manner which shall most make them feel their own unjust

conduct towards me—As Harry has ans[d] yr Queries I need not enquire at the Stock Exchange, as I see the Comm[ee] return them thanks in the papers—

With regard to the Lad I will think of it—I took a Coach to Newington to day by way of airing and spent an hour or more with Mary, she seems in as good health and spirits as I have seen her for a good while and walked back with me to the Bridge foot—We had some conversation about her suit and she says she is told she shall gain her cause in case the will is set aside, which seems to be on that account the desire of M[r] Tapp—

This day *Thursday* I have had two people with me about the House at Mile end—one a Butcher of Leaden Hall Market as a Tenant, and the other a M[r] G. whose name I have already forgot altho I believe it is Gilham the son of a Gentleman who lives opposite the Leaden Hall. the latter wants either to buy or become a Tenant and I have promised to let him know the Price at the same time as I write to Newell—but I have forgot what you say the House is worth—You will therefore by return of Post let me know the ultimatum, as I am pleased to have so many applications and think it would be no bad opportunity if these Chaps do not bid handsomely to put it up to auction by wh. I think we should get for our Mother a good price—As to Politicks you can learn but little from the news papers as they are all but one or two bought by the Old Ministers at 500 each except one and it had £600—the *Public Advertizer* is one that is independent, the others I dont know but I beleive one of the Sunday Papers called the *Monitor* is unpensiond—With respect to the Westminster account I can only say that M[r] Fox was hissed hooted and hustled out of the Hall by about 9000 people and that in his retreat he did not carry off 200—and this I had from Breedon who was there, and afterwards attended him to the Duke of Portlands to see the end of the farce—it is therefore in the power of about 8000 people to give the Lye direct to his advertizement—and Lord Mahon did give it him in the House of Commons, when he had the

shameless want of honour and veracity to assert that he had been reced with applause—is such a scoundrel fit for society ? but He depends on his newspapers and hopes to deceive the Kingdom—Tomorrow I go again to the office, and next week perhaps quit it for good. Yours sincerely,

G. Cumberland.

Rev. Mr Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

In February Richard made another flying visit to London to give evidence in the suit about Mrs. Mole's will, to the effect that he had never seen any symptom of insanity in her, but that she was, on the contrary, a shrewd, sagacious woman, not at all easily influenced. He stayed one night, if not more, at his aunt's, and after his return to Driffield reported to his brother a " second serious Conversation " that he had had with her,

whom I found labouring under an oppression of her Lungs occasiond by a Cold she had taken some Days before. She said she shoud not live to see me again and actually drew out her Purse and gave me half a crown for the Poor of Driffield.

Next morning, however, before his departure, he heard that she was better ; and, in fact, she was by no means at death's door.

Still in February Richard wrote to his brother :

I wish to mention one thing that has frequently come into my Mind since I returned—that you woud not suffer any little Circumstances to break off your intimacy with Mary B. nor be too severe in your observations on her Conduct when you meet. When I took leave of her, she seemed I thought a little hurt at your late neglect and as her Health is far from being established, and her

Situation sufficiently distressing—this is no time to look for explanations, but rather for every possible Attention from her Friends, and tho her Pride will not permit her to acknowledge it, I beleive there is no one she has a higher regard for than Yourself—therefore let me entreat You to visit her on her own Terms, when you conveniently can, and endeavour to promote her present Happiness, rather than refute her prejudices which you must acknowledge are of the most amiable kind—Do not mention that I took Notice to You of her Neglect on my second visit there.

In May George was writing a long, gossiping letter full of personal and family news.

May 11. 1784.

Dear Richard,

The hour I rece[d] your agreable Letter, I rece[d] also to make a balance, the most disagreable intelligence —Slade has delivered his new allegation, which says in the first place that Bradney, Cherrington and Boulton, are people who for gain would perjure themselves in any Cause, and as such persons are notoriously known to be et[c] et[c] (a string of Libells)—that Cherringtons last Testimony is false and partial, as every thing is the reverse of what he there said et[c] et[c] and that therefore their evidence ought not to be believed.

We have had a consultation on it with Harris, who was very communicative on my warmly putting some home question relative to the practice of this Court—From him we find that exceptive allegations to Witnesses are always admitted if urged in general terms, as it remains with the Parties to prove them, and that this will certainly make us sure of Costs if not supported—but said I, may he not support this or any assertion by Hired witnesses ?—yes certainly but then you can except against them—and may he not on being unable to bring any proof of the allegation, as he has been in the first, bring another and another ?—Certainly—and at last carry it to the Delegates—no doubt—But cannot we make him

swear to the allegation—No—that practice having been disused some years as it was found that they were always ready to make affidavits—but for their false oath to this answer, was there no punishment ? No, no prosecution for Perjury, because this is not a Court of Record.—Nothing but an inditement for a Misdemeaner in the Kings Bench—Thus you see this accursed Court is calculated to encourage, and protect villains provided they have only money, and are actuated either by malice, or the hope of gain from extortion—for at last Hodges has nothing to do, but to go to the Continent, and he may laugh at our verdict of costs—

Now you must know all this has open'd my eyes more than the whole process, and altho Townley says he never met with such instances of spight without Cause, in his whole practice, yet I like it so much the worse, and I openly declared that from this Day I am ready to submit to be robbed of part of my property under the will, rather than be kept out of the whole for an uncertain time by these means—I told Harris I could compare it to nothing but a legal Pistol, and their conduct to that of a man who steals a watch in prison after he has been sent for an offence, in the hope that a new tryal will put off the punishment—but with this difference in the event,—that the experiment will succeed in this Court altho it would fail in Newgate—But what do you think adds to the vexation of this—half the allegation relates to Mrs Cumberland's damd dialogue with Cherrington, and they will make this a pretence for examining her again—Lilabulero !—Thus a Cause, which if it could have been heard, would have been gain'd next Thursday, will now be detaind till July before it is Tried, and afterwards we go to the Delegates most certainly but that I dont mind—

When Mrs Cumberland is inclined to remove we propose to warehouse the goods—and I think the sooner she does it the better—

For my own part I shall for the present follow the plan I have laid down and remove with Carter, as I must

necessarily be at hand to attend to my Rents and the Cause—And thus I fear my fine vision of happiness in Wales which has been attempting 4 years is once more over—But that is a trifle to my disapointment about Italy —altogether, I seem to be opening the volume of adversity, and must not faint at the first Chapter—*yet I hope otherwise*, as I know my intentions are, and always have been to apply my fortune to good purposes, and I have much confidence in the doctrine that prosperity attends on good intentions—nor let any appearance of misfortune happening to me ever give you any concern, while I retain my character and my Spirits,—for I will procure myself independance, even under the pressure of poverty, so long as I have health and understanding with the use of my limbs—With these, and the liberty to chose my seat of residence in the Country, I cannot but find myself in a better situation than I have hitherto been, for if I were in the wide world without a friend tomorrow, I would not return to my place at the Royal Exchange, even if I could be reinstated by only wishing it—Courage therefore ! and what have I to fear ! nor do I fear, nor do I disturb my repose, I have studied ill if I have not learnt to submit to *necessity*, and might be said to have a very inadequate Idea of human Happiness, if I did not know and feel that it is not to be procured by Riches alone—and so ends my Sermon—

Duty to our Mother and tell her I have spoke to Nicholson who will be glad to see her—If I dont go to Wales, I will spend part of my summer with you if you'll take me in on my own terms, which are only that I may have my own way, be unnoticed while I do no mischief, and not be thought wrong when I dont do as other people, and on my part I promise to give as little trouble as possible, to do as much service as I can, and never to blow my flute at midnight because the moon shines, or come in to dinner when you are drinking Tea—Moreover I will go to church *once* every Sunday,—look as little like a Londoner as I can contrive, and never take any notice of your maid but when you are out of the

House—let me know in your next if this is agreed to, and most likely you see me, for I think it is very likely my Welch scheme will be postponed—As for poor Bala, alas ! alas ! merit has no friend in this world or he would not go a begging ! but I cannot afford to keep him and we must part—I have had a Letter from Mrs Gooch for her husband is dead and another from his Executor enclosing a Pettifoging account which he desires me to receive for him of a Person here—She writes word that my kind letter afforded her a cordial, as it came to her hands the day her husband was buried, who had been both tender and indulgent to her—that she had enjoyed but little health lately, and is now at Board with one of Mr Gooch's Relations—That Mrs Marriott is alive and well, and ends with her affectionate Love and Duty to her dear aunts entreating to hear from them etc—

On Sunday afternoon I called on Mary Balchen and found her very ill indeed with a feverish disorder and putrid Sore Throat and after sitting some time found she grew better, but I persuaded her at last to let Fanny Man call on Johnsons—she seemed as he has always done of late, uncommunicative, cool, and scarcely enquired after any body—and I suspect from all this that somebody is labouring hard to sever our intimacy—for she is entirely guided I now perceive They now do not move at all, but why I cannot learn—How do the good Timbrells—and thank you for your account of T——but that is all over—Where do you think I sat to finish this in a vile room at the Crown in Bow Lane—waiting for a scoundrell of an Election Agent, who has quarreled with Cater the member for Ipswich and offers to prove Bribery—Crockett who ought to have been elected—catches at this, and begs me for all accounts to see the grounds—and today I have seen rascally London voters give receits for 4 Guineas each for their votes for Cater, and a Bakers Journeyman is coming this moment to give another receit, of which, God help me I am to be made a witness because I am a good natur[d] fellow and cannot see Honest Crockett

break his heart for want of help, altho I had rather draw in a sand Cart than overwhelm myself thus with foreign matters—Thank your stars that you can sit under a Tree and be forgot, and beleive me ever your affect^te^ Brother,

G. CUMBERLAND.

May 11. 1784.

P.S. I have told M^rs^ C. that she must be again examined and she stands it pretty well, but she will certainly contradict Cherrington.

Rev^d^ M^r^ Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

In June George reported that

in the course of my walk I saw 4 Giants yesterday, but the Giant Obrian Boro in the Strand, surpasses them all. His hand from the ball of his thumb actually measures 11 Inches 1/2 and is large in Proportion, when I stood up I could just with my forefinger touch the bottom of his chin—in a word he is 8 feet 3 inches high and his bones are in proportion large—but the poor devil seems to be dying for want of air and exercise he is 19 years of age and [expec]ts to be 9 feet high.

This letter suggests that the circumstantial account of O'Brien's death published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of the previous year was a hoax.

George was now sojourning in his aunt's house, chiefly, I think, in order that while she was in the country she might feel sure of its being carefully guarded against any danger of fire. She was proposing to return very soon, although " I was in hopes she would have profited by the opportunity of getting air."

We have had a Fire last night at Compton S^t^ Soho which burnt 15 Houses. I was there till 2 in the Mor^g^ but none thank God in this neighbourhood.

A letter at the close of the month gives some notion of the rectitude of elections in the eighteenth century.

DEAR RICHARD, 30 *June* 1784.

I am at last returned to Town again from Ipswich, where we have gained the most complete victory over a Rotten Burrough that has been ever seen, first turning out the sitting member with only 7 votes, and then getting a seat in spite of all the Corporation and government Interest put together—In a word Messrs Crockett and Middleton are now in possession of the Interest for their Lives, and the 8th of Sep they make new Baylifs and new Officers—Not a little of this as all confess has been owing to our Town exertions, for I carried near 80 London votes down, and canvassed 4 times over above 170—which with 30 new made Freemen did the business—

But it almost demolisht me, and if I had not gone to bed for one hour during the Poll I believe you would not have reced this Letter—thanks to my constitution, by two days rest at Bury, I am as well or better than before and mean in a day or two to set out for Driffelde, calling at Crosses and Breedon by the way—

Therefore I will that I may lose no time postpone the story till we meet and in the mean time am

Yours most affectionately,

G. CUMBERLAND.

The House is to remain in Mr Clays hands by agreement till he gets another and then he is to give 1 Qrs. warning—

Cause goes on as usual, slowly.

Revd. Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

It is not surprising that a letter, written not long afterwards by Mr. Townley to George while the latter was at Driffield, should inform him that :

If you have not read of the Ipswich petition I can inform You there is one—for Bribery and Treating . . . This petition is not presented from Thornton per the Corporation, but as I understand from six or seven despicable Voters and that Cator [himself recently unseated in the same constituency] is at the bottom of it. I wish he and all of them were at the bottom of some other place.

I am glad that this volume is able to record before it closes that George did at last succeed in carrying out his often frustrated scheme and make an expedition into Wales. He was accompanied by Mr. Charles Long and by Rover, a dog whose ordinary place of abode was Driffield, but who, I think, was strictly speaking the property of George.

At Abergavenny, a place I shall ever detest, they stole Rover from the Inn door at 8 o Clock in the Morn[g] and we found on enquiry that we had fallen into the very Jaws of the Lyon, for it appears to be a common practice at that rascally place to do so, they being to a Man Grouse shooters, and Poachers of Black Game. Long and I ran all over the Place after him for two hours, without success, and at last we set the Crier to work—we next gave your direction to Sanders at the White Hart with orders that if he is found he May be sent by the Waggon that goes thro Cirencester, and sets out from Abergavenny every Sunday Evening.

He had written also to various friendly persons upon the road, " so you see Nothing has been left undone that you could do yourself." All this trouble was, however, superfluous, the intelligent and inappropriately named Rover having returned home, unaided and collarless, with a promptitude that suggests doubts as to any human intervention in his removal from the inn door. If, indeed, any " rascally " inhabitant of Abergavenny

abducted him, he must have escaped from his captor almost immediately, since he appears to have reached Driffield within twelve hours of his departure, and created some little uneasiness there, the letter which announced his loss not arriving until more than a week later.

The suit dragged on, the opponents employing, apparently, every possible device to delay its conclusion. At last their purpose began to show itself, which was to have something paid them in return for consenting to withdraw. George, more and more impatient to get away in the next winter to Rome, yet resisted the attempted imposition, and correspondence went on in much the usual way between the brothers. Here are two letters of November :

Sunday even^g 7^th^ Nov^r^.

Dear George,

I cannot help being a little anxious to hear how you go on in Town, and have had thoughts of coming among you this week, but find it will be attended with so many inconveniences and break in so much on my favorite Plan which is to settle my affairs here in such a manner as may admit of an absence of three months at least, that I shall endeavour to defer my Journey a fortnight or 3 weeks and then break up Housekeeping for the Winter. Had I the smallest circle of social neighbours near me or a better Constitution to bear the severity of this Climate at all hours and seasons, nothing woud tempt me to quit a Situation in every other Respect desirable—Indeed if it were good for man to live alone, there is not a single Comfort wanting to make a reasonable Being happy. Three Servants attentive to my Nod —a good Horse in the Stable—a Brace of faithful Spaniels—and no scarcity of Books—add to this abundant Power of doing good both publick and private and thus innocently gratifying even Vanity and ambition as well as the benevolent affection—If this is not otium cum Dignitate I dont know what is—still one thing is wanting

—a Friend to whom I might communicate my feelings when most happy, not to teize with my Complaints, for in such Seasons I wish to be alone or among dependents only, having no great opinion of Pain being alleviated by Participation—nor do I see why the misfortune of one shoud become that of many—there is sufficient Evil in the World without it. So I am about to quit ninety and nine actual Comforts in pursuit of the one imaginary one wanting to crown the whole—however I will still retain the means of resuming them, whenever I have purchased wit enough to wish it.

I have just read Coxes travels thro Switserland and am inflamed with a violent inclination to visit, not the Scenes only which he describes, but the people who inhabit them. his account of their Manners, and mode of Life pleases me beyond any thing, I ever met with—and if what he says of their several States be true, I shoud be in Danger of returning a republican in my heart. I shoud like to pass this Winter in the Pays de Vaud, with such a Companion as yourself—We woud compose a better account than Coxes—You should delineate the Country and describe the People—while I woud furnish anecdotes of the State of agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, in which I find they excel. Breedon must go with us to botanize and then our Books compleat—You know I love building and think that of Castles, better than none at all. My Church goes on well, and will come within the estimate. I have just begun to new pave the Chancel and must see it finishd before I stir—My next Scheme is to repair and improve the Scool Room and as far as lies in my power perpetuate it to that useful purpose. I am convinced that if any lasting and essential reform is wished for in the manners of a people we must begin with Children, and then any Change may be brought about—Dont be surprized if you hear of my turning Parish Nurse. I mean by taking Orphans and deserted Children at the low prices paid to a set of worthless people by the parish and providing comfortably for them, in a kind of working School, such as are founded in

Ireland. My plan is to begin at first with Boys only and proportion the number to the means. I have a House ready and the chief expense woud be in furnishing it properly and the greatest difficulty meeting with a fit Master—last Friday I feasted my Farmers—one only was absent [ ] I have broke the present composition and [ ] renew it, shall expect they clea [ ] doubtful Points about Tithe free land and what [ ] are due, which may cause [ ] Litigations and are best settled during Time of Peace. I hope to leave my Successor a [ ] than I found. Adieu for tonight as I hope to find a Line from you tomorrow will leave a little space for an answer—

I have just reced my Mothers kind Letter for which pray thank her for me—I expected to hear from you about the Cause.

Monday evening—

By Tonights Coach I send a Hare to M^r^ Townley—make my Comp^ts^ to that Family.

M^r^ G. Cumberland,
at M^r^ Carter,
George Street,
Blackfryars Road,
London.

Nov 10. 1784.

Now do I verily believe you *are* in want of Society, for when have I before received a long Letter from Driffelde without a sylable of business in it—it is curious to find a man with every human blessing at his feet, convinced that he ought to be content yet feeling none—god forbid I should blame you for this, for we are all more or less subject to these caprices, but if I can point out the remedy for this spleen I will—go to Switzerland if you like it, but dont go *to cure this complaint*, for depend upon it no change of place will prove more than a temporary remedy,—but if you would be free from it for ever,—either enter into the natural Society of a wife and Children or learn some mechanic art—without a fifth part of your comforts or con-

veniences, may I say almost without any conveniences of existence—deprived of my horse, deprived of my Books,—teazed with Law, in Debt—withheld from my favorite schemes, nay even so situated that I cannot carry on my necessary studies—yet in spight of all this I have found out a way to be usefully employd, and happy of course—Let me hasten to tell you this *grand specific* I have bought me a German stove, and placed it in a room 8 feet square, which is my bedroom also, and here with the help of Copper Rozin and two or three Acids I am so busy and so content that I dont go out of this little room for days together, unless it is after dark to the Printers to get a proof, when I return immediately without even looking into the Coffee House, nor have I seen a News Paper this fortnight.—for this quiet enjoyment of myself I refuse all invitations to the country or to entertainments, and am even so happy that I dont go to visit my oldest friends—Learn therefore Mechanic Arts and be independent—But one thing which I am surprised at is, that you do not even cultivate in your retirement those studies which are absolutely necessary in my opinion to preserve a man who lives in the midst of society from ennui—

You neither Paint, Fiddle, write, Learn modern Languages, or get modern Publications home to you,—you neither collect Books or Butterflies,—and out of doors you are neither seen with your Gun, or following the chace or *botanising* Let me beg of you to reflect that agriculture and Divinity are not amusements, but serious concerns, and if they were, cannot be followed at all seasons,—whereas the human mind must be always employd and sometimes requires employments that relax —without these I am sensible even matrimony wont do to make life agreeable, and with these I feel, and always have felt, that one may even do without matrimony.—

Thus I have as concisely as possible endeavourd to give you my ideas of the source of your ennui, which I am so far from being surprised at, that I should be surprised to find you without it—being sensible of this

I wrote you all the accounts I could of new inventions in order to set you to work at improving them, and I assure you they are the only Letters I find time to write—I am reading Lord Monboddos Books, but they do me no good, as they shew me mankind in a worse light than I before beheld them,—yet seeing what we are, and how base, am I not likely sooner to aim at refining my Dross—God bless you! when I have any thing useful or amusing to tell I will write again.

Yrs affectionately,

G. CUMBERLAND.

P.S. My cause I expect to be tried on Monday or Tuesday and you may be sure will write you word of the Judgment.

Mary looks very indiferently—the child improves much, Our Mother so so, I dined with her today. Mr Balchen—Mr Cross writes is dying by inches—Jefferson with him at Taplow—Why dont you go to Breedon who wants society as much as you? Holman is said to be a great actor, I have not seen him—Mr Tapp has left Hackney—Marys cause comes on this week in Chancery and they hope to set aside the Will which she prays in her Petition. I have found out Aqua-tinta and Hoffmans Paris mode of Printing—I sent my mode of Printing to M [ ] s last Review and they have copied it into all the Papers, but not quite correct.

Life is a Farce, mere Childrens play—
Go learn [ ] thine by theirs—
Go learn to trifle Life away—
Or learn to bear a life of cares.

Revd Cumberland,
Driffelde near
Cirencester,
Glocestershire.

George's legal advisers had constantly urged him to accept the offered terms and so bring to an end the proceedings; at last, very reluctantly, he yielded, and on

December the 29th, 1784—two years after the death of Mrs. Mole—he wrote in the following terms to his brother :

DEAR RICHARD,

I have only time to say, that Slade has withdrawn the Caveat

and we pay £1000

and give £300

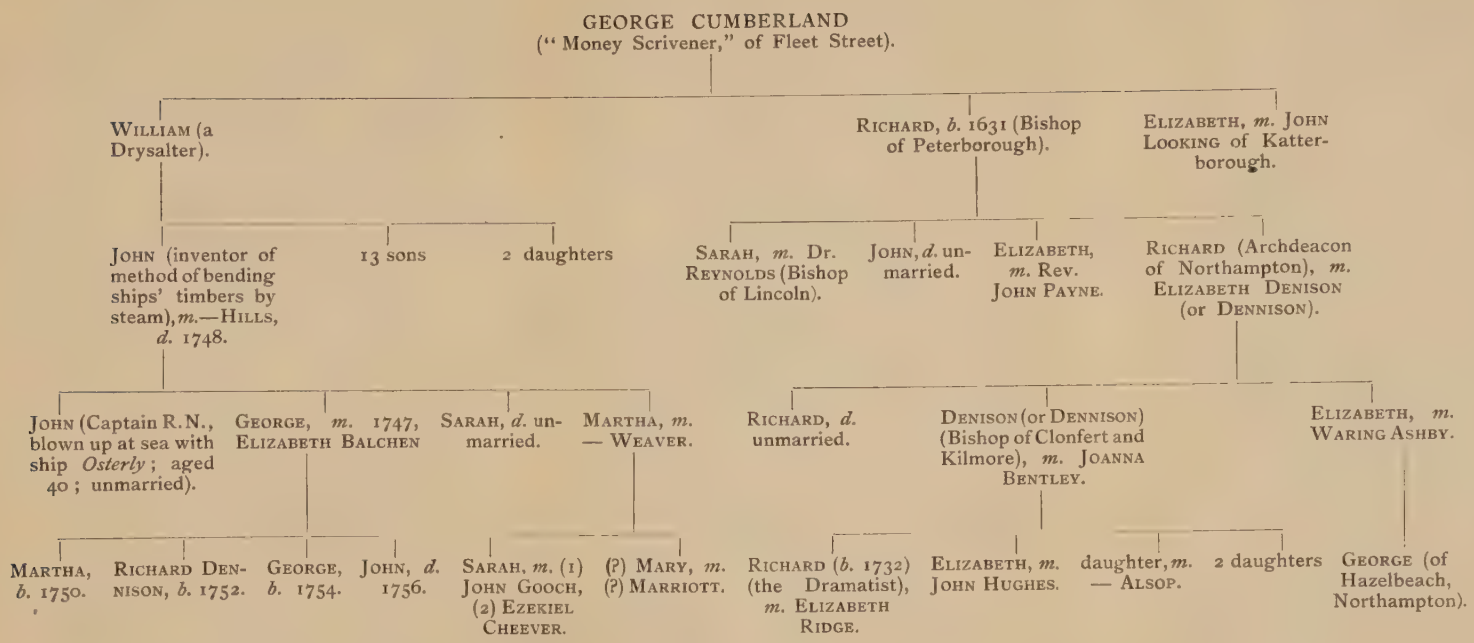
Which is being robbed of £1300.

Yours affectionately,

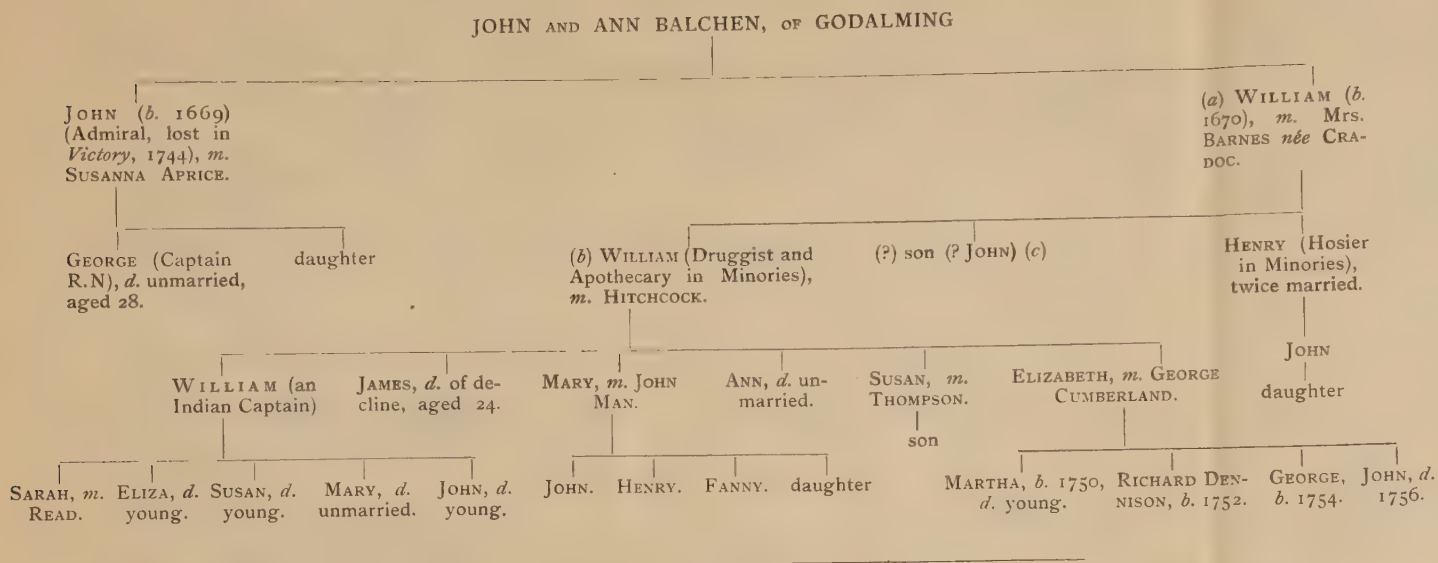
G. CUMBERLAND.

Thus fleeced, but liberated, George was enabled to turn his face towards the land of his artistic dreams, and to open an entirely fresh chapter of his life, at the age of thirty. Richard, too, without quitting his quiet vicarage, was taking the first steps towards a change almost as great and beginning the courtship of the lady whom he was soon to marry. The first volume of their story comes to its natural end with the year 1784.

Paternal Descent of Richard Dennison and George Cumberland


GEORGE CUMBERLAND
("Money Scrivener," of Fleet Street).
WILLIAM (a Drysalter).
RICHARD, b. 1631 (Bishop of Peterborough).
ELIZABETH, m. JOHN LOOKING of Katterborough.
JOHN (inventor of method of bending ships' timbers by steam), m.—HILLS, d. 1748.
13 sons
2 daughters
SARAH, m. Dr. REYNOLDS (Bishop of Lincoln).
JOHN, d. unmarried.
ELIZABETH, m. Rev. JOHN PAYNE.
RICHARD (Archdeacon of Northampton), m. ELIZABETH DENISON (or DENNISON).
JOHN (Captain R.N., blown up at sea with ship Osterly; aged 40; unmarried).
GEORGE, m. 1747, ELIZABETH BALCHEN
SARAH, d. unmarried.
MARTHA, m. — WEAVER.
RICHARD, d. unmarried.
DENISON (or DENNISON) (Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmore), m. JOANNA BENTLEY.
ELIZABETH, m. WARING ASHBY.
MARTHA, b. 1750.
RICHARD DENNISON, b. 1752.
GEORGE, b. 1754.
JOHN, d. 1756.
SARAH, m. (1) JOHN GOOCH, (2) EZEKIEL CHEEVER.
(?) MARY, m. (?) MARRIOTT.
RICHARD (b. 1732) (the Dramatist), m. ELIZABETH RIDGE.
ELIZABETH, m. JOHN HUGHES.
daughter, m. — ALSOP.
2 daughters
GEORGE (of Hazelbeach, Northampton).

Maternal Descent of Richard Dennison and George Cumberland



(a) That Sir John Balchen had a brother William one year his junior is certain; but it is merely a probable conjecture that this William was the father of the druggist, of whom the record is that he was a relative of Sir John and married Mrs. Barnes. His Christian name does not appear.

(b) George Cumberland gives his grandfather's name as William; but a later table, drawn up, probably by Mr. Price Jones, many years later, calls him John.

(c) A John Balchen is described in the correspondence as Mrs. Cumberland's uncle.

APPENDIX I

CAPTAIN JOHN BALCHEN AND A CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER

IN June, 1716, one Bowen, an official in the Customs, made a complaint to his superiors of the treatment which he had received on board His Majesty's ship, the *Diamond*, at the hands of the captain, John Balchen. The complaint, travelling upward to the Treasury, was by that department passed on to the Lords of the Admiralty, who applied to Captain Balchen for an explanation. His statement, in his own admirable handwriting, may be read at the Record Office, and is a document full of character. Its whole appearance, as well as its easy turn of phrase and self-possession, strike me as characteristic, not of a man who had begun life in very humble circumstances, but of one who had enjoyed a good eighteenth-century education and been accustomed to mix always rather with the upper than the lower middle class of his day. Its orthography is, for the period, good, and the writing is distinguished.

ORFORD AT THE NORE, 22 *Nov.* 1716.

In answer to what Bowen surveyor at Leigh has depos'd against me, take as follows. The 22d. May his Majesties Ship the Diamond which I then Commanded, lay at the Nore. I had been a Shore at Sheerness, and coming on board in the evening, the Master who was Chief Officer in my Absence, told me there was an Officer from Leigh, and Two friends with him upon the Quarter Deck; they had a Small Boul of Punch and Ask'd me if I would please to drink. I satt down and Bowen told me he had made a Seizure of Some Jesuit's Bark Two days before going for London from the Diamond. I answer'd I was sorry that any body Should be so foolish as to Offer to Run any thing. And that I knew nothing of any Barke there was on board but what I had my Self, and I had a Considerable Quantity, which I design'd to enter as soon as I had Orders, and knew where the Ship was to clear. And that

it had been seen by three Surveyors already, that I never made it a Secret and he might See it if he pleas'd ; his Answer was, he did not come to Search the Ship, but after he had Sett Sometime he Starts up and Said, he would Search the Ship. I answer'd with all my heart, and Order'd the Master to go down with him, and Shew him where my Bark lay. The Master Stay'd with him Sometime till Bowen was Angry at his being with him, then came up, and told me, Bowen was uneasy at his being below. After Sometime, Bowen came up himself and told me he had found so much Bark ; Says I to him there Should be more ; he answer'd, Sir, I expect you to See the Bark forthcoming to the Comm^rs^ of the Customs. I answer'd, why Should you tell me that ; I am not going to Run Any, neither did I intend any Such thing. I have made it no Secret as I told you before ; by this Usuage you give me reason to Suspect whether you are the Officer you pretend to be or not : Pray Sir, are you Sattisfied with Searching the Ship, he reply'd he was ; then pray Sir, Said I to him, lett me be Sattisfied whether you are Surveyor of Leigh, or not. Sir, Said he to me, there's my Boat, pointing to the Side of the Ship. I answer'd that was not Sattisfaction enough for me, for that any body might get a Custom house boat and do mischief with her, that Severall people had broke Prison lately, and as far as I knew he might be one of them. And told him I must be farther Sattisfied, or otherwise would confine him. I Desir'd he would Shew me his Deputation, he told me he would not, that he was as good a man as I was, either there or a Shore. I Answer'd, well if you are you Shall Shew me your Deputation, or Otherwise I Shall put you in Irons ; he told me I might, for he would not Shew it me, then Said I, I can't beleive you to be Surveyor of Leigh, and Order'd him in Irons ; his Two friends told me, they would Vouch for him ; I Answer'd, I had as much reason to Suspect them as Bowen ; but by Seeing his Deputation would convince me that he was Surveyor of Leigh, and they the persons they Pretended to be, but I could not perswade him to Shew me his Authority, so Order'd him to be put in the Bilboes ; And when the Corporal was putting the Shackle on his Legg, he cry'd out there was A hundred pounds for that Legg, which was told me, then I said he should have Two, and put him in both Leggs. The Master came to me and Said he was fully perswaded by the Tidesmen, he was Surveyor of Leigh, and desir'd I would release him, which I did, his confinement was not above Ten Minutes, but after he was releas'd he went to the Master's Cabbin to his Friends, and Stay'd there, when he might have gone away.

And I presume it Not likely that he was going upon Duty, when the People he had with him belonged to Leigh, one a Surgeon as he pretended to be, the other a Constable. As to my Striking him its utterly false, and likewise to my Saying the Comm^rs of his Majesties Customs were Rogues and as great Rogues as himself, thats only to give a Gloss to his Complaint; for I hope it appears to the Rt. Honourable the Lords of the Admiralty, that I have allways had a greater regard for his Majesties Intrest, than to Abuse and Villify those Commissioners that his Majesty is pleas'd to Intrust with so great a Branch of his Revenue, as the Customs (or any elce; are ^ and) I hope neither the Rt. Hon^ble the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury will beleive me guilty of So much ill manners. I wrote the Comm^rs of the Customs as soon as I had any intimation of complaint against me, and indeed, thought their prosecution had been drop't till Saturday the Tenth Instant I had a Subpena Sent me to Appear at Westminster. This Sir is the Truth. Bowen has endeavour'd to make me very Odious to the Comm^rs of the Customs as a person Obnoxious to the Government, but I defy any one Custom house Officer to Say in the whole Course of my commanding in his Maties Service, that I ever Obstructed them in their duty. And even himself had done Searching the Ship before I questioned his power, and my reason of questioning him was Occasioned by his ill Treatment to me. And I know not which way we are to be Sattisfied, that they are officers, but by their Deputations. And as I am Answerable for damages that may Accrue to his Majesties Ship while I have the Comand of her, So I hope their Lordships will think it but reasonable, that I Should be Sattisfied, when any Officer does come on board, by Seeing the power they have for Executing their Office. Otherwise his Maties Ships may be lyable to very great Inconveniences, And I hope my Lords of the Admiralty will have a more favourable Opinion of me, than to think I would do any thing prejudiciall to his Majesties Service; And as the Comm^rs of his Majesties Customs are for protecting their officers in the Due Execution of their duty, I hope the Lords of the Admiralty will not Suffer the Captains of his Majesties Ships to be insulted by Such Officers. I can't think but every Gentleman, when they consider the Charge a Captain of One of his Majesties Ships has upon him, but will allow it reasonable that he Should be Sattisfied when any body (lett them be Custom house officers or others) comes on board. Since he is Answerable for all Misdemeanours comitted on board. This I begg you'l be pleas'd

to lay before the Rt. Hon^ble the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty with the other Papers inclos'd. Bowen, in his deposition would give the Comm^rs of the Customs to think that the Barke he had Seiz'd was mine, because he Says, that when he told me he had Seiz'd Some Barke, that I should reply I had more; but he himself very well knows the Bark was not mine. And I can Safely Swear that I paid duty for all I brought home. If I had had any design of Running my Barke, I beleive I could have found Opportunity, but it was never my intention. But Bowen's Character is pretty well known, and therefore I hope what he says will be no prejudice to mine. I must farther Observe, what happen'd between Bowen and I was on the Twenty Second of May, and he does not form his Affidavitt till the 7th of June. So that all that time, he and his friends were premeditating what to say I have not to add, but am,

Hon^ble Sir,

Your most Obedient Servant,

J. Balchen.

The "other papers" that were "inclos'd" were testimonies from persons who had been on board the *Diamond* on the evening of May the 22nd; the master, the surgeon, the steward and a seaman who had "Stood Centinell" at the open door of the captain's cabin during the warmest part of the altercation, and who makes oath, as does the steward, who went in and out, that he saw no blow struck and no sword drawn. The statement of the master, written in a crabbed, almost mediæval hand, sets forth that Bowen employed insolent expressions to the captain, whereby he, in turn, was "moved to speak somewhat warmly to him," but that the master's request for the release of the indiscreet Bowen was received "mildly." After the release Murdock, the master, who must, I think, have been a Scotchman, "laboured," in the company of Bowen's two friends, "till I had argued Mr. Bowen into a calm temper," the method employed being apparently that of pointing out how very much Bowen was in the wrong not to produce his authority, if he had it upon him, or not to carry it about if he had not. "I desired hee would quitt all resentment of what had happened" and "requested it might go no further." Both the companions of Bowen, Murdock declared, acknowledged that the captain treated them

with "good manners and respect" until Bowen exhibited "haughty behaviour and insolent langwadge." Nobody suggests in any of these documents that the "Small Boul of Punch" could have had any share in setting up the dispute, but Bowen's sudden determination to search the ship, his resenting the presence of the master and the causeless change of his tone from the amical to the quarrelsome all look rather like the conduct of a man somewhat overcome by drink.

The Lords of the Admiralty stood stoutly by their own man, and in forwarding the papers to the Treasury addressed to that department the following letter by the hand of their secretary:

I am, in addition to what is said in these Papers in the Captain's Behalf, directed by my Lords Com^rs^ of the Admty to acquaint you, that They were Surprised when this complaint came against him, he being a Sober Man, of honest Principles to the Government, and One who hath always behaved himself so as not to give any Grounds for Exceptions. I am also Order'd further to acquaint you, that their Lordships have long since given Orders to the Captains of his Majesty's Ships to permit the officers of the Customs to search them, and hope the Commiss^rs^ of the Customs have given directions to them to behave themselves mannerly and civilly to the Captains of his Majesty's Ships, when they shall be so doing their Dutys.

From all which it seems pretty safe to conclude that Mr. Surveyor Bowen did not obtain that solatium of "A hundred pounds" for the injury of having had a shackle placed upon his "Legg."

APPENDIX II

IN the year 1748 James Balchen wrote to George Cumberland, who had the year before married his sister, and enclosed in his letter the copy of one which he had addressed to the English Resident at Bremen, and which runs as follows :

BREMEN. 8. *Jan.* 1748.

Being a subject to his Most Gracious Majesty the King of Great Britain, I take the Liberty to acquaint Your Excellence with the following unfortunate Accident which I have met with, and hope that if it is in Your Power Your Excellence will Assist me.

I am an Apprentice to a Merchant in the City of London, and have come to this place to learn the German Language, for this purpose I was with a Clergyman at a place Calld Oberneuland, about a Dutch Mile from the City of Bremen, and being in the begining of Last October in the house of the Clerk of the parish, and having a Gun loaded *hanging* over my Shoulder (as I had that Morning been a Shooting) it Unfortunately Whent off, and Wounded the Wife of this Person through the Side of her Thigh —I have done all that was in my power to Assist this Woman Under her Misfortune, and it has Already Cost me more than 90 D [dollars ?] I have offer'd the Husband of the Person to whom this Accident happned 5 [or, it may be, 15] Grote pr. Day for his Wife, till she was Intirely Recover'd, in presence of the Clergyman I live with, who will be a Witness (as he is sensible of the Justness of my Proceeding) that this Person gave me his hand over the Table and agreed with me in his Presence, to accept of this my Offer—But by the Instigation of some Persons who have put in this Man's head that it is easily for him to make a Good Advantage of this Misfortune, as I am an Englishman, therefore this Person has protested against this Agreement, and altho I have asked him many Times to Acquaint me how much he Demanded, I could never gett an Answer, and Notwithstanding what I have Already paid in this affair, and that I have never Denied this

Man any Reasonable Assistance, I was Arrested Last Monday, between 10 and 11 at Night, in a most shamefull Manner, by three Soldiers (at the aforesaid Clergeman's House) by the Orders of the Magistrates of this City, (altho I have been Ill, and had then a Physician to attend me) and the Next Morning Early, brought from thence, without knowing the Reason, and had it not been for a Merchant here, who is bound for 300 D. to Deliver my Person when Demanded, I must have been still Under Confinement. What I think is very strange in this proceeding I have never been examined, since I have been Arrested which is now almost a Week, and notwithstanding my Endeavours, cannot find it possible to Vindicate my self in Person before the Magistrates of this City, which is very hard.

I am Informd that I must pay 500 more to the Man, and 50 D. to the Magistrates altho it was an accident which pleasd God, and not owing to any Neglect, this has been Affirm'd by the Woman her self, to me and to the Magistrates of the City who Come to her the next Day, after the Accident happned, she then Declar'd to him, that I was noways to Blame for this Accident, as the Gun whent off in a very Unaccountable Manner, as it hung by the Strap over my shoulder and he took down the Same in Writing. I hope I am not liable to the same punishment as if I had Done this with Intent, and shou'd think that to be prostituted [prosecuted] in this Manner like a Common Criminal is very hard.

I must now beg if it is possible that Your Excellence will Assist me, and if it is in Your Power, to write a Letter to the Magistracy here, or to represent my Case in England.

I sho'd have been farr from Troubling Your Excellence, in this affair, had it not been for the hard Usage I have mett with, notwithstanding I have Indeavour'd to the Utmost of my Power to Do Justice, which many People here are sensible of, but are affraid to speak their Minds.

The Woman is now almost Recover'd, and I have the Surgeons Attestation (to whom I have paid 56 D for this Cure) that she will have no Lameness, but will be as well as ever, and therefore after what I have Already Done I much [or must] Wonder at this Base Usage, altho it is now more than 9 Weeks since the Accident happned, and have never thought of Absconding, which I co'd Easily have done Long Since, but the Reason of their Usage is, that this Person wo'd Indeavour to Make his Fortune with this my Unhappy Accident which has befallen me, he being very much in Debt.

I must likewise Inform Your Excellence that my Friend the Merchant, was Oblig'd to pay the Soldiers, which Arrested me, and for the Commission which allow'd me to give Bail before I could be set at Liberty. Now I hope Your Excellence will take this my affair Under Your Favourable Consideration, and Assist an English man in Distress, and shall as in Duty Bound, be ever Oblig'd to Acknowledge the Favour from &c.

The end of James Balchen's unpleasant adventure remains unrecorded. Evidently George Cumberland and his sons after him preserved his letter, which forms the first item in the collection of family correspondence. James did not live many years longer, but died of consumption, a disease very prevalent in his family, at the age of twenty-four.

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